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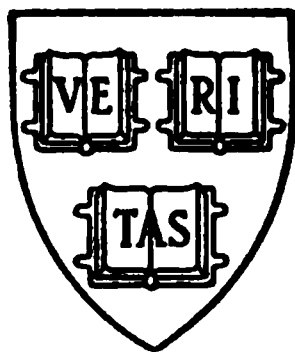
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H Y M N S

FOR

THE CHURCH AND THE HOME:

WITH

A SELECTION OF PSALMS.

PORTLAND COLLECTION.

BOSTON:
UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE,
No. 37 CORNHILL.
1870.

2 NOV. 1893

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2
1870

PREFACE.

THE character and variety of this Selection — embracing, as it does, not only a large number of those standard hymns, which, from their religious fervor, beauty, or familiarity, have become indispensable aids to worship in all Christian Protestant congregations, but also many of the finest hymns and lyrics of modern times, not a few of which have been written since the publication of any other Hymn Book — is such, it is believed, as will commend the volume to those congregations which feel the want of a Hymn Book. Some of the best minds of our Church have been engaged in its compilation. And the hope is entertained that all the congregations that may adopt it, will find it a minister of aspiration, strength, and comfort, — a help to them in their Christian work.

Boston, August, 1863.

Sabbath Worship.

INVOCATION.

1

6 & 4's M.

DOBELL'S COLL.

Solemn Invocation.

COME, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise ;
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of Days !

2 Come, thou all-gracious Lord !
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend !
Come, and thy children bless ;
Give thy good word success ;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend !

3 Never from us depart ;
Rule thou in every heart,
Hence, evermore !
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore !

2

SABBATH WORSHIP.

2

7's M.

F. H. HEDGE.

Invocation.

SOVEREIGN and transforming Grace !
We invoke thy quickening power ;
Reign the spirit of this place,
Bless the purpose of this hour.

2 Holy and creative Light !
We invoke thy kindling ray ;
Dawn upon our spirits' night ;
Turn our darkness into day.

3 To the anxious soul impart
Hope all other hopes above ;
Stir the dull and hardened heart
With a longing and a love.

4 Work in all, in all renew,
Day by day, the life divine ;
All our wills to thee subdue,
All our hearts to thee incline.

3

7's M.

C. WESLEY.

Seeking God.

LIGHT of life, seraphic fire ;
Love divine, thyself impart :
Every fainting soul inspire ;
Enter every drooping heart :

2 Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom ;
Father, in thy grace appear,
To thy human temples come.

INVOCATION.

3

3 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin.

4 Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
Be our heaven, in holiness!

4

C. M.

REED.

The Divine Spirit.

SPIRIT divine! attend our prayer,
And make our hearts thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
Come, Holy Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light; to waiting minds
That long the truth to know,
Reveal the narrow path of right,
The way of duty show.

3 Come as the fire; enkindle now
The sacrificial flame,
Till our whole souls an offering be,
In love's redeeming name.

4 Come as the dew; on hearts that pine
Descend in this still hour,
Till every barren place shall own
With joy thy quickening power.

Invocation.

THOU Power and Peace ! in whom we find
 All holiest strength, all purest love,
 The rushing of the mighty wind,
 The brooding of the gentle dove, —

2 Forever lend thy sovereign aid,
 And urge us on, and keep us thine ;
 Nor leave the hearts which thou hast made
 Fit temples of thy grace divine.

3 Nor let us quench thy saving light ;
 But still with softest breathings stir
 Our wayward souls, and lead us right,
 O Holy Spirit, Comforter !

Creator Spirit.

O COME, Creator Spirit blest !
 Within these souls of thine to rest ;
 Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
 To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Come, Holy Spirit ! now descend ;
 Most blessed gift which God can send ;
 Thou Fire of Love, and Fount of Life !
 Consume our sins, and calm our strife.

3 With patience firm and purpose high,
 The weakness of our flesh supply ;
 Kindle our senses from above,
 And make our hearts o'erflow with love.

7

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Asking a Blessing.

LORD ! when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And, when thou hearest, O forgive !

2 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blessed Gospel of thy Son,
Still, by the power of his great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

3 But will indeed Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest ?
Here will the world's Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest ?

4 That glory never hence depart !
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
In every bosom fix thy throne.

8

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Divine Presence Implored.

SPEAK with us, Lord ; thyself reveal,
While here on earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindlings of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All toil, and time, and care ;
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou art present there.

- 3 Here then, my God, be pleased to stay,
 And bid my heart rejoice ;
 My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
 And echo to thy voice.

9

C. M.

HENRY WARE, JR.

Invoking God's Aid.

FATHER in heaven, to thee my heart
 Would lift itself in prayer ;
 Drive from my soul each earthly thought
 And show thy presence there.

- 2 Each moment of my life renews
 The mercies of my Lord,
 Each moment is itself a gift
 To bear me on to God.

- 3 O, help me break the galling chains
 This world has round me thrown,
 Each passion of my heart subdue,
 Each darling sin disown.

- 4 O Father, kindle in my breast
 A never-dying flame
 Of holy love, of grateful trust
 In thy almighty name.

10

7's M.

METHODIST COLL.

Invocation.

FATHER, at thy footstool see
 Those who now are one in thee :
 Draw us by thy grace alone ;
 Give, O give us to thy Son.

2 Jesus, friend of human kind,
Let us in thy name be joined
Each to each unite and bless ;
Keep us still in perfect peace.

3 Heavenly, all-alluring Dove,
Shed thy overshadowing love ;
Love, the sealing grace impart ;
Dwell within our single heart.

THE SABBATH.

11

L. M.

STENNETT.

Sabbath Morning.

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun :
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day which God hath blest.

2 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows !

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day —
In holy pleasures — pass away :
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

12

C. M.

MRS. FOLLEN.

Hole of Sabbath Service.

HOW sweet upon this sacred day,
 The best of all the seven,
 To cast our earthly thoughts away,
 And think of God and heaven !

2 How sweet to be allowed to pray
 Our sins may be forgiven !
 With filial love and trust to say,
 “ Father, who art in heaven ! ”

3 How sweet the words of peace to hear
 From him to whom 't is given
 To wake the penitential tear,
 And lead the way to heaven !

4 And if, to make our sins depart,
 In vain the will has striven,
 He who regards the inmost heart
 Will send his grace from heaven.

13

7's M.

NEWTON.

Sabbath Morning.

SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way ;
 Let us now a blessing seek,
 Waiting in his courts to-day :
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace
 Through the dear Redeemer's name,

Show thy reconciling face —
 Take away our sin and shame ;
 From our worldly cares set free,
 May we rest this day in thee.

14

S. M.

WATTS.

The Sabbath Welcomed.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise ;
 Welcome to this reviving breast
 And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day ;
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
 Where my dear Lord hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of folly and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 Till called to rise and soar away
 To everlasting bliss.

15

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Day of Prayer and Rest.

EARTH'S busy sounds and ceaseless din
 Wake not this morning air !
 A holy calm should welcome in
 This solemn hour of prayer.

2 Now peace, be still, unhallowed care,
And hushed within the breast !

A holy joy shall welcome there
This happy day of rest.

3 Each better thought the spirit knows,
This hour, the spirit fill !

And Thou, from whom its being flows,
O, teach it all thy will !

4 Then shall the day indeed be blest,
And send its hallowing power,
Its sacred calm and inward rest,
Through many a busy hour.

Invocation for Lord's Day Morning.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest !

We hail thy glad return :

Lord, make these moments blest.
From low delights and mortal toys
We soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace ;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While we address thy face.
O, let us feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;

Disclose a Saviour's love,
 And bless these sacred hours :
 Then shall our souls new life obtain,
 Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

17

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

A Sabbath Morning.

HOW sweet, how calm, this Sabbath morn !
 How pure the air that breathes,
 And soft the sounds upon it borne,
 And light its vapor wreaths !

2 It seems as if the Christian's prayer,
 For peace and joy and love,
 Were answered by the very air
 That wafts its strain above.

3 Let each unholy passion cease,
 Each evil thought be crushed,
 Each anxious care that mars thy peace
 In faith and love be hushed.

18

S. M.

BULFINCH,

Sabbath Worship.

HAIL to the Sabbath day !
 The day divinely given,
 When men to God their homage pay,
 And earth draws near to heaven.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
 Within thy courts we bend,
 And bless thy love, and own thy power,
 Our Father and our Friend.

3 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod ;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky ;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight ;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

Sabbath Day.

WE bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.

2 Lord, in this day of holy rest,
We would improve the calm repose ;
And, in thy service truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys and woes.

3 Lord ! may thy truth, upon the heart
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.

- 4 May Prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his sheltering throne.

20

S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Hour of Prayer.

IT is the hour of prayer :
Draw near and bend the knee,
And fill the calm and holy air
With voice of melody !
O'erwearied with the heat
And burden of the day,
Now let us rest our wandering feet,
And gather here to pray.

- 2 The dark and deadly blight
That walks at noontide hour,
The midnight arrow's secret flight,
O'er us have had no power ;
But smiles from loving eyes
Have been around our way,
And lips on which a blessing lies
Have bidden us to pray.

- 3 O, blessed is the hour
That lifts our hearts on high ;
Like sunlight when the tempests lower,
Prayer to the soul is nigh ;
Though dark may be our lot,
Our eyes be dim with care,
These saddening thoughts shall trouble not
This holy hour of prayer.

21

L. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Sabbath Offering.

WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
 Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
 What rites, what honors shall he pay?
 How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires
 Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
 And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
 The costly pomp of sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
 Thy golden offerings well may spare:
 But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
 Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

22

C. M.

GEO. HERBERT.

The Blessing of the Sabbath.

BLEST day of God! most calm, most bright,
 The first and best of days;
 The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
 The day of prayer and praise.

2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
 His rising thee did raise;
 And made thee heavenly and divine
 Beyond all other days.

3 The first fruits oft a blessing prove
 To all the sheaves behind;
 And they who do the Sabbath love
 A happy week will find.

4 This day I must to God appear,
 For, Lord, the day is thine;
 Help me to spend it in thy fear,
 And thus to make it mine.

23

C. P. M.

MERRICK.

The Sabbath and the Earthly Temple.

THE joyful morn, my God, is come,
 That calls me to my Sabbath home,
 Thy presence to adore;
 My feet the summons shall attend,
 With willing steps thy courts ascend
 And tread the hallowed floor.

2 With holy joy I hail the day
 That warns my thirsting soul away:
 What transports fill my breast!
 For, lo! my great Redeemer's power
 Unfolds the everlasting door,
 And leads me to his rest!

24

C. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

The Lord's Day Morning.

A GAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray,
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.

2 This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung;
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.

- 3 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
 To hail this welcome morn,
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 To nations yet unborn.

25

L. M. SUN. SCHOOL H. B.

Sabbath Hymn.

CALLED by the Sabbath bells away,
 Unto thy holy temple, Lord,
 I'll go, with willing mind to pray,
 To praise thy name and hear thy word.

- 2 O sacred day of peace and joy,
 Thy hours are ever dear to me ;
 Ne'er may a sinful thought destroy
 The holy calm I find in thee.

- 3 Dear are thy peaceful hours to me,
 For God has given them in his love,
 To tell how calm, how blest shall be
 The endless day of heaven above.

26

L. M. 61.

MRS. STEELE.

A Prayer for Lord's Day.

GREAT God, this sacred day of thine
 Demands our soul's collected powers ;
 May we employ in work divine
 These solemn, these devoted hours ;
 O may our souls adoring own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne.

- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly ;
 Where God resides appear no more ;

Omniscient God, thy piercing eye
 Can every secret thought explore :
 O may thy grace our hearts refine,
 And fix our thoughts on things divine.

3 The word of life dispensed to-day
 Invites us to a heavenly feast ;
 May every ear the call obey ;
 Be every heart a humble guest ;
 Then shall our souls adoring own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne.

27

C. M.

EDMESTON.

The Lord's Day.

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
 And sighs her God to seek,
 How sweet to hail the evening's close,
 That ends the weary week !

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
 That opens on the sight,
 When first that soul-reviving morn
 Beams its new rays of light !

3 Blest day ! thine hours too soon will cease,
 Yet, while they gently roll,
 Breathe, Heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
 A Sabbath o'er my soul !

THE SANCTUARY.

28

8's & 7's M.

ANONYMOUS.

"The Lord is in his Holy Temple."

GOD is in his holy temple :
 Thoughts of earth, be silent now,
 While with reverence we assemble,
 And before his presence bow !
 He is with us now and ever,
 When we call upon his name,
 Aiding every good endeavor,
 Guiding every upward aim.

2 God is in his holy temple ; —
 In the pure and holy mind ;
 In the reverent heart and simple ;
 In the soul from sense refined :
 Then let every low emotion
 Banished far and silent be !
 And our souls, in pure devotion,
 Lord, be temples worthy thee !

29

S. M.

E. TAYLOR.

Call to the House of Prayer.

COME to the house of prayer,
 O ye afflicted, come :
 The God of peace shall meet you there —
 He makes that house his home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
 Ye who are happy now ;

In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love :
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

4 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.

5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all —
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call —

6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

30

L. M.

WATTS.

Lobe of the Sanctuary.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 Blessed are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

- 3 Blessed are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength ; and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.
- 4 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

31

7's M.

MERRICK.

~~Who shall abide in Thy Tabernacle ?~~ " "

WHO shall towards thy chosen seat
Turn, O Lord, his favored feet ?
Who shall at thine altar bend ?
Who shall Zion's hill ascend ?
Who, great God, a welcome guest,
On thy holy mountain rest ?

- 2 He whose heart thy love has warmed ;
He whose will to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run ;
He whose word and thought are one ;
Who, from sin's contagion free,
Lifts his willing soul to thee.
- 3 He who thus, with heart unstained,
Treads the path by thee ordained,
He shall towards thy chosen seat
Turn, O Lord, his favored feet ;
He thy ceaseless care shall prove,
He shall share thy constant love.

32

L. M.

SALISBURY COLL.

House of God.

LO, God is here ! Let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face !
Let all within us feel his power ;
Let all within us seek his grace.

2 Lo, God is here ! Him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing ;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest homage bring.

3 Being of beings ! may thy praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill :
Still may we stand before thy face —
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

33

L. M.

WATTS.

"How amiable are thy Tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts."

GREAT God ! attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs ;
To spend one day with thee, on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, — he makes our day ;
God is our shield, — he guards our way ;
All needful grace he will bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too.

- 4 O God ! our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
Thy willing servants may we be,
For blest are they who trust in thee.

34

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Great Temple.

THOUGH wandering in a stranger land,
Though on the waste no altar stand,
Take comfort ! thou art not alone,
While Faith has marked thee for her own.

- 2 Wouldst thou a temple ? look above, —
The heavens stretch over all in love ;
A book ? for thine evangel scan
The wondrous history of man.
- 3 And though no organ-peal be heard,
In harmony the winds are stirred ;
And there the morning stars upraise
Their ancient songs of deathless praise.

35

S. M.

STENNETT.

Presence of Jesus.

HOW charming is the place
Where the dear Son of God
Unvails the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad !

- 2 Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3 Here on the mercy-seat,
 With radiant glory crowned,
 Our joyful eyes behold him sit,
 And smile on all around.

4 To him its prayers and cries
 Each humble soul presents ;
 He listens to their broken sighs,
 And grants them all their wants.

5 Give me, O Lord, a place
 Within thy blessed abode,
 Among the children of thy grace,
 The servants of my God.

36

12's & 11's M.

EDMESTON.

The House of God.

THERE'S a refuge of peace from the tempests
 that beat,
 From the dark clouds that threaten, the wild
 wind that blows ;
 A holy, a sweet and a lovely retreat,
 A spring of refreshment, a place of repose.

2 'T is the house of my God, 't is the dwelling of
 prayer,
 The temple all hallowed by blessing and
 praise ;
 If sorrow and faithlessness conquer me, there
 My heart to the throne of his grace I can raise.

3 For a refuge like this, ah, what praises are due !
 For a rest so serene, for a covert so fair :

Ah, why are the seasons of worship so few?
And why are so seldom the meetings of
prayer?

37

H. M.

WATTS

Blessedness of Public Worship.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires, with warm desires
To see my God.

2 O, happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O, happy men, who pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they who love the way
To Zion's hill!

3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length —
Till each in heaven appears.
O, glorious seat,
When God, our King, shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

38

C. M.

MILTON.

The Blessedness of the Debut.

HOW lovely are thy dwellings, Lord,
From noise and trouble free;

How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that pray to thee !

2 Lord God of Hosts, that reign'st on high,
They are the truly blest
Who only will on thee rely,
In thee alone will rest.

3 They pass, refreshed, the thirsty vale,
The dry and barren ground,
As though a fruitful, watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

4 They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Zion do appear.

5 For God, the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright ;
No good from him shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

39

7's M.

BOWRING.

Pious Worship.

IN thy courts let peace be found,
Be thy temple full of love ;
There we tread on holy ground,
All serene, around, above.

2 While the knee in prayer is bent,
While with praise the heart o'erflows,
Tranquillize the turbulent !
Give the weary one repose !

3 Be the place for worship meet,
 Meet the worship for the place ;
 Contemplation's best retreat,
 Shrine of guilelessness and grace !

4 As an infant knows its home,
 Lord, may we thy temples know ;
 Thither for instruction come —
 Thence by thee instructed go.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE.

40

L. M.

FROTHINGHAM

Truth and Love.

O GOD, whose presence glows in all,
 Within, around us, and above !
 Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
 Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love

2 That truth be with the heart believed
 Of all who seek this sacred place ;
 With power proclaimed, in peace received, —
 Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

3 That love its holy influence pour,
 To keep us meek, and make us free,
 And throw its binding blessing more
 Round each with all, and all with thee.

4 Send down its angel to our side —
 Send in its calm upon the breast ;
 For we would know no other guide,
 And we can need no other rest.

41

L. M.

COWPER.

Spiritual Worship.

O LORD ! where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

42

L. M.

PIERPONT.

Universal Worship.

O THOU, to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing tongue ;

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshipper may dwell ;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son,
Sat weary, by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent prayer —
The incense of the heart — may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 To thee shall age with snowy hair,
 And strength and beauty bend the knee,
 And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
 Its praises and its prayers to thee.

5 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,
 The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,
 To thee, at last, in every clime
 Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

43

C. M.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

Habitual Devotion.

WHILE Thee I seek, protecting Power,
 Be my vain wishes stilled;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
 To thee my thoughts would soar;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
 That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;

Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
That heart shall rest on thee.

44

7's M.

J. TAYLOR.

Preparation for Worship.

LORD, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear ;
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.

2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels ;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

3 At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares ;
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

45

L. M.

O. W. HOLMES.

Sabbath Hymn to the Deity.

LORD of all being, 'throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !

- 2 Sun of our life, thy wakening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn ;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow arch, thy mercy's sign ;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine !
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

46

7's M.

BOWRING.

Lobly Praise.

LORD, in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
Hear the praises of our race,
And, while hearing, let thy grace
Dews of sweet forgiveness pour ;
While we know, benignant King,
That the praises which we bring
Are a worthless offering
Till thy blessing makes it more.

- 2 More of truth, and more of might,
More of love, and more of light,

More of reason and of right,
 From thy pardoning grace be given !
 It can make the humblest song
 Sweet, acceptable, and strong,
 As the strains the angel throng
 Pour around the throne of heaven.

47

7's M. .

BOWRING.

Humble Worship.

WHEN before thy throne we kneel,
 Filled with awe and holy fear,
 Teach us, O our God, to feel
 All thy sacred presence near.

2 Check each proud and wandering thought,
 When on thy great name we call ;
 Man is nought — is less than nought —
 Thou, our God, art all in all.

3 Weak, imperfect creatures, we
 In this vale of darkness dwell,
 Yet presume to look to thee
 'Midst thy light ineffable.

4 O, receive the praise that dares
 Seek thy heaven-exalted throne ;
 Bless our offerings, hear our prayers,
 Infinite and Holy One !

48

L. M.

WEISZEL.

Rejoice in the Lord.

LIFT up your heads, ye mighty gates,
 Behold the King of glory waits,

The King of kings is drawing near,
 The Saviour of the world is here ;
 Life and salvation he doth bring,
 Wherefore rejoice, and gladly sing !

- 2 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
 Make it a temple set apart
 From earthly use for heaven's employ,
 Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy ;
 So shall your Sovereign enter in,
 And new and nobler life begin.

Praise to the God of all.

O SOURCE divine, and life of all,
 The fount of being's wondrous sea !
 Thy depth would every heart appall,
 That saw not love supreme in thee.

- 2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
 Where worlds on worlds eternal brood ;
 We know thee truly but in this, —
 That thou bestowest all our good.

- 3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
 O, grant us still in thee to dwell,
 And through the ceaseless web to trace
 Thy presence working all things well.

- 4 Nor let thou life's delightful play
 Thy truth's transcendent vision hide ;
 Nor strength and gladness lead astray
 From thee, our nature's only guide.

- 5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
 Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
 Make pure thy children's erring will,
 And teach their hearts to love thy law.

50

7's M.

J. TAYLOR

Acceptable Offerings.

LORD! what offering shall we bring,
 At thine altars when we bow?
 Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
 Whence the kind affections flow:

- 2 Willing hands, to lead the blind;
 Heal the wounded, feed the poor,
 Love, embracing all our kind,
 Charity, with liberal store.

- 3 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus the accepted offering bring,
 Love to thee and all mankind.

51

H. M.

H. BALLOU, 2D.

Universal Praise.

YE realms below the skies,
 Your Maker's praises sing;
 Let boundless honors rise
 To heaven's eternal King,
 O, bless his name whose love extends
 Salvation to the world's far ends.

- 2 'Tis he the mountains crowns
 With forests waving wide;

'Tis he old ocean bounds,
 And heaves her roaring tide ;
 He swells the tempests on the main,
 Or breathes the zephyr o'er the plain.

3 Still let the waters roar
 As round the earth they roll :
 His praise for evermore
 They sound from pole to pole.
 'Tis nature's wild, unconscious song
 O'er thousand waves that floats along.

4 His praise, ye worlds on high,
 Display with all your spheres,
 Amid the darksome sky,
 When silent night appears.
 O, let his works declare his name
 Through all the universal frame !

52

11 & 10's M.

WHITTIER.

True Worship.

O HE whom Jesus loved has truly spoken !
 The holier worship which God deigns
 to bless
 Restores the lost and heals the spirit-broken,
 And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

2 Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy
 brother !
 For where love dwells the peace of God is
 there ;
 To worship rightly is to love each other ;
 Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a
 prayer.

3 Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was doing good ;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

4 Thus shall all shackles fall ; the stormy clangor
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall
cease ;
Love shall tread out the baleful fires of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.

53

H. M.

WATTS.

Praise from all Creatures.

YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise :
Ye holy throng of angels bright !
In worlds of light, begin the song.

2 Thou sun with dazzling rays !
And moon that rules the night !
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare, ye floods on high !
And clouds that fly in empty air !

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command :
He spake the word, and all their frame
From nothing came, to praise the Lord.

4 His praise, ye worlds on high,
 Display, with all your spheres,
 Amid the darksome sky,
 When silent night appears.
 O, let his works declare his name
 Through all the universal frame !

54

L. M.

TATE & BRADY.

Praise to the Great Jehovah.

BE thou, O God, exalted high ;
 And as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth displayed,
 Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2 O God, our hearts are fixed and bent
 Their thankful tribute to present ;
 And, with the heart, the voice we'll raise
 To thee, our God, in songs of praise.

3 Thy praises, Lord, we will resound
 To all the listening nations round ;
 Thy mercy highest heaven transcends ;
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
 And as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth displayed,
 Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

55

L. M.

H. BALLOU, 2d.

Praise ye the Lord.

PRAISE ye the Lord around whose throne
 All heaven in ceaseless worship waits,

Whose glory fills the worlds unknown—
Praise ye the Lord from Zion's gates.

2 With mingling souls and voices join ;
To him the swelling anthem raise ;
Repeat his name with joy divine,
And fill the temple with his praise.

3 All-gracious God, to thee we owe
Each joy and blessing time affords,—
Might, life, and health, and all below,
Spring from thy presence, Lord of lords.

4 Thine be the praise, for thine the love
That freely all our sins forgave,
Pointed our dying eyes above,
And showed us life beyond the grave.

56

8 & 7's M. SONGS OF THE UNITY.

Praise the Lord.

O MAKE a noise unto the Lord,
And, all ye lands adore him ;
With singing come before his throne,
And serve the Lord with gladness.

2 O, know ye that the Lord is God,
And he it is that made us,
Not we ourselves ; his people we,
The sheep within his pasture !

3 O, come unto his courts with praise,
And enter with thanksgiving :
Be thankful all, and bless his name ;
For the Lord is good forever.

57

8 & 7's M. LIVERPOOL COLL.

Universal Praise.

PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens adore him ;
 Praise him, angels in the height ;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;
 Praise him, all ye stars of light !

2 Praise the Lord — for he hath spoken ;
 Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
 Laws which never shall be broken,
 For their guidance, he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord — for he is glorious ;
 Never shall his promise fail ;
 God hath made his saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation,
 Hosts on high his power proclaim ;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify his name.

58

L. M. TATE & BRADY.

All Nations exhorted to Adoration and Praise.

WITH one consent, let all the earth
 To God their cheerful voices raise ;
 Glad homage pay, with hallowed mirth,
 And sing before him songs of praise ;

2 Assured that he is God alone,
 From whom both we and all proceed, --
 We, whom he chooses for his own,
 The flock which he delights to feed.

3 O, enter, then, his temple gate ;
 Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,
 And still his name with praises bless ;

4 For he's the Lord, supremely good ;
 His mercy is forever sure ;
 His truth, which always firmly stood,
 To endless ages shall endure.

59

10 & 11's M.

DODDRIDGE.

Praise and Exultation.

O PRAISE ye the Lord ; prepare a new song,
 And let all his saints in full chorus join ;
 With voices united the anthem prolong,
 And show forth his praises with music divine.

2 Let praise to the Lord, who made us, ascend ;
 Let each grateful heart be glad in its King ;
 The God whom we worship our songs will attend,
 And view with complacence the offering we
 bring.

3 Be joyful, ye saints, sustained by his might,
 And let your glad song awake with each morn ;
 For those who obey him are still his delight ;
 His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.

4 Then praise ye the Lord ; prepare a glad song,
 And let all his saints in full chorus join ;
 With voices united the anthem prolong,
 And show forth his praises with music divine.

60

L. M.

ST. AMBROSE.

Worship.

BOTH heaven and earth do worship thee,
 Thou Father of eternity ;
 With splendor from thy glory spread
 Are heaven and earth replenishéd.

2 To thee all angels loudly cry,
 The heavens and all the powers on high,
 The apostles' glorious company,
 The prophets' fellowship praise thee.

3 The noble and victorious host
 Of martyrs make of thee their boast ;
 The holy church, in every place
 Throughout the earth exalts thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
 Highly exalt and honor thee :
 Thy name we worship and adore,
 World without end, for evermore.

61

7's M.

SALISBURY COLL.

Adoration and Praise.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord !
 Be thy glorious name adored.
 Lord, thy mercies never fail :
 Hail, celestial Goodness, hail !

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
 Deign our humble songs to hear ;
 Purer praise we hope to bring
 When around thy throne we sing.

- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Then on high we'll joyful raise
Songs of everlasting praise.
- 4 There no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join in harmony,
That through heaven's capacious round
Praise to thee may ever sound.
- 5 Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial Goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored.

62

C. M.

PATRICK.

Te Deum.

- O** GOD, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry, —
 - 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.
 - 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,

With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee —
That thou eternal Father art
Of boundless majesty.

63

8's & 7's M.

FAWCETT.

God of our Salvation.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator ;
Praise be thine from every tongue ;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Free, unbounded grace is thine :
Hail the God of our salvation ;
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise ;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

64

L. M.

WATTS.

The Brightness of God's Glory.

NOW to the Lord a noble song !
Awake, my soul ! awake, my tongue !

Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God,
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star ;

3 But in the gospel of thy Son
Are all thy mightiest works outdone ;
The light it pours upon our eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

4 Our spirits kindle in its beam ;
It is a sweet, a glorious theme :
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

65

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

For Sincerity in Worship.

LORD ! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see ;
True penitence impart ;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O let our wills resign ;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

- 4 Then, on thy glories while we dwell,
 Thy mercies we'll review ;
 With love divine transported, tell, —
 “Thou, God, art Father too !”

66

L. M.

SIR J. E. SMITH.

About Worship.

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee ;
 Thy saints adore thy holy name ;
 Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee,
 And, humbly, thy protection claim.

- 2 Thy hand has raised us from the dust ;
 The breath of life thy Spirit gave ;
 Where, but in thee, can mortals trust ?
 Who, but our God, has power to save ?
- 3 Still may thy children in thy word
 Their common trust and refuge see ;
 O bind us to each other, Lord,
 By one great tie, — the love of thee.
- 4 So shall our sun of hope arise,
 With brighter still and brighter ray,
 Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes
 With beams of everlasting day.

67

C. M.

VAUGHAN.

Universal Praise.

O ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
 His glorious acts proclaim ;
 The fulness of his grace record,
 And magnify his name

2 His love is great — his mercy sure,
 And faithful is his word ;
 His truth forever shall endure :
 Forever praise the Lord !

68

L. M

BOWRING.

Perpetual Praise.

WHEN, wakened by thy voice of power,
 The hour of morning beams in light,
 My voice shall sing that morning hour,
 And thee, who mad'st that hour so bright.

2 The morning strengthens into noon ;
 Earth's fairest beauties shine more fair,
 And noon and morning shall attune
 My grateful heart to praise and prayer.

3 When 'neath the evening's western gate
 The sun's retiring rays are hid,
 My joy shall be to meditate,
 E'en as the pious patriarch did.

4 As twilight wears a darker hue,
 And gathering night creation dims,
 The twilight and the midnight, too,
 Shall have their harmonies and hymns.

5 So shall sweet thoughts, and thoughts sublime,
 My constant inspirations be ;
 And every shifting scene of time
 Reflect, my God, a light from thee.

69

C. M.

M. RAYNER.

General Praise.

HAIL ! Source of light, of life, and love,
 And joys that never end ;
 In whom all creatures live and move ;
 Creator, Father, Friend.

2 All space is with thy presence crowned ;
 Creation owns thy care ;
 Each spot in nature's ample round,
 Proclaims that God is there.

3 Attuned to praise be every voice ;
 Let not one heart be sad ;
 Jehovah reigns ! Let earth rejoice ;
 Let all the isles be glad.

4 Then sound the anthem loud and long,
 In sweetest, loftiest strains ;
 And be the burden of the song,
 The Lord, Jehovah, reigns !

70

10's & 11's.

GRANT.

God Glorious.

O WORSHIP the King, all glorious above,
 And gratefully sing his wonderful love,
 Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
 Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the
 plain,
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

71

C. M.

JENNIS.

Honour and Devotion.

WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above, —
That glorious temple in the skies
Where dwells eternal love.

2 Thee we adore, and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay;
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
Conducts to endless day.

3 While in thy house of prayer we kneel
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

72

C. M.

G. BURBER.

God is Love.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord!
And raise your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that — God is love.

- 2 Behold his loving-kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them — God is love.
- 3 Oh ! may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove ;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that — God is love.

“ Speak, Lord, for thy Servant heareth.”

WHILE thus thy throne of grace we seek,
O God, within our spirits speak !
For we will hear thy voice to-day,
Nor turn our hardened hearts away.

- 2 Speak in thy gentlest tones of love,
Till all our best affections move ;
We long to hear no meaner call,
But feel that Thou art all in all.
- 3 To conscience speak thy quickening word,
Till all its sense of sin is stirred :
For we would leave no stain of guile,
To cloud the radiance of thy smile.
- 4 Speak, Father, to the anxious heart,
Till every fear and doubt depart :
For we can find no home or rest,
Till with thy Spirit's whispers blest.

74

L. M. 61.

C. WESLEY.

Worship in Spirit and in Truth.

FATHER of omnipresent grace !
 We seem agreed to seek thy face :
 But every soul assembled here
 Doth naked in thy sight appear ;
 Thou know'st who only bows the knee,
 And who in heart approaches thee.

- 2 To-day, while it is called to-day,
 Awake and stir us up to pray ;
 The spirit of thy word impart,
 And breathe the life into our heart ;
 Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
 And guide us by the light of grace.

75

L. M.

WATTS.

The Promises sure.

PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
 To Him who earth's foundations laid ;
 Praise to the God whose strong decrees
 Sway all the world as he doth please.

- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
 Who rules his people by his word ;
 And there, as strong as his decrees,
 Reveals his kindest promises.
- 3 O for a strong, a lasting faith,
 To credit what th' Almighty saith !
 To hear the message of his Son,
 And call the joys of heaven our own !

- 4 Then, should the earth's firm pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls would fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

76

S. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

The Delights of Sabbath Worship.

SWEET is the task, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

- 2 Sweet, at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when the night-wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.

- 3 Sweet on this day of rest
To join in heart and voice
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

- 4 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our best employ
Eternally in heaven.

77

S. M.

WATTS

Exalt the Lord. Ps. xcix.

EXALT the Lord, our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
 When Aaron was his priest,
 When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
 He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
 Nor would destroy their race;
 And oft he made his vengeance known
 When they abused his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
 Whose grace is still the same;—
 Still he's a God of holiness,
 And jealous for his name.

VESPERS.

78

7's M.

S. F. SMITH.

Sabbath Evening.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
 Of the holy Sabbath day;
 Gently as life's setting sun,
 When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
 O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
 All things tell of calm repose
 At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
 'Tis the holy peace of God,—
 Symbol of the peace within,
 When the spirit rests from sin.

- 4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

79

7's M.

FURNESS.

Hymn of Night.

SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness ; O, how still
Is the working of his will !

- 2 Mighty Spirit, ever nigh !
Work in me as silently ;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.
- 3 Living stars to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought ;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires !
- 4 Holy truth, eternal right,
Let them break upon my sight ;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

80

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Sabbath Evening.

THERE is a time when moments flow
More happily than all beside ;
It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath at the eventide.

- 2 O then the setting sun shines fair,
And all below, and all above,
The various forms of Nature, wear
One universal garb of love.
- 3 And then the peace that Jesus brought,
The life of grace eternal beams,
And we, by his example taught,
Improve the life his love redeems.
- 4 Delightful scene ! a world at rest ;
A God all love ; no grief, no fear ;
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile, unsullied by a tear.

81

L. M.

COLLYER.

Evening Recollections.

ANOTHER fleeting day is gone ;
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise ;
Swift the soft-stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

- 2 Another fleeting day is gone
Swift from the records of the year ;
And still, with each successive sun,
Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone ;
But soon a fairer day shall rise,
A day whose never-setting sun
Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.

82

L. M.

BREVIARY.

Morning and Evening.

GREAT Framers of the earth and sky,
 Who dost the light and darkness give,
 And all the cheerful change supply
 Of alternating morn and eve !

- 2 Awake us from false sleep profound,
 And through our senses pour thy light ;
 Be thy blest name the first we sound
 At early dawn, the last at night.

83

7's M.

DOANE.

Evening Hymn.

SOFTLY now the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away ;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord, I will commune with thee.

- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
 Nought escapes, without, within,
 Pardon each infirmity,
 Open fault and secret sin.

- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
 Shall forever pass away ;
 Then from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

84

7's M.

BOWRING.

Morning or Evening. — All from God.

FATHER ! Thy paternal care
 Has my guardian been, my guide !

Every hallowed wish and prayer
 Has thy hand of love supplied ;
 Thine is every thought of bliss,
 Left by hours and days gone by ;
 Every hope thy offspring is,
 Beaming from futurity.

2 Every sun of splendid ray ;
 Every moon that shines serene ;
 Every morn that welcomes day ;
 Every evening's twilight scene ;
 Every hour which wisdom brings ;
 Every incense at thy shrine ;
 These — and all life's holiest things,
 And its fairest — all are thine.

3 And for all, my hymns shall rise
 Daily to thy gracious throne ;
 Thither let my asking eyes
 Turn unwearied, righteous One !
 Through life's strange vicissitude
 There reposing all my care,
 Trusting still through ill and good,
 Fixed and cheered and counselled there.

85

L. M.

KEBLE.

"Abide with us, for it is towards Evening, and the Day
 is far Spent."

'TIS gone, that bright and orbéd blaze,
 Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
 Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
 The last faint pulse of quivering light.

2 Sun of my soul ! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near :
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes,

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

86

L. M.

BOWRING.

Evening Worship.

HOW shall we praise thee, Lord of light !
How shall we all thy love declare !
The earth is veiled in shades of night,
But heaven is open to our prayer, —
That heaven so bright with stars and suns —
That glorious heaven which has no bound,
Where the full tide of being runs,
And life and beauty glow around.

2 We would adore thee, God sublime !
Whose power and wisdom, love and grace
Are greater than the round of time,
And wider than the bounds of space.
O how shall thought expression find,
All lost in thine immensity !
How shall we seek thee, glorious Mind,
Amid thy dread infinity !

3 But thou art present with us here,
As in thy glittering, high domain ;
And grateful hearts and humble fear
Can never seek thy face in vain.

Help us to praise thee, Lord of light !
 Help us thy boundless love declare ;
 And, here within thy courts to-night,
 Aid us, and hearken to our prayer.

87

P. M.

S. LONGFELLOW.

Jubilate.

SOFT as fades the sunset splendor,
 And the light of day grows dim,
 We to thee our praises render ;
 Sing we thus our vesper hymn :
 Jubilate ! Amen !

Father, gracious, loving, tender,
 O, accept the grateful strain.

2 Day by day comes rich in blessing ;
 Night by night brings holy calm ;
 Lord, to thee our praise addressing,
 Rises thus our joyful psalm :
 Jubilate ! Amen !
 But, unworthiness confessing,
 Into silence fades again.

88

8's & 7's M.

S. LONGFELLOW.

Vespers.

NOW, on sea and land descending,
 Brings the night its peace profound ;
 Let our vesper hymn be blending
 With the holy calm around.
 Soon as dies the sunset glory,
 Stars of heaven shine out above,
 Telling still the ancient story, —
 Their Creator's changeless love.

2 Now our wants and burdens leaving
 To his care, who cares for all,
 Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
 At his touch our burdens fall.
 As the darkness deepens o'er us,
 Lo, eternal stars arise;
 Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
 Shining in the spirit's skies.

At the Last.

THE stream is calmest when it nears the
 tide,
 And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
 And birds most musical at close of day,
 And saints divinest when they pass away.

- 2 Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
 Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm;
 And weary man must ever love her best,
 For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.
- 3 She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth
 bear
 A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
 Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
 To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.
- 4 O, when our sun is setting, may we glide
 Like summer's evening down the golden tide;
 And leave behind us, as we pass away,
 Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay!

90

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Nox et Tenebrae.

A GAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls,
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.
May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace ;
And strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care !

2 O God, our Light, to thee we bow !
Within all shadows, standest thou :
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing !
Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain ;
But in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer forever dwell !

91

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Evening Prayer.

THOU Lord of life ! whose tender care
Hath led us on till now,
We, in this quiet hour of prayer,
Before thy presence bow.

2 Thou, blessed God ! hast been our Guide,
Through life our Guard and Friend ;
O, still, on life's uncertain tide
Preserve us to the end.

- 3 To thee our grateful praise we bring
 For mercies day by day :
 Lord, teach our hearts thy love to sing,
 Lord, teach us how to pray !

92

12's & 11's M.

HEBER.

Vespers.

SEE, daylight is fading, o'er earth and o'er
 ocean,
 The sun has gone down on the far-distant
 sea ;
 And now in the hush of the fitful commotion
 We lift our tired spirits, blest Saviour, to
 thee.

- 2 Full oft wast thou found afar on the mountain,
 As eventide spread her dark wing o'er the
 wave :
 Thou Son of the Highest, and life's endless
 fountain,
 Be with us, we pray thee, to bless and to save.

93

10's & 4's M.

ANONYMOUS.

Vespers.

FATHER Supreme ! Thou high and holy
 One !
 To thee we bow,
 Now, when the burden of the day is gone,
 Devoutly, now.

- 2 Night spreads her shade upon another day
 Forever past ;

So o'er our faults, thy love, we humbly pray,
A veil may cast.

3 Silence and calm, o'er hearts by earth distress,
Now sweetly steal ;
So every fear that struggles in the breast
Shall faith conceal.

94

S. M.

J. M. NEALE.

Evening.

THE day, O Lord, is spent ;
Abide with us, and rest ;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now ;
Our day is almost o'er :
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore !

95

P. M. LONGFELLOW'S VESPERS.

Dona nobis Pacem.

HEAR us, heavenly Father, hear us !
Give to us thy perfect peace ;
Thou whose love unsleeping
Watch is ever keeping,
Shades of evening gather ;
Thou, our heavenly Father,

Holy and merciful,
Hear our evening prayer !

- 2 When life's glooms o'ertake us,
Thou wilt not forsake us ;
When life's shadows darken,
Thou our cry wilt hearken ;
Holy and merciful !
Thou wilt hear our prayer.
Give us thy peace, O Lord !
Keep us in thy perfect peace.

Hymn for the Eventide.

GLORIOUS God, we come to bless thee,
While the shades of eve draw near ;
In this hour serene and holy,
Worship thee with godly fear ;
And with loving trust we raise
To thy throne our song of praise.

- 2 Life, with all its countless blessings,
Death, the way to endless rest, —
Both alike awake our praises,
Thoughts of either make us blest ;
Day and night thy changeless love
Leads through each to heaven above.
- 3 There no shades of night shall gather,
Sin and tears shall be no more ;
There the glorious Star of evening
Gleams along the radiant shore ;
And the day that knows no end
In thy presence we shall spend.

4 Father, to thy throne of glory,
 Lift we, then, our song of praise;
 Hopeful, trustful, and rejoicing,
 Since thou rulest all our days;
 And life's last sweet eventide
 Brings us to our Saviour's side.

97

L. M. LONGFELLOW'S VESPERS.

Lucis Creator Optime.

O BLEST Creator of the light!
 Who didst the dawn from darkness bring,
 And in the heaven's glorious height
 Didst bid the stars together sing;
 Who, gently blending eve with morn
 And morn with eve, didst call them day;
 Thick flows the flood of darkness down,
 O, hear us as we come to pray.

2 Keep thou our souls from thought of crime;
 Keep them from guilt's remorseful strife;
 Not living for the things of time,
 But living the eternal life.
 Teach us to knock at heaven's high door;
 Teach us the prize of life to win;
 Teach us all evil to abhor,
 And purify ourselves within.

98

7s & 6s.

SACRED SONGS.

Evening Aspiration.

THE mellow eve is gliding
 Screnely down the west;
 So, every care subsiding,
 My soul would sink to rest.

2 The woodland hum is ringing
 The daylight's gentle close ;
 May angels round me singing
 Thus hymn my last repose.

3 The evening star has lighted
 Her crystal lamp on high ;
 So when in death benighted
 May hope illumine the sky.

4 In golden splendor dawning,
 The morrow's light shall break ;
 Oh ! on the last bright morning
 May I in glory wake.

Vesper Hymn.

HARK ! the vesper hymn is stealing
 O'er the waters soft and clear ;
 Nearer yet, and nearer pealing,
 Now it bursts upon the ear !

Jubilate. Amen !

Farther now, now farther stealing,
 Soft it fades upon the ear.

2 Now like moonlight waves retreating
 To the shore, it dies along ;
 Now like angry surges meeting,
 Breathes the mingled tide of song.

Jubilate. Amen !

Hush ! again like waves retreating
 To the shore, it dies along.

100

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Vespers.

FADING, still fading, the last beam is shin-
ing
Father in heaven ! the day is declining :
Safety and innocence flee with the light ;
Temptation and danger walk forth with the
night ;
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells
chime,
Shield us from danger and keep us from crime !
Father, have mercy, through Jesus Christ
our Lord ! Amen.

2 Father in heaven, O hear when we call,
Through Jesus Christ, who is Saviour of all !
Fainting and feeble, we trust in thy might :
In doubting and darkness, thy love be our light !
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper
burns,
And wake in thy arms when the morning
returns.
Father, have mercy, through Jesus Christ
our Lord ! Amen.

101

L. M.

LYRA CATH.

Vespers.

O THOU true life of all that live !
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway ;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day ;

- 2 Thy light upon our evening pour, —
 So may our souls no sunset see;
 But death to us an open door
 To an eternal morning be.

102

7's M.

ANONYMOUS.

Evening Prayer.

THROUGH the changes of the day
 Kept by thy sustaining power,
 Offering of thanks we pay,
 Father, in this evening hour.
 Praises to thy name belong,
 Source and Giver of all good;
 While we lift our evening song
 Fill our souls with gratitude!

- 2 From the dangers which have frowned,
 From the snares in secret set,
 We have, through thy mercy, found
 Safety and deliverance yet.
 Spirit, who hast been our Light,
 And the Guardian of our way,
 Let thy mercy and thy might
 Keep us to another day.

103

C. M. LITCHFIELD'S COLL.

Evening Hymn.

GOD of the sunlight hours, how sad
 Would evening shadows be!
 Or night, in deeper shadows clad,
 If aught were dark to thee!

- 2 How mournfully that golden gleam
 Would touch the thoughtful heart,

If, with its soft, retiring beam,
We saw thy light depart !

- 3 Enough, while these dull heavens may lower,
If here thy presence be ;
Then midnight shall be morning hour,
And darkness light to me.

104

C. M. 6 l.

ANONYMOUS.

Rebentue.

O SHADOW in a sultry land !
We gather to thy breast,
Whose love, enfolding us like night,
Brings quietude and rest ;
Glimpse of a fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed.

- 2 From all our wanderings we come,
From drifting to and fro,
From tossing on life's restless deep,
Amid its ebb and flow ;
The grander sweep of tides serene
Our spirits yearn to know.
- 3 That which the garish day has lost,
The twilight vigil brings ;—
The breezes from celestial hills,
The draughts from deeper springs,
The sense of an immortal trust,
The touch of angel wings.

105

L. M. W. H. BURLEIGH.

Evening Hymn.

O HOLY Father ! 'mid the calm
 And stillness of this evening hour,
 We would lift up our solemn psalm,
 To praise thy goodness and thy power :
 For over us, and over all,
 Thy tender mercies still extend,
 Nor vainly shall thy children call
 On thee, our Father and our Friend !

2 Kept by thy goodness through the day,
 Thanksgiving to thy name we pour ;
 Night o'er us, with its stars, — we pray
 Thy love, to guard us evermore !
 In grief, console ; in gladness, bless ;
 In darkness, guide ; in sickness, cheer ;
 Till, perfected in righteousness,
 Before thy throne our souls appear !

106

L. M. 6 l.

ANONYMOUS.

At Evening Time let there be Light.

AT evening time, let there be light ;
 Life's little day draws near its close ;
 Around me fall the shades of night,
 The night of death, the grave's repose ;
 To crown my joys, to end my woes,
 At evening time let there be light.

2 At evening time, there shall be light ,
 For God hath spoken, — it must be ;
 Fear, doubt, and anguish take their flight,

His glory now is risen on me ;
 Mine eyes shall his salvation see ;
 'Tis evening time — and there is light.

107

• L. M.

WATTS,

Evening Hymn.

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
 Thus far his power prolongs my days !
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home ;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep ;
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear :
 O, may thy presence ne'er depart !
 And in the morning make me hear
 Thy love and kindness in my heart.

5 And when the night of death shall come,
 Still may I trust Almighty Love, —
 The love which triumphs o'er the tomb,
 And leads to perfect bliss above.

108

L. M.

HARRIS.

Hymn of Night.

THE stars are sparks of burning sand ;
They fall, with measured sound sublime,
From the great hour-glass in God's hand,
And mete the flying years of time.

2 We watch them from our earthly ball ;
We hear their faint, mysterious hymn ;
From east to west we see them fall
Beyond the blue horizon's rim.

3 O burning hour-glass of the skies !
O sparks from glory's central sun !
Our spirits, while ye fall, arise,
In Love's eternal path to run.

4 From God ye roll in measured flight ;
Your glory fails beneath his feet.
To God we tend, from light to light,
And all who love in him shall meet.

109

S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Evening Hymn.

THE day is past and gone ;
The evening shades appear ;
O, may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near !

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us, while we sleep,
Till morning light appears !

110

L. M.

BREVIARY.

Night Watches.

THROUGHOUT the hours of darkness dim,
Still let us watch and raise the hymn ;
And in deep midnight's awful calm,
Pour forth the soul in deepest psalm.

- 2 Amid the silence, else so drear,
Think the Almighty leans to hear ;
Well pleased to list at such a time,
The wakeful heart in praise sublime.
- 3 Still watch and pray and raise the hymn,
Throughout the hours of darkness dim !
God will not spurn the humblest guest,
But give us of his holy rest.

111

7s M.

MISSIONARY MAG.

Evening Hymn.

LORD of glory ! King of power !
In this lone and silent hour,
While the shades of darkness rise
And the eve is on the skies,
By thy blessing, as the dews,
Which yon shaded skies diffuse,
Bid our feverish passions cease ;
Calm us with thy promised peace.

- 2 Wheresoe'er the brow of pain
 Seeks oblivion's balm in vain,
 Or the form of watchful grief
 Knows not of the night's relief,
 There thy pity, softening pour,
 There the spirit's calm restore ;
 Till each tongue, from murmuring free,
 Wakes the hymn of praise to thee.

112

P. M.

HEBER.

Evening Aspiration.

GOD, that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light, —
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night, —
 May thine angel guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night.

113

7's M.

ANNA L. WABING.

Evening Song.

LORD ! a happy child of thine,
 Patient through the love of thee,
 In the light, the life divine,
 Lives and walks at liberty.

- 2 Leaning on thy tender care,
 Thou hast led my soul aright ;
 Fervent was my morning prayer,
 Joyful is my song to-night.

3 O my Father, Guardian true !
 All my life is thine to keep ;
 At thy feet my work I do,
 In thine arms I fall asleep.

114

L. M.

EDMESTON.

Sabbath Evening.

SWEET is the light of Sabbath eve,
 And soft the sunbeams lingering there ;
 For these blest hours, the world I leave,
 Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

2 Season of rest ! the tranquil soul
 Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love —
 And while these sacred moments roll,
 Faith sees the smiling heavens above.

3 Nor will our days of toil be long,
 Our pilgrimage will soon be trod :
 And we shall join the ceaseless song,—
 The endless Sabbath of our God.

115

7's M. 6 l. LYRA APOSTOLICA.

Vespers.

NOW the stars are lit in heaven ;
 We must light our lamps on earth ;
 Every star a signal given
 From the God of our new birth :
 Every lamp an answer faint,
 Like the prayer of mortal saint.

2 Mark the hour and turn this way,
 Sons of Israel, far and near !

Wearied with the world's dim day,
 Turn to Him whose eyes are here,
 Open, watching day and night,
 Beaming purest, holiest light.

- 3 There is One will bless your toil,—
 He who comes in heaven's attire,
 Morn by morn, with holy oil ;
 Eve by eve, with holy fire !
 Pray ! your prayer will be allowed,
 Mingling with his incense cloud.

Heavenly Guidance.

STAR of morn and even,
 Sun of heaven's heaven,
 Saviour high and dear,
 Toward us turn thine ear ;
 Through whate'er may come,
 Thou canst lead us home.

- 2 Saviour pure and holy,
 Lover of the lowly,
 Sign us with thy sign,
 Take our hands in thine,
 Take our hands and come,
 Lead thy children home !

- 3 Star of morn and even,
 Shine on us from heaven,
 From thy glory-throne
 Hear, O hear thine own !
 Lord and Saviour, come,
 Lead us to our home !

117

8's & 7's M. GREGORY NAZIANZEN.

Ancient Hymn.

CHRIST, my Lord, I come to bless thee,
Now, when day is veiled in night ;
Thou who knowest no beginning,
Light of the Eternal Light !

2 Thou enlightenest man's high reason,
Far above the creatures dumb,
That, light in thy light beholding,
Wholly light he may become.

3 In the night, our wearied nature
Rests from all its toil and tears ;
To the works, Lord, that thou lovest,
Thou wilt call when day appears.

118

L. M.

MARTINEAU.

“ Be still and know that I am God.”

HE who himself and God would know,
Into the silence let him go,
And, lifting off pall after pall,
Reach to the inmost depth of all.

2 Let him look forth into the night ;
What solemn depths, what silent might !
Those ancient stars, how calm they roll,
He but an atom 'mid the whole !

3 How small, in that uplifted hour,
Temptation's lure and passion's power !
How weak the foe that made him fall !
How strong the soul to conquer all !

G O D .

HIS PERFECTIONS AND ATTRIBUTES.

119

L. M.

BOWRING.

God's sustaining Presence.

FATHER and friend, thy light, thy love
Beaming through all thy works we see ;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.

- 2 Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds, invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.
- 3 We know not in what hallowed part
Of the wide heavens thy throne may be ;
But this we know, — that where thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with thee.
- 4 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought, —
Since thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where thou art not.

120

L. M.

W. RAY.

Perfection of God.

THOU art, Almighty Lord of all,
From everlasting still the same;
Before thee dazzling seraphs fall,
And veil their faces in a flame,
To see such bright perfections glow, —
Such floods of glory from thee flow.

2 The sun himself is but a gleam,
A transient meteor, from thy throne;
And every frail and fickle beam,
That ever in creation shone,
Is nothing, Lord, compared to thee
In thy own vast immensity.

3 But though thy brightness may create
All worship from the hosts above,
What most thy name must elevate
Is, that thou art a God of love;
And mercy is the central sun
Of all thy glories joined in one.

121

10's M.

DERZHAVIN.

"One God and Father of all."

O THOU Eternal One! whose presence
bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God! there is no God beside.

2 Being above all beings, Mighty One,
Whom none can comprehend and none explore,

Who fill'st existence with thyself alone,
Being whom we call God, and know no more !

3 Thy laws the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath ;
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life with death.

4 Father ! the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too ;
Yes ; in my spirit doth thy Spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.

5 O thought ineffable ! O vision blest !
Though poor be our conceptions all, of thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to the Deity.

122

7's M.

W. GASKELL.

Omniſcience of God.

MIGHTY God ! the first, the last !
What are ages in thy sight
But as yesterday when past,
Or a watch within the night ?

2 All that being ever knew,
Down, far down, ere time had birth,
Stands as clear within thy view,
As the present things of earth.

3 All that being e'er shall know
On, still on, through farthest years,
All eternity can show
Bright before thee now appears.

- 4 In thine all embracing sight
 Every change its purpose meets,
 Every cloud floats into light,
 Every woe its glory greets.
- 5 Whatsoe'er our lot may be,
 Calmly in this thought we'll rest, —
 Could we see as thou dost see,
 We should choose it as the best.

123

L. M.

KIPPIS.

God Incomprehensible.

GREAT God! in vain man's narrow view
 Attempts to look thy nature through;
 Our laboring powers with reverence own
 Thy glories never can be known.

- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
 Who countless years his God has sought,
 Such wondrous height or depth can find,
 Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 And yet thy kindness deigns to show
 Enough for mortal minds to know;
 While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
 Through all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
 Thy works of nature and of grace;
 Explore thy sacred truth, and still
 Press on to know and do thy will.

124

P. M.

EMILY BRONTE.

God Omnipresent.

O GOD, within my breast,
 Almighty, ever-present Deity !
 Life — that in me has rest,
 As I — undying life — have power in thee !

- 2 With all-embracing love
 Thy spirit animates eternal years,
 Pervades and broods above,
 Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and
 rears.
- 3 Though earth and man were gone,
 And suns and universes ceased to be,
 And thou wert left alone,
 Every existence would exist in thee.
- 4 There is no room for Death,
 Nor atom that his might could render void ;
 Thou — thou art being and breath,
 And what thou art may never be destroyed.

125

L. M.

WATTS.

God's Constant Care.

MY God ! how endless is thy love !
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil, like early dew.

- 2 Thou spread 'st the curtains of the night,
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;

Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

- 3 I yield my powers to thy command ;
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

126

C. M.

DRENNAN

The Indwelling God.

THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord :
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell, and be adored.

- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.

- 3 His presence is diffused abroad,
Through realms, through worlds unknown :
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

127

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

"In whose Hand are all thy Ways."

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head !

- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,
 Thy ruling providence I see :
 Assist me still my course to run,
 And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Whither, O, whither should I fly,
 But to my loving Father's breast ;
 Secure within thine arms to lie,
 And safe beneath thy wings to rest !
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
 But thou, O God ! my wisdom art ;
 I ever into ruin run,
 But thou art greater than my heart.

128

L. M. WALKER'S COLL.

“ God, with whom is no Variableness.”

ALL-POWERFUL, self-existing God,
 Who all creation dost sustain !
 Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
 And everlasting is thy reign !

- 2 Fixed and eternal as thy days,
 Each glorious attribute divine,
 Through ages infinite, shall still
 With undiminished lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of being ! Source of good !
 Immutable thou dost remain !
 Nor can the shadow of a change
 Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Earth may, with all her powers, dissolve,
 If such the great Creator's will ;

But thou forever art the same, —
I AM, is thy memorial still.

129

8, 7, & 4's M.

KELLY.

God Unchanging.

EVERY human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can avert the Father's love.

2 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright;
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,—
God, thine everlasting light.

130

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Faith in the Invisible God.

ALMIGHTY and immortal King,
Thy peerless splendors none can bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory's there.

2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see,
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fixed regards, great God, to thee.

3 This one petition would it urge, —
To bear thee ever in its sight;

In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight.

131

H. M.

WATTS.

The Divine Majesty.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns ;
His throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty :
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His truth and justice stand
To guard his holy law ;
And where his love
Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.

3 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend ?
And will he write his name
“ My Father and my Friend ” ?
I love his name,
I love his word :
Join, all my powers,
And praise the Lord !

132

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Providence Mysterious.

THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are framed upon thy throne above,
And every dark or bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.

2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thine arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3 They neither know nor trace the way ;
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

4 My favored soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne ;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

133

S. P. M.

WATTS.

The Majesty of God.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns ;
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned,
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
 The world securely stands,
 And skies and stars obey thy word ;
 Thy throne was fixed on high,
 Ere stars adorned the sky ;
 Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 Thy promises are true ;
 Thy grace is ever new ;
 There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove ;
 Thy saints, with holy fear,
 Shall in thy courts appear,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

134

C. M.

STERNHOLD.

Majesty of God.

THE Lord descended from above,
 And bowed the heavens most high,
 And underneath his feet he cast
 The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
 Full royally he rode,
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods
 Their fury to restrain,
 And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
 For evermore shall reign.

135

L. M.

CONDER.

The Lord is King.

THE Lord is King ! lift up thy voice,
 O earth and all ye heavens rejoice !
 From world to world the joy shall ring ;
 The Lord Omnipotent is King.

- 2 The Lord is King ! O child of dust,
 The Judge of all the earth is just :
 Holy and true are all his ways ;
 Let every creature speak his praise.
- 3 Come, make your wants, your burdens known ;
 The contrite soul he 'll ne'er disown ;
 And angel bands are waiting there,
 His messages of love to bear.
- 4 O, when his wisdom can mistake,
 His might decay, his love forsake ;
 Then may his children cease to sing
 The Lord Omnipotent is King.

136

C. M.

WHITTIER.

Faith in God's Goodness.

THE wrong that pains my soul below
 I dare not throne above ;
 I know not of His hate, — I know
 His goodness and his love.

- 2 I dimly guess from blessings known
 Of greater out of sight,
 And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
 His judgments, too, are right.

3 No offering of my own I have,
 Nor works my faith to prove;
 I can but give the gifts he gave,
 And plead his love for love.

4 O brothers! if my faith is vain,
 If hopes like these betray,
 Pray for me that my feet may gain
 The sure and safer way.

5 And thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
 Thy creatures as they be,
 Forgive me if too close I lean
 My human heart on thee!

137

7's M.

TOPLADY.

God our *Isfe*.

LORD, it is not life to live,
 If thy presence thou deny;
 Lord, if thou thy presence give,
 'T is no longer death to die.

2 Source and giver of repose,
 Singly from thy smile it flows;
 Peace and happiness are thine;
 Mine they are, if thou art mine.

138

11's M.

BYROM.

God our *Shepherd* and *Guardian*.

THE Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian
 and Guide;
 Whatever we want he will kindly provide:

His care and protection his flock will surround ;
To them will his mercies forever abound.

2 The Lord is our Shepherd ; what, then, shall
we fear ?

Shall dangers affrighten us while he is near ?

O, no : when he calls us we'll walk through the
vale,

The shadow of death, but our hearts shall not
fail.

3 Afraid, of ourselves, to pursue the dark way,
Thy rod and thy staff be our comfort and stay ;
We know by thy guidance, when once it is past,
To life and to glory it brings us at last.

4 The Lord is become our salvation and song,
His blessings have followed us all our life long ;
His name will we praise, while he lends to us
breath,
Be joyful through life, and resigned in our
death.

139

L. M. 6 l.

ADDISON.

God our Shepherd.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,

To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary, wandering steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still.
 Thy friendly staff shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though, in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile, —
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

Acknowledgment of Divine Love.

HOW dread are thine eternal years,
 O everlasting Lord!
 By prostrate spirits day and night
 Incessantly adored!

2 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord!
 Almighty as thou art,
 For thou hast stooped to ask of me
 The love of my poor heart.

3 No earthly father loves like thee,
 No mother half so mild

Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

- 4 Only to sit and think of God —
O what a joy it is !
To think the thought, to breathe the name,
Earth has no higher bliss !

141

S. M.

MRS. STEELE.

God our Father.

MY Father ! cheering name !
O, may I call thee mine ?
Give me the humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

- 2 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign ;
For thou art just, and good, and wise :
O, bend my will to thine !

- 3 Whate'er thy will ordains,
O give me strength to bear ;
Still let me know a father reigns,
And trust a father's care.

- 4 Thy ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight ;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

- 5 My Father ! blissful name !
Above expression dear !
If thou accept my humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

142

C. M.

ANONYMOUS

God our Father.

EVEN he who lit the stars of old,
 And filled the ocean broad,
 Whose works and ways are manifold, —
 Our Father is our God.

2 There comes no change upon his years,
 No failure to his hand ;
 His love will lighten all our cares,
 His law our steps command.

3 Then as his children we may come,
 For he hath called us near,
 And bade our souls take courage from
 The love that casts out fear.

4 Lord, while on earth we work and pray
 For good withheld or given :
 Help us in faith and love to say,
 Father, who art in heaven !

143

C. M.

WATTS.

God the Creator.

ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise ;
 Thee all thy creatures sing :
 While with thy name, rocks, hills, and seas,
 And heaven's high palace, ring.

2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky !
 How glorious to behold !
 Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
 And decked with sparkling gold.

3 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.

4 Almighty power, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.

144

8 & 7's M.

BOWRING.

God is Love.

GOD is love ; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays, and ages move ;
But his mercy waneth never ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove,
From the gloom his brightness streameth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above :
Everywhere his glory shineth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

145

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

God is Love.

I CANNOT always trace the way.
 Where thou, Almighty One, dost move,
 But I can always, always say
 That God is love.

2 When Fear her chilling mantle flings,
 O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
 As to her native home, upsprings,
 For God is love.

3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
 I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
 In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
 That God is love.

146

L. M.

HARRIS.

God is Love.

FROM all who dwell in heaven above
 We hear the anthem, "God is Love!"
 While, through the souls of all below,
 His tender mercies ever flow.

2 O, while this glorious faith we own
 Be love in all our acts made known;
 Then blinded eyes shall ope to see
 God is not wrath, but charity.

3 He sows the suns, like golden grain,
 On the blue ether's boundless plain,
 Yet in the soul his mercies are
 More vast, more bright than every star.

- 4 Teach us, O Lord ! like thee, to give
To all that love wherein we live ;
Till earth below, to heaven above,
Repeats the anthem, “ God is Love.”

147

7's M.

ANONYMOUS.

God is Love.

EARTH with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance ;
All around, and all above,
Hath this record, — God is love.

- 2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirred ;
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden, — God is love.

- 3 All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart ;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies ;
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering, — God is love.

148

C. M. ANCIENT CATH. HYMN.

God's all-embracing Love.

THOU Grace divine, encircling all !
A soundless, shoreless sea ;

Wherein at last our souls shall fall ;
O Love of God, most free.

2 When over dizzy steeps we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes ;
The other leads us safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise !

3 And though we turn as from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong !

4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind !

5 But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win ;
We know thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within !

6 And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free ;
To rise o'er sin, and fear, and death,
O Love of God, to thee !

Universal Goodness of God.

LORD, thou art good ! all nature shows
Its mighty Author kind :
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfined.

- 2 It fills the wide extended main,
And heavens which spread more wide :
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.
- 3 Through the whole earth it pours supplies,
Spreads joy through every part :
O may such love attract my eyes,
And captivate my heart !
- 4 My highest admiration raise,
My best affections move ;
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love.

150

7's M.

DODDRIDGE.

God's Guardian Care.

HEAVENLY Father, gracious name !
Night and day his love the same !
Far be each suspicious thought,
Every anxious care forgot !

- 2 What if death my sleep invade ?
Should I be of death afraid ?
While encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.
- 3 With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest.
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, — for still with thee.

151

10's M.

DR. JOHNSON.

God and Man.

O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds
 presides,
 Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
 On hopeful man in pure effulgence shine,
 And cheer his waiting mind with light divine.

2 'Tis thine alone to calm the troubled breast
 With silent confidence and holy rest ;
 From thee, great God ! we spring ; to thee we
 tend,
 Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End.

152

8 & 7's M.

ANONYMOUS.

God of Salvation.

HAIL, the God of our salvation,
 Triumph in redeeming love !
 Let us all, with exultation,
 Imitate the blest above.

2 Light of those whose dreary dwelling
 Bordered on the shades of death,
 He hath, by his grace revealing,
 Scattered all the clouds beneath.

3 Father, Source of all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded Love thou art ;
 Hail, the God of our salvation,
 Praise him, every thankful heart !

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
 Till in heaven we take our place ;

There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

153

8s. M.

Hogg.

God of Life.

BLESSED be thy name forever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver !
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping :
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock and river,
Blessed be thy name forever !

2 Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest.
God of evening's parting ray
Of midnight gloom and dawning day,
That rises from the azure sea
Like breathings of eternity ;
God of life ! that fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name forever !

154

C. M. 6 1.

CONDOR.

God's Presence.

BEYOND, beyond the boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Farther than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high ;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That thou, my God, art nigh.

2 We hear thy voice, when thunders roll
 Through the wide fields of air ;
 The waves obey thy dread control ;
 Yet still thou art not there.
 Where shall I find him, O my soul,
 Who yet is everywhere ?

3 O, not in circling depth or height,
 But in the conscious breast,
 Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
 There does his Spirit rest.
 O, come, thou Presence Infinite,
 And make thy creature blest.

155

L. M. 6 l.

MONTGOMERY.

God Good and Omniscient.

HOW precious are thy thoughts of peace,
 O God ! to me, — how great the sum !
 New every morn, they never cease ;
 They were, they are, and yet shall come,
 In number and in compass more
 Than ocean's sand or ocean's shore.

2 Search me, O God ! and know my heart,
 Try me, my secret soul survey ;
 And warn thy servant to depart
 From every false and evil way :
 So shall thy truth my guidance be,
 In life and immortality.

156

10s. M.

JONES VERY.

God's Fatherly Care.

FATHER ! there is no change to live with thee,
 Save that in Christ I grow from day to day,

In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
I but rejoicing hasten on my way.

2 The morning comes, with blushes overspread,
And I, new-wakened, find a morn within ;
And in its modest dawn around me shed,
Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending
hymn.

3 Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades descend,
Yet they could never reach as far as me,
Did not thy love its kind protection lend,
That I, thy child, might sleep in peace with
thee.

157

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

God Omnipresent.

THERE'S not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.

2 Around, within, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

3 Then rise, my soul, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's wondrous frame,
And built the universe.

- 4 Where'er thine earthly lot is cast,
 His power and love declare ;
 Nor think the mighty theme too vast,
 For God is everywhere.

158

O. M.

TATE & BRADY.

God Unchangeable.

THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
 O thou eternal God ;
 Each future age shall know thy name,
 And tell thy works abroad.

- 2 The strong foundations of the earth
 Of old by thee were laid ;
 By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
 With matchless skill was made.
- 3 Soon may this goodly frame of things,
 Created by thy hand,
 Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
 And changed at thy command.
- 4 But thy perfections, all divine,
 Eternal as thy days,
 Through everlasting ages shine,
 With undiminished rays.

159

L. M. SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

Eternity of God.

ERE mountains reared their forms sublime
 Or heaven and earth in order stood,
 Before the birth of ancient time,
 From everlasting thou art God.

- 2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
 With thee are as a fleeting day ;
 Past, present, future, to thy sight
 At once their various scenes display.
- 3 But our brief life 's a shadowy dream,
 A passing thought, that soon is o'er,
 That fades with morning's earliest beam,
 And fills the musing mind no more.
- 4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,
 Each passing moment so to spend,
 That we at length with thee may live
 Where life and bliss shall never end.

160

C. M.

WHITTIER.

God is Good.

I SEE the wrong that round me lies,
 I feel the guilt within ;
 I hear, with groans and travail-cries,
 The world confess its sin !

- 2 Yet in the maddening maze of things,
 And tossed by storm and flood,
 To one fixed star my spirit clings :
 I know that God is good !

Not mine to look where cherubim
 And seraphs may not see,
 But nothing can be good in Him
 Which evil is in me.

The Shadowing Rock.

THE path of life we walk to-day
 Is strange as that the Hebrews trod ;
 We need the shadowing rock as they,
 We need, like them, the guides of God.

- 2 God send his angels, Cloud and Fire,
 To lead us o'er the desert sand !
 God give our hearts their long desire,
 His shadow in a weary land !

The Divine Being and Perfections.—Ps. cxxvi.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud,
 That veils and darkens thy designs.

- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations keep ;
 Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large :
 Both men and beasts thy bounty share :
 The whole creation is thy charge ;
 But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 Life, like a fountain full and free,
 Springs from the presence of my Lord ;
 And in thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promised in thy word.

163

C. M.

WATTS.

God's Infinite and Eternal Dominion.

GREAT God, how infinite art thou !
How weak and frail are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view ;
To thee there's nothing old appears —
Great God ! there's nothing new.

3 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

164

C. M.

WATTS.

Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God.

I SING the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day :
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food ;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

- 4 There 's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.

165

C. M.

WHITTIER.

Divine Goodness.

WHO fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God ! he needeth not
The poor device of man.

- 2 I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Men tread with boldness shod ;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

- 3 They praise his justice ; even such
His pitying love I deem ;
They seek a king ; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

- 4 They see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss ;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

166

L. M.

WATTS.

Public Adoration. Ps. c.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy !
Know that the Lord is God alone :
He can create, and he destroy.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,—
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates : with thankful songs
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand
When rolling years shall cease to move.

167

C. M.

TATE & BRADY.

God's Condescension.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou !
How glorious is thy name !

- 2 When heaven, thy glorious work on high,
Employs my wondering sight, —
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light, —
- 3 Lord, what is man, that he is blessed
With thy peculiar care !

Why on his offspring is conferred
Of love so large a share?

- 4 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

The Unfailing Power.

HIGH as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

- 2 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

- 3 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

- 4 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

- 5 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find,
Thy words of promise sure.

169

L. M.

BRYANT.

Every Good Gift from the Father.

FATHER, to thy kind love we owe
All that is fair and good below ;
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes !

- 2 Giver of sunshine and of rain !
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain !
Fountain of light, that, rayed afar,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star !
- 3 Who send 'st thy storms and frosts to bind
The plagues that rise to waste mankind ;
Then breathe'st, o'er the naked scene,
Spring gales, and life, and tender green.
- 4 Yet deem we not that thus alone,
Thy mercy and thy love are shown ;
For we have learned, with higher praise,
And holier names, to speak thy ways.
- 5 In woe's dark hour, our kindest stay !
Sole trust when life shall pass away !
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb !

170

C. M.

WATTS.

God our Help. Ps. xc.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come !
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !

- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
Then fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 5 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home !

Omnipresence of God.

ABOVE, below, where'er I gaze,
Thy guiding finger, Lord, I view,
Traced in the midnight planet's blaze,
Or glist'ning in the morning dew :
Whate'er is beautiful or fair
Is but thine own reflection there.

- 2 And when the radiant orb of light
Hath tipped the mountain tops with gold,
Smote with the blaze, my weary sight
Shrinks from the wonders I behold ;

That ray of glory, bright and fair,
Is but thy living shadow there.

- 3 Thine is the silent noon of night,
The twilight eve, the dewy morn ;
Whate'er is beautiful and bright,
Thy hands have fashioned to adorn.
Thy glory walks in every sphere,
And all things whisper, " God is here."

172

8 & 7's M.

H. BONAR.

The Heavenly Father.

YES, for me, for me he careth,
With a Father's tender care ;
Yes, with me, with me he beareth
Every burden, every fear.

- 2 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light ;
And, to cover me, he spreadeth
His love-brooding wing of might.

- 3 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth,
I in him, and he in me ;
And my longing soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.

173

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

God's Faithfulness.

FAITHFUL, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move ;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

- 2 Who trusted in thy word of old
 Were never put to shame ;
 And as thy purposes unfold,
 Thy truth is still the same.
- 3 Thou waitest to be gracious still ;
 Thou dost with sinners bear,
 That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
 And all thy grace declare.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
 So plenteous is the store ;
 Enough for all, enough for each,
 Enough for evermore.

174

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Praise for Divine Goodness.

- G**OD of my life, through all its days
 My grateful powers shall sound thy praise,
 The song shall wake with opening light,
 And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
 And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
 Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
 Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
 And all its powers of language fail,
 Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
 And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But oh ! when that last conflict's o'er,
 And I am chained to flesh no more,

With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies !

HIS PROVIDENCE.

175

C. M.

THOMPSON.

All-embracing Providence of God.

JEHOVAH God ! thy gracious power
On every hand we see ;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend ;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend !

176

L. M.

W. TAYLOR.

The Beneficence of God.

GOD of the universe, whose hand
Hath sown with suns the fields of space,
Round which, obeying thy command,
Unnumbered worlds fulfil their race ;

2 How vast the region where thy will
 Existence, form, and order gives,
 Pleased the wide cup with joy to fill,
 For all that grows, and feels, and lives.

3 Lord ! while we thank thee, let us learn
 Beneficence to all below :
 They praise thee best whose bosoms burn
 Thy gifts on others to bestow.

God's Care over all.

GREATEST of Beings ! Source of life !
 Sovereign of air, of earth, and sea !
 All nature feels thy power,— but man
 A grateful tribute pays to thee.

2 All, great Creator ! all are thine ;
 All feel thy providential care ;
 And, through each varying scene of life,
 Alike thy constant pity share.

3 And whether grief oppress the heart,
 Or whether joy elate the breast,
 Or life still keep its little course,
 Or death invite the heart to rest ;

4 All are thy messengers, and all
 Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey ;
 And all are training man to dwell
 Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.

178

L. M.

COLLETT.

Providence Blind and Sure.

THROUGH all the various passing scene
 Of life's mistaken ill or good,
 Thy hand, O God ! conducts unseen
 The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest, with paternal care,
 Howe'er unjustly we complain,
 To each their necessary share
 Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
 On thy eternal will depend ;
 And all for greater good were given,
 And all shall in thy glory end.

4 Be this my care ! — to all beside
 Indifferent let my wishes be ;
 Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
 And fixed my soul, great God, on thee.

179

C. M.

SCOTT.

God's Superintendency.

GOD reigns ; events in order flow,
 Man's industry to guide ;
 But in a different channel go,
 To humble human pride.

2 Weak mortals do themselves beguile,
 When on themselves they rest ;
 Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,
 By thee, O Lord, unblest.

- 3 'Tis ours the furrows to prepare,
 And sow the precious grain ;
 'Tis thine to give the sun and air,
 And send the genial rain.
- 4 Evil and good before thee stand,
 Their mission to perform ;
 The sun shines bright at thy command ;
 Thy hand directs the storm.
- 5 In all our ways, we humbly own
 Thy providential power ;
 Entrusting to thy care, alone,
 The lot of every hour.

Providence Kind and Bountiful.

- T**HY kingdom, Lord, forever stands,
 While earthly thrones decay ;
 And time submits to thy commands,
 While ages roll away.
- 2 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
 Its unexhausted store ;
 And universal nature lives
 On thy sustaining power.
- 3 Holy and just in all its ways
 Is Providence divine ;
 In all its works, immortal rays
 Of power and mercy shine.

4 The praise of God — delightful theme !
 Shall fill my heart and tongue ;
 Let all creation bless his name,
 In one eternal song.

181

8's & 4's M. SABBATH HYMN BOOK.

"It is ~~well~~ well."

THROUGH the love of God our Saviour,
 All will be well ;
 Free and changeless is his favor :
 All, all is well.
 Precious is the blood that healed us ;
 Perfect is the grace that sealed us ;
 Strong the hand stretched out to shield us ;
 All must be well.

2 Though we pass through tribulation,
 All will be well ;
 Ours is such a full salvation ;
 All, all is well :
 Happy, still in God confiding,
 Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
 Holy, through the Spirit's guiding
 All must be well.

3 We expect a bright to-morrow ;
 All will be well ;
 Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
 All, all is well ;
 On our Father's love relying,
 Jesus every need supplying,
 Or in living, or in dying,
 All must be well.

HIS WORKS.

182

C. M.

KEBLE.

The Book of Nature.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
 Which heavenly truth imparts ;
 And all the lore its scholars need,
 Pure eyes and willing hearts.

2 The works of God above, below,
 Within us and around,
 Are pages in that book to show
 How God himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
 Is like the Father's love ;
 Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
 In peace and order move.

4 Thou who hast given us eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give to us hearts to find out thee,
 And read thee everywhere.

183

C. M.

WALLACE.

God seen in His Works.

THERE'S not a star whose twinkling light
 Illumes the distant earth,
 And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
 But Goodness gave it birth.

2 There's not a cloud whose dew distil
 Upon the parching clod,

And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

3 There 's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found ;
For God is everywhere.

4 Around, within, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with goodness blends.

184

C. M.

H. K. WHITE.

God Over All.

THE Lord our God is Lord of all ;
His station who can find ?
I hear him in the waterfall ;
I hear him in the wind.

2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly ;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

3 He lives, he reigns in every land,
From winter's polar snows,
To where, across the burning sand,
The blasting meteor glows.

4 He bids his gales the fields deform,
Then, when his thunders cease,

He paints his rainbow on the storm,
And lulls the winds to peace.

185

L. M. 6 l.

MOORE

All Things are of God.

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,—
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful Spring around us breathes
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye:
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

186

L. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Being of God.

THERE is a God — all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies :
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When first the beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 The blooming flowers in beauty rise
Above the weak attempts of art ;
Their bright, inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

4 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of a God ;
Come, bow before him, and adore.

187

L. M.

ADDISON.

The Heavens Declare the Glory of God.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

- 2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth :
 Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though, in solemn silence, all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 Forever singing, as they shine, —
 “ The hand that made us is divine.”

The surpassing Glory of God.

SINCE o'er thy footstool here below
 Such radiant gems are strown,
 O what magnificence must glow,
 Great God, about thy throne !
 So brilliant here these drops of light —
 There the full ocean rolls — how bright !

- 2 If night's blue curtain of the sky —
 With thousand stars inwrought,
 Hung like a royal canopy
 With glittering diamonds fraught —
 Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
 What splendor at the shrine must dwell !

- 3 The dazzling sun at noonday hour —
 Forth from his flaming vase
 Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
 Till vale and mountain blaze —
 But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine :
 What, then, the day where thou dost shine !
- 4 O how shall these dim eyes endure
 That noon of living rays !
 Or how our spirits, so impure,
 Upon thy glory gaze ! —
 Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
 And fit us for that world of light.

189

C. M.

LUTHERAN COLL.

Goodness of God in his Works.

HAIL, great Creator, — wise and good !
 To thee our songs we raise ;
 Nature, through all her various scenes,
 Invites us to thy praise.

- 2 Thy glory beams in every star,
 Which gilds the gloom of night,
 And decks the smiling face of morn
 With rays of cheerful light.
- 3 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,
 With countless beauties shine ;
 The silent grove, the awful shade,
 Proclaim thy power divine.
- 4 Great nature's God ! still may these scenes
 Our serious hours engage !
 Still may our grateful hearts consult
 Thy work's instructive page !

190

11's, 10's, and 4's M. DR. CHATFIELD.
The Temple of Nature.

MAN can build nothing worthy of his Maker ;
From royal Solomon's stupendous fane
Down to the humble chapel of the Quaker
All, all are vain.

2 The wondrous world which he himself created
Is the fit temple of creation's Lord ;
There may his worship best be celebrated,
And praises poured.

3 Its altar, earth ; its roof, the sky untainted ;
Sun, moon, and stars are lamps that give it
light ;
And clouds by the celestial artist painted,
Its pictures bright.

4 Its choir, all vocal things, whose glad devotion
In one united hymn is heavenward sped ;
The thunder-peal, the winds, the deep-mouthed
ocean,
Its organ dread !

5 The face of nature its God-written Bible,
Which all mankind may study and explore,
While none can wrest, interpolate, or libel
Its living lore.

6 Hence learn we that our Maker, whose af-
fection
Knows no distinction, suffers no recall,
Sheds his impartial favor and affection
Alike on all.

191

7's M.

R. C. WATERSTON.

God in Nature.

IN each breeze that wanders free,
 And each flower that gems the sod,
 Living souls may hear and see,
 Freshly uttered words from God.

2 God is present, and doth shine
 Through each scene beneath the sky,
 Kindling with a light divine,
 Every form that meets the eye.

3 Let us then, with searching mind,
 Seek a good where'er it springs,
 We shall then true wisdom find,
 Hidden in familiar things.

192

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Whispers in the Tempest.

GREAT Ruler of all nature's frame,
 We own thy power divine;
 We hear thy breath in every storm,
 For all the winds are thine.

2 Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
 They work thy sovereign will;
 And awed by thy majestic voice,
 Confusion shall be still.

3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
 To those who seek thy face,

And mingles with the tempest's roar
The whispers of thy grace.

4 Those gentle whispers let us hear,
Till all the tumult cease,
And gales of Paradise shall lull
Our weary souls to peace.

God's Works.

THOU, Lord, who rear'st the mountain's
height,
And mak'st the cliffs with sunshine bright,
O, grant that we may own thy hand
No less in every grain of sand !

2 With forests huge, of dateless time,
Thy will has hung each peak sublime ;
But withered leaves beneath the tree
Have tongues that tell as loud of thee.

3 Teach us that not a leaf can grow
Till life from thee within it flow ;
That not a grain of dust can be,
O Fount of being, save by thee.

4 That every human word and deed,
Each flash of feeling, will, or creed,
Hath solemn meaning from above,
Begun and ended all in love.

194

• C. M.

C. D. STUART.

The Beautiful.

THE world has much of beautiful
 If man would only see ;
 A glory in the beaming stars,
 The lowest budding tree ;
 A splendor from the farthest east
 Unto the farthest west ;
 Ay ! everything is beautiful,
 And we are greatly blest !

- 2 The world is good and beautiful,
 We all may know it well ;
 For there are many thousand tongues
 That every day can tell
 What love has cheered them on their way,
 Each earthly ill above ;
 It only needs a goodly heart
 To know that all is love !

195

L. M.

MRS. OPIE.

Uniting with Nature in God's Praise.

THERE seems a voice in every gale,
 A tongue in every opening flower,
 Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
 Of thine indulgence, love, and power.
 The birds that rise on quivering wing
 Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
 And all the mingling sounds of Spring
 To thee a general pæan raise.

- 2 And shall my voice, great God, alone
 Be mute 'mid Nature's loud acclaim ?

No ! let my heart, with answering tone,
 Breathe forth in praise thy holy name.
 And Nature's debt is small to mine—
 Thou bad'st her being bounded be ;
 But (matchless proof of love divine !)
 Thou gav'st immortal life to me.

3 The Saviour left his heavenly throne
 A ransom for our souls to give ;
 Man's suffering state he made his own,
 And deigned to die that we might live.
 But thanks and praise for love so great
 No mortal tongue can e'er express ;
 Then let me bow before thy feet,
 In silence love thee, Lord, and bless.

Divine Goodness seen in Nature.

GOD, thou art good ! each perfumed flower,
 The waving field, the dark green wood,
 The insect fluttering for an hour, —
 All things proclaim that God is good.

2 I hear it in each breath of wind :
 The hills that have for ages stood,
 And clouds with gold and silver lined,
 All still repeat that God is good.

3 The countless hosts of twinkling stars,
 That sing his praise with light renewed ;
 The rising sun each day declares,
 In rays of glory, God is good.

- 4 The moon that walks in brightness says
That God is good ! and man, endued
With power to speak his Maker's praise,
Doth still repeat that God is good.

197

7s M.

MILTON.

Praise to the God of Nature. Ps. cxxxv.

LET us with a joyful mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind —
For his mercies shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 2 He by wisdom did create
Heaven's expanse, and all its state ;
Did by his commanding might
Fill the new-made world with light ;

- 3 Caused the golden-tresséd sun
All the day his course to run ;
And the moon to shine by night
'Mid her spangled sisters bright.

- 4 All things living he doth feed ;
His full hand supplies their need ;
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.

- 5 He his mansion hath on high,
'Bove the reach of mortal eye ;
And his mercies shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Nature a Temple.

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;
 My temple, Lord, that arch of thine ;
 My censer's breath the mountain airs,
 And silent thoughts my only prayers.
 My choir shall be the moonlit waves,
 When murmuring homeward to their caves,
 Or when the stillness of the sea,
 E'en more than music, breathes of thee.

2 I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
 All light and silence, like thy throne ;
 And the pale stars shall be, at night,
 The only eyes that watch my rite.
 Thy heaven, on which 't is bliss to look,
 Shall be my pure and shining book,
 Where I can read, in words of flame,
 The glories of thy wondrous name.

3 There's nothing bright, above, below,
 From flowers that bloom, to stars that glow,
 But in its light my soul can see
 Some feature of thy Deity.
 There's nothing dark, below, above,
 But in its gloom I trace thy love,
 And meekly wait that moment when
 Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

The two Temples.

WHEN up to nightly skies we gaze,
 Where stars pursue their endless ways,

We think we see, from earth's low clod,
The wide and shining home of God. •

- 2 But could we rise to moon or sun,
Or path where planets duly run,
Still heaven would spread above us far,
And earth, remote, would seem a star.
- 3 This earth, with all its dust and tears,
Is his no less than yonder spheres;
And rain-drops weak, and grains of sand,
Are stamped by his immediate hand.
- 4 But more than this, thou God benign,
Whose rays on us unclouded shine;
Thy breath sustains yon fiery dome,
But man is most thy favored home.
- 5 We view those halls of painted air,
And own thy presence makes them fair;
But dearer still to thee, O Lord!
Is he whose thoughts with thine accord.

200

8s & 7s M.

HEBER.

“Consider the Lilies of the Field.”

LO! the lilies of the field!
How their leaves instruction yield!
Hark to nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven!
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles trust and piety:
Children, banish doubt and sorrow, —
God provideth for the morrow.

2 One there lives, whose guardian eye
 Guides our earthly destiny ;
 One there lives, who, Lord of all,
 Keeps his children lest they fall :
 Pass we, then, in love and praise,
 Trusting him, through all our days,
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,—
 God provideth for the morrow.

201

L. M. 6 1. MONTGOMERY'S COLL.

The Beauties of Creation.

OURS is a lovely world, how fair
 Thy beauties e'en on earth appear !
 The seasons in their courses fall,
 And bring successive joys. The sea,
 The earth, the sky, are full of thee,
 Benignant, glorious Lord of all !

2 There 's beauty in the heat of day ;
 There 's glory in the noontide ray ;
 There 's sweetness in the twilight shades —
 Magnificence in night. Thy love
 Arched the grand heaven of blue above,
 And all our smiling earth pervades.

3 And if thy glories here be found,
 Streaming with radiance all around,
 What must the fount of glory be !
 In thee we 'll hope, in thee confide,
 Thou, mercy's never ebbing tide,
 Thou, love's unfathomable sea !

HIS WORD.

202

L. M.

WATTS.

Nature and Scripture compared.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord ;
 In every star thy wisdom shines ;
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days thy power confess ;
 But, lo, the volume thou hast writ
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
 Till through the world thy truth has run ;
 Till Christ has all the nations blest,
 That see the light or feel the sun.

203

C. M.

BARTON.

Value of the Scriptures.

WORD of the ever-living God !
 Will of his glorious Son !
 Without thee how could earth be trod,
 Or heaven itself be won ?

2 Yet, to unfold thy hidden worth,
 Thy mysteries to reveal,
 That Spirit which first gave thee forth,
 Thy volume must unseal !

3 And we, if we aright would learn
 The wisdom it imparts,

Must to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts !

Value of the Bible.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To lead our souls to heaven.

2 O'er all the straight and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast ;
A light whose never waning ray
Grows brightest at the last.

3 It sweetly cheers our fainting hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and comfort it imparts,
And calms our anxious fears.

4 This lamp through all the dreary night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the glorious light
Of never-ending day.

The Bible suited to our Wants.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 'T is here the Saviour's welcome voice
Speaks heavenly peace around,
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

3 O, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word
And view my Saviour here.

206

L. P. M.

WATTS.

Delight and Instruction from the Bible.

I LOVE the volume of thy word ;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed !
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way ;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray ;
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies ;
But 't is thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sin restrain ;

Accept my poor attempts at praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

Comfort from the Bible.

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever-fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

The revealed Word.

O LORD, thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright;
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit or delight.

2 Celestial light it sheds,
 To cheer this vale below ;
 Tò distant lands its glory spreads,
 And streams of mercy flow.

3 True wisdom it imparts ;
 Commands our hope and fear ;
 O, may we hide it in our hearts,
 And feel its influence there.

209

C. M.

WATTS.

Instruction from the Scriptures. Ps. cxx.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin ?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
 It spreads such light abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light
 That guides us all the day ;
 And, through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.

4 The starry heavens thy rule obey ;
 The earth maintains her place ;
 And these, thy servants, night and day,
 Thy skill and power express.

5 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
 Have lessons more divine ;

Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.

The Bible.

IT is the one true light,
When other lamps grow dim,
'Twill never burn less purely bright,
Nor lead astray from Him.
It is Love's blessed band,
That reaches from the throne
To him — whoe'er he be — whose hand
Will seize it for his own !

2 It is the golden key
Unto celestial wealth,
Joy to the sons of poverty,
And to the sick man, health !
The gently proffered aid
Of one who knows and best
Supplies the beings he has made
With what will make them blessed.

3 It is the sweetest sound
That infant years can hear,
Travelling across that holy ground,
With God and angels near,
There rests the weary head,
There age and sorrow go ;
And how it smooths the dying bed,
O ! let the Christian show !

211

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Scriptures.

LAMP of our feet ! whose hallowed beam
Deep in our hearts its dwelling hath,
How welcome is the cheering gleam
Thou sheddest o'er our lowly path !
Light of our way ! whose rays are flung
In mercy o'er our pilgrim road,
How blessed, its dark shades among,
The star that guides us to our God.

2 In the sweet morning's hour of prime,
Thy blessed word our lips engage ;
And round our hearths at evening time
Our children spell the holy page ;
The waymark through long distant years,
To guide their wandering footsteps on,
Till thy last loveliest beam appears,
Inscribed upon the churchyard store.

3 Lamp of our feet ! which day by day
Are passing to the quiet tomb,
If on it fall thy peaceful ray,
Our last low dwelling hath no gloom.
How beautiful their calm repose
To whom thy blessed hope is given,
Whose pilgrimage on earth is closed
By the unfolding gates of heaven !

HIS SPIRIT.

212

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

"The healthful Spirit of God's Grace."

SPIRIT of grace, and health, and power !
 Fountain of light and love below !
 Abroad thy healing influence shower ;
 On all thy servants let it flow.

2 Inflame our hearts with perfect love ;
 In us the work of faith fulfil :
 So not heaven's host shall swifter move,
 Than we on earth to do thy will.

3 Father ! 't is thine each day to yield
 Thy children's wants a fresh supply ;
 Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
 And hearest the young ravens cry.

4 On thee we cast our care ; we live
 Through thee who know'st our every need :
 O feed us with thy grace, and give
 Our souls this day the living bread !

213

C. M.

WATTS.

Prayer for Renewal.

COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look ! how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys !

Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs ;
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate —
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great !

5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

214

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

Spirit of Holiness.

SPIRIT of holiness, descend ;
Thy people wait for thee ;
Thine ear in kind compassion lend ;
Let us thy mercy see.

2 Behold thy weary churches wait,
With wistful, longing eyes ;
Let us no more lie desolate :
O, bid thy light arise !

3 Thy light that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to thee ;
Let us not feel its rays alone —
Alone thy people be.

- 4 Spirit of holiness, 't is thine
 To hear our feeble prayer ;
 Come, — for we wait thy power divine, —
 Let us thy mercy share.

215

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Spirit's Presence Desired.

SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
 Now make this place thy home ;
 Descend with all thy gracious power ;
 O come, great Spirit, come.

- 2 Come as the light ; to us reveal
 Our sinfulness and woe,
 And lead us in the paths of life,
 Where all the righteous go.
- 3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
 Like sacrificial flame ;
 Let every soul an offering be
 To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as a dove, and spread thy wings, —
 The wings of peaceful love, —
 And let the church on earth become
 Blest as the church above.

216

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Prayer for the Spirit of God's Word.

INSPIRER of the ancient seers,
 Who wrote from thee the sacred page,
 The same through all succeeding years !
 To us, in our degenerate age,

The spirit of thy word impart,
And breathe its life into our heart.

2 While now thine oracles we read,
With earnest prayer and strong desire,
O, let thy truth from thee proceed
Our souls to waken and inspire;
Our weakness help, our darkness chase,
And guide us by the light of grace.

3 Supplied from out thy treasury,
O, may we always ready stand
To help the souls redeemed by thee,
In what their various states demand;
To teach, convince, correct, reprove,
And build them up in noblest love.

217

7s M.

T. T. LYNN.

Prayer for the Spirit.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would thy life in mine reveal,
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

2 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail,
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

3 Holy Spirit, dwell-with me ;
 I myself would holy be ;
 Separate from sin, I would
 Choose and cherish all things good,
 And whatever I can be
 Give to him who gave me thee.

218

C. M.

KEBLE.

~~Whit-Sunday.~~

WHEN God, of old, came down from
 heaven,
 In power and wrath he came ;
 Before his feet the clouds were riven,
 Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when he came the second time,
 He came in power and love ;
 Softer than gale at morning prime,
 Hovered his holy Dove.

3 The fires that rushed on Sinai down,
 In sudden torrents dread,
 Now gently light, a glorious crown,
 On every sainted head.

4 Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
 Winged with the sinner's doom ;
 But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth
 Proclaiming life to come.

Christ.

HIS ADVENT.

219

C. M.

E. H. SEARS

Christmas Hymn.

CALM on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply ;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The dayspring from on high.

3 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

4 "Glory to God !" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring, —
"Peace to the earth, — good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King !"

5 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !
The Saviour now is born !
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

220

7's M.

ANONYMOUS

The Birth of Christ.

HARK ! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King !
 Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 Man to God is reconciled.

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumphs of the skies ;
 With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.

3 Mild he lays his glories by ;
 Born, that man no more may die ;
 Born, to raise the sons of earth ;
 Born, to give them second birth.

4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.

221

S. M.

E. H. CHAPIN.

Christmas Hymn.

HARK ! hark ! with harps of gold,
 What anthem do they sing ? —
 The radiant clouds have backward rolled,
 And angels smite the string.
 “ Glory to God ! ” — bright wings
 Spread glist'ning and afar,
 And on the hallowed rapture rings
 From circling star to star.

2 “Glory to God!” repeat
 The glad earth and the sea;
 And every wind and billow fleet
 Bears on the jubilee.
 Where Hebrew bard hath sung,
 Or Hebrew seer hath trod;
 Each holy spot has found a tongue:
 “Let glory be to God.”

3 Soft swells the music now
 Along that shining choir,
 And every seraph bends his brow
 And breathes above his lyre.
 What words of heavenly birth
 Thrill deep our hearts again,
 And fall like dew-drops to the earth?
 “Peace and good-will to men!”

4 Soft! — yet the soul is bound
 With rapture like a chain:
 Earth, vocal, whispers them around,
 And heaven repeats the strain.
 Sound, harps, and hail the morn
 With every golden string;
 For unto us this day is born
 A Saviour and a King!

222

C. M.

PATRICK.

The Nativity.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by
 night,
 All seated on the ground;
 The angel of the Lord came down,
 And glory shone around.

- 2 “ Fear not,” said he — for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;
“ Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.
- 3 “ To you, in David’s town, this day,
Is born of David’s line,
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign :
- 4 “ The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.”
- 5 Thus spake the seraph ; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song :
- 6 “ All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin, and never cease !”

223

8’s & 7’s M.

CAWOOD.

Song of the Angels of Bethlehem.

HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
Lo ! th’ angelic host rejoices ;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

- 2 Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy :

“ Glory in the highest, glory !
Glory be to God most high !

3 “ Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found :
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven : —
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 “ Christ is born, the great Anointed ;
Heaven and earth his praises sing !
O, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.”

5 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth ;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

224

7's M.

BOWRING.

Advent.

WATCHMAN ! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are ;
Traveller ! o'er yon mountain's height,
See that glory-beaming star.
Watchman ! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
Traveller ! yes ; it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
Higher yet that star ascends ;
Traveller ! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.

Watchman ! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
 Traveller ! ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

- 3 Watchman ! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn ;
 Traveller ! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman ! let thy wanderings cease,
 Hie thee to thy quiet home ;
 Traveller ! lo ! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo ! the Son of God is come.

225

11's & 10's M.

HEBER.

Star of the East.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
 morning,

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;
 Star of the East, — the horizon adorning, —
 Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining ;
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;
 Angels bend o'er him, in slumber reclining, —
 Monarch, Redeemer, Restorer of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favor secure ;

Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the East, — the horizon adorning, —
 Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.

226

L. M.

H. K. WHITE.

Star of Bethlehem.

WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering host bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
 Hark ! hark ! — to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks, —
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

- 2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark, —
 The ocean yawned — and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;
 When suddenly a star arose, —
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.

- 3 It was my guide, my light, my all ;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
 Now safely moored — my perils o'er,
 I 'll sing, first in night's diadem,

Forever and forevermore,
The Star — the Star of Bethlehem !

227

P. M. ADELAIDE PROCTER.

“O, to have dwelt in Bethlehem.”

O TO have dwelt in Bethlehem
When the star of the Lord shone bright !
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night ;
To have bathed the tender wayworn feet
Of the Mother undefiled,
And with reverent wonder and deep delight
To have tended the Holy Child !

2 Hush ! such a glory was not for thee ;
But that care may still be thine ;
For are there not little ones still to aid
For the sake of the Child divine ?
Are there no wandering Pilgrims now
To thy heart and thy home to take ?
And are there no mothers whose weary hearts
You can comfort for Mary's sake ?

228

7's M. HENRY C. LEONARD.

Hymn for Christmas Eve.

BELLS, ring out with cheerful might ;
Tapers, burn with brilliant flame ;
Organs, play glad hymns to-night ;
Voices, chant with loud acclaim.

2 Hands, adorn the sacred wall ;
Twine the wreath, and braid the vine ;
And upraise the fir-tree tall ;
Minstrels, sing the glowing line.

- 3 For the blessed eve has come,
 Star-lit, bright as none before ;
 Magi seek the Saviour's home ;
 Shepherds find his humble door.
- 4 With your outward rites and gifts,
 Let the heart to Christ be given ;
 For the heart his power uplifts,
 Leading it to truth and heaven.
- 5 Offering from hand or lip,
 Like the ointment Mary poured,
 Meaneth inward fellowship
 With the Saviour, Christ the Lord.

HIS LIFE.

229

C. M.

EXETER COLL.

The Baptism of Jesus.

SEE, from on high, a light divine
 On Jesus' head descend !
 And hear the sacred voice from heaven
 That bids us all attend.

- 2 " This is my well-beloved Son,"
 Proclaimed the voice divine ;
 " Hear him," his heavenly Father said,
 " For all his words are mine."
- 3 His mission thus confirmed from heaven,
 The great Messiah came,
 And heavenly wisdom showed to man
 In God his Father's name.

- 4 The path of heavenly peace he showed
 That leads to bliss on high ;
 Where all his faithful followers here
 Shall live, no more to die.

230

L. M.

BOWRING.

Jesus preaching the Gospel.

HOW sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When listening thousands gathered round,
 And joy and reverence filled the place !

- 2 From heaven he came — of heaven he spoke —
 To heaven he led his followers' way ;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 “ Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest ! ”
 Yes ! sacred teacher, — we will come —
 Obey thee, love thee, and be blest !
- 4 Decay, then, tenements of dust !
 Pillars of earthly pride, decay !
 A nobler mansion waits the just,
 And Jesus has prepared the way.

231

L. M.

BACHN.

“ Greater Love hath no Man than this.”

- “ **S**EE how he loved ! ” exclaimed the Jews,
 As tender tears from Jesus fell ;
 My grateful heart the thought pursues,
 And on the theme delights to dwell.

- 2 See how he loved, who travelled on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies ;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And called the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 See how he loved, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death ;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.
- 4 Such love can we unmoved survey ?
O, may our breasts with ardor glow,
To tread his steps, his laws obey,
And thus our warm affections show.

232

L. M.

BUTCHER.

Miracles of Christ.

- O**N eyes that never saw the day
Christ pours the bright celestial ray ;
And deafened ears by him unbound
Catch all the harmony of sound.
- 2 Lameness takes up its bed, and goes
Rejoicing in the strength that flows
Through every nerve ; and, free from pain,
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.
- 3 The shattered mind his word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental powers ;
The dead revive, to life return,
And bid affection cease to mourn.
- 4 Canst thou, my soul, these wonders trace,
And not admire Jehovah's grace ?

Canst thou behold thy Prophet's power,
And not the God he served adore?

233

7's M.

BULFINCH.

"The Works which I do bear witness of Me."

HOLY Son of God most high :
Clothed in heavenly majesty,
Many a miracle and sign,
In thy Father's name divine,
Manifested forth thy might
In the chosen people's sight.

2 But, O Saviour ! not alone
Thus thy glory was made known ;
With the mourner thou didst grieve,
Every human want relieve ;
Far thy matchless power above
Stands the witness of thy love.

3 Thou, who by the open grave,
Ere thy voice was raised to save;
Didst with those fond sisters shed
Tears above the faithful dead ;
Even thy word of might appears
Less resistless than thy tears.

4 Lord, it is not ours to gaze
On thy works of ancient days ;
But thy love, unchanged and bright,
More than all those works of might,
More than miracle or sign,
Makes us ever, ever thine.

234

L. M.

RUSSELL.

"That ye through his Poverty might be Rich."

ON the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And o'er the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.

2 The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest ;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

3 Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind ;
And on his lone, unsheltered head,
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

4 Why seeks he not a home of rest ?
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed ?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest :
He hath not where to lay his head.

5 Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race ;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

235

L. M.

HEBER.

The Holy Guest.

MESSIAH Lord ! who, wont to dwell
In lowly shape and cottage cell,
Didst not refuse a guest to be
At Cana's poor festivity.

- 2 O, when our soul from care is free,
 Then, Saviour, would we think on thee ;
 And, seated at the festal board,
 In fancy's eye behold the Lord.
- 3 Then may we seem, in fancy's ear,
 Thy manna-dropping tongue to hear,
 And think, — “ If now his searching view
 Each secret of our spirit knew ! ”
- 4 So may such joy, chastised and pure,
 Beyond the bounds of earth endure ;
 Nor pleasure in the wounded mind
 Shall leave a rankling sting behind.

Christ walking on the Sea.

LORD, in whose might the Saviour trod
 The dark and stormy wave ;
 And trusted in his Father's arm,
 Omnipotent to save ;

- 2 When darkly round our footsteps rise
 The floods and storms of life ;
 Send thou thy Spirit down to still
 The dark and fearful strife.
- 3 Strong in our trust, on thee reposed,
 The ocean-path we'll dare ;
 Though waves around us rage and foam,
 Since thou art present there.

237

C. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

“Peace! Be still!”

FEAR was within the tossing bark,
 When stormy winds grew loud;
 And waves came rolling high and dark,
 And the tall mast was bowed.

2 And men stood breathless in their dread,
 And baffled in their skill—
 But One there was who rose and said
 To the wild sea, “Be still!”

3 Thou that didst rule that angry hour,
 And tame the tempest’s mood—
 Oh! send thy Spirit forth in power,
 O’er our dark souls to brood!

4 Thou that didst bow the billow’s pride,
 Thy mandates to fulfil—
 Speak, speak to passion’s raging tide,
 Speak and say,—“Peace! be still!”

238

P. M.

LYRA DOMESTICA.

Christ’s Loneliness.

BIRDS have their quiet nest,
 Foxes their holes, and man his peaceful
 bed;
 All creatures have their rest,
 But Jesus had not where to lay his head.

2 And yet he came to give
 The weary and the heavy-laden rest,

To bid the sinner live
And soothe our griefs to slumber on his breast.

- 3 Come, give me rest, and take
The only rest on earth thou lovest, within
A heart, that for thy sake
Lies bleeding, broken, penitent for sin.

239

L. M.

MILMAN.

Christ's Entry into Jerusalem.

RIDE on, ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes hosannas cry !
Thy humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

- 2 Ride on, ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die !
O Christ ! thy triumphs now begin,
O'er captive death and conquered sin.
- 3 Ride on, ride on in majesty !
The wingéd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see th' approaching sacrifice.
- 4 Ride on, ride on in majesty !
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son !

240

P. M.

EPHRAIM SYRUS.

Palm Sunday.

HE calls us to a day of gladness,
Who came to us, the King's own Son ;

Go forth with boughs of palm to meet him,
And him with loud hosannas own.

2 Praise him who once himself did humble,
In love to save our human race ;
Praise him who all the world doth gladden
With God his Father's boundless grace.

3 This day of joy to all creation
My happy soul shall have her psalm,
And bear her branches of thanksgiving
As those bore branches once of palm.

4 Let every village, every city
In happy tumult sing his name,
Since even infant lips are shouting
“Blessed is he, the King who came !”

241

7's M. THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Prince of Peace.

O ZION ! lift thy raptured eye,
The long-expected hour is nigh :
The joys of Nature rise again —
The Prince of Salem comes to reign !

2 See, Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a glad stream to them that mourn ;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.

3 He comes — he cheers the trembling heart —
Night and her spectres pale depart :
Again, the day-star gilds the gloom —
Again, the bowers of Eden bloom !

- 4 O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,
 The long-expected hour is nigh —
 The joys of Nature rise again —
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign !

242

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

His Submission.

- L**ORD ! in thy garden agony,
 No light seemed on thy soul to break,
 No form of seraph lingered nigh,
 Nor yet the voice of comfort spake, —
- 2 Till, by thy own triumphant word,
 The victory over ill was won ;
 Till the sweet, mournful cry was heard,
 “ Thy will, O God, not mine, be done ! ”
- 3 Lord, bring these precious moments back,
 When, fainting, against sin we strain ;
 Or in thy counsels fail to track
 Aught but the present grief and pain.
- 4 In weakness, help us to contend ;
 In darkness yield to God our will ;
 And true hearts, faithful to the end,
 Cheer by thy holy angels still !

HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

243

L. M.

GASKELL.

Christ the Sufferer.

DARK were the paths our Master trod
 Yet never failed his trust in God ;

Cruel and fierce the wrongs he bore,
Yet he but felt for man the more.

2 Unto the cross in faith he went,
His Father's willing instrument;
Upon the cross his prayer arose
In pity for his ruthless foes.

3 O, may we all his kindred be,
By holy love and sympathy;
Still loving man through every ill,
And trusting in our Father's will!

244

L. M.

LYRA CATH.

Christ Crucified.

HAVE we no tears to shed for him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently he hangs —
Jesus, our love, is crucified!

2 What was thy crime, my dearest Lord?
By earth, by heaven, thou hast been tried,
And guilty found of too much love;
Jesus, our love, is crucified!

3 Found guilty of excess of love,
It was thine own sweet will that tied
Thee tighter far than helpless nails;
Jesus, our love, is crucified!

4 O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and his Judas were;
Jesus, our love, is crucified!

- 5 A broken heart, a fount of tears —
 Ask, and they will not be denied,
 A broken heart love's cradle is;
 Jesus, our love, is crucified!

245

L. M.

STENNETT.

Christ Suffering on the Cross.

- “**T** IS finished!” — So the Saviour cried,
 And meekly bowed his head and died;
 “T is finished!” — yes, the race is run,
 The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 “T is finished!” — all that heaven foretold
 By prophets in the days of old;
 And truths are opened to our view,
 That kings and prophets never knew.
- 3 “T is finished!” — Son of God, thy power
 Hath triumphed in this awful hour;
 And yet our eyes with sorrow see
 That life to us was death to thee.
- 4 “T is finished!” — let the joyful sound
 Be heard through all the nations round;
 “T is finished!” — let the triumph rise,
 And swell the chorus of the skies.

246

7s M. 61.

MONTGOMERY.

Example in Suffering.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel temptation's power;
 Your Redeemer's conflict see;
 Watch with him one bitter hour:

Turn not from his griefs away ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall ;
View the Lord of life arraigned :
O, the wormwood and the gall !
O, the pangs his soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb ;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete :
"It is finished," hear him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they lay his breathless clay ;
All in solitude and gloom :
Who has taken him away ?
Christ is risen ; he meets our eyes :
Saviour, teach us so to rise !

247

8 & 7's M.

W. J. Fox.

Stabat Mater.

JEWES were wrought to cruel madness,
Christians fled in tears and sadness,
Mary stood the cross beside ;
At its foot, her foot she planted,
By the dreadful scene undaunted,
Till the gentle suff'rer died.
Poets oft have sung her story,
Painters decked her brow with glory,
Priests her name have deified.

- 2 But no worship, song, or glory
 Touches like the simple story,
 Mary stood the cross beside !
 And when under fierce oppression,
 Goodness suffers like transgression,
 Christ again is crucified.
 But if love be there, true-hearted,
 By no grief or terror parted,
 Mary stands the cross beside.

Glorying in the Cross.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me ;
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified ;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

249

8 & 7's M.

LYRA CATH.

At the Cross.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend :
Here alone I find my heaven,
Humbly on the Lamb to gaze ;
Feel how much has been forgiven,
To his own eternal praise !

2 Love and grief my heart dividing,
Here I'll spend my latest breath ;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death :
May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need, to Jesus go,
Prove each day his wounds more healing,
And himself more deeply know !

250

7's M.

NEAL.

Self-Sacrifice.

EVERY bird that upward springs
Bears the cross upon his wings ;
We without it cannot rise
Upward to our native skies.

2 Every ship that meets the waves
By the cross their fury braves ;
We, on life's wide ocean tossed,
If we have it not are lost.

3 Hope it gives us when distress,
When we faint it gives us rest ;

Satan's craft, and Satan's might,
By the cross are put to flight.

- 4 That from sin earth might be free,
Jesus bore it ; so must we ;
Ne'er through faintness lay it down :
First the cross, and then the crown !

The Cross on the Spire.

ABOVE the temple's lifted spire
The cross of Christ we see :
It bids our spirits, Lord ! aspire
Through faith and love to thee.

- 2 The flowers that blossom at its feet,
They tell us of the just,
Whose souls in heaven are pure and sweet,
Though here their forms are dust.
- 3 The graves below in shadow lie,
While day or night declines ;
The cross of Christ, uplifted high,
In light forever shines.
- 4 Help us, O Lord ! in grief and loss,
With vision fixed above,
To see, o'er that memorial cross,
The Angel of thy Love.
- 5 Help us to suffer and forgive
Beneath thy pitying eye ;
In thee to glory while we live,
And triumph when we die.

HIS RESURRECTION AND GLORY.

252

7's M.

COLLYER.

Resurrection of Christ.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb ;
Jesus scatters all its gloom ;
Day of triumph ! through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise.

- 2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade ;
Drive your anxious cares away ;
See the place where Jesus lay.
- 3 Christian, dry your flowing tears ;
Chase your unbelieving fears :
Look on his deserted grave ;
Doubt no more his power to save.

253

7's M.

GIBBONS.

The Saviour's Resurrection.

ANGELS, roll the rock away ;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey :
See ! he rises from the tomb —
Rises with immortal bloom.

- 2 'Tis the Saviour ; seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise ;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise him with your golden lyres ;

Praise him in your noblest songs ;
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

254

7's M.

ANONYMOUS.

Resurrection of Christ.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant, holy day :
He endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

2 Lo ! he rises, mighty King !
Where, O death ! is now thy sting ?
Lo ! he claims his native sky !
Grave ! where is thy victory ?

3 Sinners, see your ransom paid,
Peace with God, forever made :
With your risen Saviour rise :
Claim with him the purchased skies.

4 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day ;
Loud the song of victory raise ;
Shout the great Redeemer's praise.

255

P. M.

H. WARE.

Easter Hymn.

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.
Vain were the terrors that gathered around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave ;

He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound
him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,—
“The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not
die.”

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy ;
The being he gave us death cannot destroy.
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our
end ;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

256

7's M.

MADAN.

Christ's Resurrection.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Glorious, to his native skies !
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.

2 There the glorious triumph waits ;
Lift your heads, eternal gates !
Christ hath vanquished death and sin ;
Take the king of glory in.

3 See, the heaven our Lord receives !
Yet he loves the earth he leaves :
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

- 4 What, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry height ;
Thither our affections rise,
Following him beyond the skies.

257

O. M.

SCHMOLK.

Easter.

WE die with thee ; O, let us live
Henceforth to thee aright ;
The blessings thou hast died to give,
Be daily in our sight.

- 2 Fearless we lay us in the tomb,
And sleep the night away,
If thou art there to break the gloom,
And call us back to day.

- 3 Death hurts us not ; his power is gone,
And pointless all his darts ;
God's favor now on us hath shone,
Joy filleth all our hearts.

258

7's & 8's M.

LUTHER.

Easter.

IN the bonds of death he lay,
Who for our offence was slain,
But the Lord is risen to-day ;
Christ hath brought us life again.
Wherefore let us all rejoice,
Singing loud with cheerful voice
Hallelujah !

2 Let us keep high festival,
 On this most blessed day of days,
 When God his mercy showed to all !
 Our Sun is risen with brightest rays,
 And our dark hearts rejoice to see
 Sin and night before him flee.
 Hallelujah !

259

6's & 8's M.

ANONYMOUS.

Christ ascended.

THOU art gone up on high
 To mansions in the skies,
 And round thy throne unceasingly
 The songs of praise arise.
 But we are lingering here
 With sin and care oppressed ;
 Lord ! send thy promised Comforter,
 And lead us to thy rest.

2 Thou art gone up on high !
 But thou didst first come down,
 Through earth's most bitter misery
 To pass unto thy crown :
 And girt with griefs and fears
 Our onward course must be ;
 But only let that path of tears
 Lead us, at last, to thee !

260

C. M.

KELLY.

Christ's Exaltation.

THE head that once was crowned with
 thorns
 Is crowned with glory now ;

A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

3 To them, the cross with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given ;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy — the joy of heaven.

261

7's M.

{ Louisa, Electress of
Brandenburg, 1653.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

JESUS, my Redeemer, lives,
Christ, my trust, is dead no more ;
In the strength this knowledge gives
Shall not all my fears be o'er ?

2 Close to him my soul is bound
In the bonds of hope enclasped ;
Faith's strong hand this hold hath found,
And the rock hath firmly grasped.

3 Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
And his life I once shall see :
Bright the hope this promise gives,
Where he is I, too, shall be.

262

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

"We ever liveth."

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives, —
What joy the blest assurance gives !

He lives, he lives, who once was dead ;
He lives, my everlasting Head !

2 He lives, to bless me with his love ;
He lives, to plead for me above ;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed ;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath ;
He lives, and I shall conquer death ;
He lives, my mansion to prepare ;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to his name ;
He lives, my Saviour still the same ;
What joy the blest assurance gives, —
I know that my Redeemer lives !

263

C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Christ's Exaltation.

NOW with eternal glory crowned,
Our Lord, the conqueror reigns ;
His praise the heavenly choirs resound,
In their immortal strains.

2 Amid the splendors of his throne,
Unchanging love appears ;
The names he purchased for his own
Still on his heart he bears.

3 O, the rich depths of love divine !
Of bliss, a boundless store ;
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine ;
I cannot wish for more.

- 4 On thee alone, my hope relies ;
 Beneath thy cross I fall,
 My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
 My Saviour, and my All.

264

8's & 7's M. 7 l. ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.
12th Century.

Mary at the Tomb.

LAY aside thy mourning, Mary,
 Weep no longer, Magdalen !
 This is not the feast of Simon,
 Tears became thy true heart then.
 Thousand causes here of gladness,
 Thousand ! and not one of sadness !
 Let thine Alleluia rise !

- 2 Lift thy voice rejoicing, Mary,
 Christ has risen from the tomb ;
 Sad the scene he passed thro' lately,
 Now a victor he is come.
 Whom thy tears in death were mourning
 Welcome with thy smiles returning,
 Let thine Alleluia rise !

- 3 Life is thine forever, Mary,
 For thy light is come again ;
 And the strength of death is broken.
 Tides of joy fill every vein.
 Far hath fled the night of sorrow.
 Love hath brought the blessed morrow,
 Let thine Alleluia rise !

265

C. M.

FABER.

Pentecost.

NO track is on the sunny sky,
 No footprints on the air :
 Jesus hath gone ; the face of earth
 Is desolate and bare.

2 That Upper Room is heaven on earth ;
 Within its precincts lie
 All that earth has of faith, or hope,
 Or heaven-born charity.

3 He comes ! He comes ! that mighty breath
 From the eternal shores ;
 His uncreated freshness fills
 His church as it adores !

4 One moment — and the Spirit hung
 O'er all with dread desire ;
 Then broke upon the heads of all
 In cloven tongues of fire.

266

L. M.

H. BALLOU.

Example in Forgiving.

TEACH us to feel as Jesus prayed,
 When on the cross he bleeding hung ;
 When all his foes their wrath displayed,
 And with their spite his bosom stung.

2 Till death, he loved his foes, and said,
 “ Father, forgive,” — then groaned and died ;
 And when arisen from the dead,
 His mercy to their souls applied.

- 3 For such a heart and such a love,
 O Lord, we raise our prayer to thee;
 O pour thy spirit from above,
 That we may like our Saviour be.

HIS OFFICES AND PRAISE.

267

L. M.

TENNYSON.

Strong Son of God.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
 Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
 Believing where we cannot prove!

- 2 Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood, thou :
 Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
 Our wills are ours, to make them thine.
- 3 Our little systems have their day ;
 They have their day and cease to be ;
 They are but broken lights of thee,
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

268

L. M.

MASON.

The Image of the Invisible God.

THOU, Lord ! by mortal eyes unseen,
 And by thine offspring here unknown,
 To manifest thyself to men,
 Hast set thine image in thy Son.

- 2 Though Jews, who granted not his claim,
 Contemptuous turned away their face,

Yet those who trusted in his name
Beheld in him thy truth and grace.

3 O thou ! at whose almighty word
Fair light at first from darkness shone,
Teach us to know our glorious Lord,
And trace the Father in the Son.

4 While we, thine image there displayed,
With love and admiration view,
Form us in likeness to our Head,
That we may bear thine image too.

269

PECULIAR M.

KRUMMACHER.

The Good Shepherd.

YES ! our Shepherd leads with gentle hand
Through the dark pilgrim-land,
His flock, so dearly bought,
So long and fondly sought.
Hallelujah !

2 When in clouds and mists the weak ones stray,
He shows again the way,
And points to them afar
A bright and guiding Star.
Hallelujah !

3 Thro' the parched dreary desert he will guide
To the green fountain-side :
Through the dark, stormy night,
To a calm land of light.
Hallelujah !

4 Yes ! his " little flock " are ne'er forgot ;
His mercy changes not.

Our home is safe above,
 Within his arms of love.
 Hallelujah !

270

7's M.

C. WESLEY.

Sun of Righteousness.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ, the true, the only light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
 Day-spring from on high, be near,
 Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 If thy light is hid from me ;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams I see ;
 Till thy inward light impart
 Warmth and gladness to my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine ;
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Fill me, radiant Sun divine ;
 Scatter all my unbelief ;
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

271

L. M.

WATTS.

Corner-Stone.

LO, what a precious Corner-Stone
 The Jewish builders did refuse !
 But God hath built his church thereon,
 And blessed the Gentiles with the Jews.

- 2 Great God, the work is all divine,
 The joy and wonder of our eyes !
 This is the day that proves it thine, —
 The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners, rejoice, and, saints, be glad ;
 Hosanna ! let his name be blest ;
 A thousand honors on his head,
 With peace, and light, and glory rest.
- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring
 Salvation to our sinful race ;
 Let all on earth address their King,
 With hearts of joy and songs of praise.

272

7's M.

TOPLADY.

Rock of Ages.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee !
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
 Simply to thy cross I cling ;
 Naked, come to thee for dress ;
 Helpless look to thee for grace ;
 Sinful, to thy fountain fly ;
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

273

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Way, the Truth, the Life.

THOU art the way ; — to thee alone
 From sin and death we flee ;
 And he who would the Father seek
 Must seek him, Lord, in thee.

2 Thou art the truth ; — thy word alone
 True wisdom can impart ;
 Thou only canst instruct the mind,
 And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the life ; the rending tomb
 Proclaims thy conquering arm ;
 And those who put their trust in thee,
 Not death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life ; —
 Grant us to know that way,
 That truth to keep, that life to win,
 Which leads to endless day.

274

8 & 7's M. 6 l.

NEWTON.

Jesus the Friend of All.

ONE there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend :
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end ;
 They who once his kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood ?

But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God ;
 This was boundless love indeed,
 Jesus is a Friend in need !

- 3 O for grace, our hearts to soften !
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
 We, alas ! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above ;
 But when home our souls are brought,
 We will love thee as we ought.

275

7's M.

WESLEY.

The True Refuge.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high ;
 Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past,
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 O, receive my soul at last !

- 2 Other refuge have I none —
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, oh ! leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me ;
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

276

8 & 7's M. .

HARRIS.

Jesus Loves Me.

OFT, when storms of pain are rolling,
 And I cross the fiery sea,
 Comes a voice, my heart consoling,
 "Jesus loves me, even me!"

2 When I sink, oppressed with anguish,
 Comes that voice along the sea,
 Quickening all the powers that languish,
 "Jesus loves me, even me!"

3 Faith reveals her starlit heaven;
 Gentlest music lulls the sea:
 Vails that hide the Lord are riven;
 "Jesus loves me, even me!"

4 Life is near, and earth is fleeting;
 Soon, beyond the stormy sea,
 I shall wake, in bliss, repeating,
 "Jesus loves me, even me!"

277

7's M.

H. O. LEONARD.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

SHEPHERD of the holy hills,
 We, thy lambs, with tender feet,
 Follow thee beside the rills,
 And through pastures green and sweet.

2 Thou dost hear us when we cry;
 Thou dost watch us when alone:
 When we faint, thou drawest nigh,
 Soothing us with winning tone.

3 Thus, through all our earthly day,——
 Be our guard and only guide ;
 Keep us from the evil way ;
 Keep us ever by thy side.

4 And, when fall the shades of night
 On the path we tread below,
 Take us to the fields of light,
 Where the living waters flow.

278

S. M.

STEELE.

Our Shepherd.

WHILE my Redeemer's near,
 My Shepherd and my Guide,
 I bid farewell to every fear :
 My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
 Where rich abundance grows,
 His gracious hand indulgent leads,
 And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
 My wandering feet restore ;
 And guard me with thy watchful eye,
 And let me rove no more.

279

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Gentle Shepherd.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
 With all-engaging charms ;
 Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms.

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name ;
For 't was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear ;
Ye children, seek his face ;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

280

C. M. LITCHFIELD'S COLL.

The Shepherd of the Fold.

THERE is a little lonely fold,
Whose flock one Shepherd keeps,
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
With eye that never sleeps.

2 By evil beast, or burning sky,
Or damp of midnight air,
Not one in all that flock shall die
Beneath that Shepherd's care.

3 For if, unheeding or beguiled,
In danger's path they roam,
His pity follows through the wild,
And guards them safely home.

4 O gentle Shepherd, still behold
Thy helpless charge in me ;
And take a wanderer to thy fold,
Who trembling turns to thee.

281

C. M.

WATTS.

Our High Priest.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above :
 His heart is full of tenderness ;
 His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame ;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
 Poured out his cries and tears,
 And in his measure feels afresh
 What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power ;
 We shall obtain delivering grace
 In each distressing hour.

282

H. M.

WATTS.

Prophet and King.

JOIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 Or angels ever bore :
 All are too mean | Too mean to set.
 To speak his worth, | The Saviour forth.

2 Great prophet of our God,
 Our tongues shall bless thy name ;

By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came, —
 The joyful news | Of death subdued,
 Of sins forgiven, | And peace with heaven.

3 O thou Almighty Lord,
 Our conqueror and our king,
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace, we sing:
 Thine is the power ; | In willing bonds,
 O make us sit | Low at thy feet.

283

7's M.

KELLY.

Our King.

GLORY, glory to our King !
 Crowns unfading wreath his head ;
 Jesus is the name we sing —
 Jesus, risen from the dead ;
 Jesus, conqueror o'er the grave ;
 Jesus, mighty now to save.

2 Now behold him high enthroned,
 Glory beaming from his face,
 By adoring angels owned,
 God of holiness and grace :
 O for hearts and tongues to sing,
 Glory, glory, to our King !

284

L. M.

S. STREETER.

Our King.

A King shall reign in righteousness,
 And all the kindred nations bless ;

He's King of Salem, King of peace,
Nor shall his spreading kingdom cease.

- 2 In him the naked soul shall find
A hiding-place from chilling wind ;
Or, when the raging tempests beat,
A covert warm, a safe retreat.
- 3 In burning sands and thirsty ground,
He like a river shall be found,
Or lofty rock, beneath whose shade
The weary traveller rests his head.
- 4 The dimness gone, all eyes shall see
His glory, grace, and majesty ;
All ears shall hearken, and the word
Of life receive, from Christ the Lord.

285

C. M.

DUNCAN.

Lord of All.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall !
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

286

C. M.

COWPER.

A Fountain opened.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 O may I there, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away !

3 Dear, dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

287

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Knocking at the Door.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door !
 He gently knocks — has knocked before ;
 Has waited long — is waiting still ;
 You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude ! — he stands
 With melting heart and loaded hands ;
 O matchless kindness ! — and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Rise — touched with gratitude divine,
 Turn out his enemy and thine, —
 That soul-destroying monster, sin, —
 And let the heavenly stranger in.

288

L. M.

MEDLEY.

Praise for his Loving Kindness.

AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise :
 He justly claims a song from me —
 His loving-kindness, O how free !

2 He saw me dead in sin and thrall,
 Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;
 He saved me from my lost estate —
 His loving-kindness, O how great !

3 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
 He near my soul has always stood —
 His loving-kindness, O how good !

- 4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
 O, may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death !

289

C. M.

WATTS.

The Redeemer's Praise.

O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
 My dear Redeemer's praise,
 The glories of my Lord and King,
 The triumphs of his grace !

- 2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease, —
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 3 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
 New life the dead receive ;
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
 The humble poor believe.
- 4 Hear him, ye deaf : his praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosened tongues employ :
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,
 And leap, ye lame, for joy.

290

7's M.

ANONYMOUS

Salvation by Redeeming Love.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name :
 Ye, who his salvation prove,
 Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest :
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 4 When his spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

291

C. P. M.

MEDLEY.

Excellency of Christ.

O could we speak the matchless worth,
O, could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine,
We'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine.

- 2 We'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne :
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would, to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known.
- 3 Well, the delightful days will come,
When our dear Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see his face :

Then, with our Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

292

C. M.

S. Judd.

Hymn to Jesus.

O SON of God ! thy children we ;
Train us in holiness :
As thou the Father's image bore,
Thine own on us impress.

2 O Bread of God ! our natures crave
The lost beatitude :
The Father gave thee meat unknown ;
Give us thy flesh and blood.

3 O Vine of God ! of thee bereft,
Our virtues wilt and die :
Thou wert the Father's tender care,
Shield us when danger's nigh.

4 O Crucified ! we share thy cross ;
Thy passion, too, sustain ;
We die thy death, to live thy life ;
And rise with thee again.

293

C. M.

FABER.

Jesus.

THE light of love is round his feet,
His paths are never dim ;
And he comes nigh to us when we
Dare not come nigh to him.

- 2 Let us be simple with him, then,
Not backward, stiff, or cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sinai was of old.
- 3 Poor souls that know not how to love !
They feel not Jesus near ;
And they who know not how to love,
Still less know how to fear.
- 4 They love not, for they have not kissed
The Saviour's outer hem ;
They fear not, for the Living God
Is yet unknown to them.

294

L. M.

WATTS.

Example of Christ.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word :
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer,
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory, too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; may I bear
More of thy gracious image here ;

Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

295

7's M.

GERMAN

Beauty of Christ.

EARTH has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring,
Christ, of beauty, Source and Spring.

- 2 When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.
- 3 When the daybeams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' light,
Think how bright that light will be
Shining through eternity.
- 4 Come, Lord Jesus ! and dispel
This dark cloud in which I dwell,
And to me the power impart
To behold thee as thou art.

296

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Love to Christ.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see,
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

- 2 Is not thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear?

Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But, O, I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

297

8 & 6's M.

ST. BERNARD.

NEVER was sung a sweeter word,
Nor fuller music e'er was heard,
Nor deeper aught the heart hath stirred,
Than, "Jesus, Son of God!"

2 No tongue suffices to confess,
No letters can enough express,
But those that prove, believe the bliss. —
What it is Christ to love.

3 Jesus has gone to heaven again,
High on his glorious throne to reign;
My heart can here no more remain,
But after him has gone.

298

11's M.

WHITTIER.

Christ Present in the Spirit.

O WHAT though our feet may not tread
where Christ trod,
Nor our ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,

- Nor our eyes see the cross that he bowed him
to bear,
Nor our knees press Gethsemane's garden of
prayer !
- 2 Yet, loved of the Father, thy spirit is near
To the meek and the lowly and penitent here ;
And the voice of thy love is the same, even
now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.
- 3 O, the outward has gone, but in glory and
power
The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour ;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same.

299

7 & 6's M.

MONTGOMERY.

Blessings of Christ's Reign. Ps. lxxii.

- H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free !
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,

Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing, and all blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand forever, —
That name to us is — Love.

300

· 7's M.

ANONYMOUS.

Nearness of Christ.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn,
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes,
For awhile, she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice,
Christ had risen from the dead ;
Now he bids her heart rejoice ;
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day ;
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

The Gospel.

ITS INVITATIONS.

301

7's M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Christ's Invitations.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my path your choice ;
I will guide you to your home :
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn ;
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye, whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise ; —

4 Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care :
Who the stings of guilt can bear?

5 Sinner, come ; for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,

Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

302

C. M.

WHITTIER.

The Call of Truth.

OH! not alone with outward sign,
Of fear, or voice from heaven,
The message of a truth divine,
The call of God, is given;
Awakening in the human heart,
Love for the true and right,
Zeal for the Christian's better part,
Strength for the Christian's fight.

2 Though heralded by nought of fear,
Or outward sign or show;
Though only to the inward ear
It whisper soft and low;
Though dropping as the manna fell,
Unseen, yet from above,
Holy and gentle, heed it well, —
The call to truth and love.

303

S. M.

EPIS. COLL,

The Spirit's Invitations.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come:"
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, "Come!"

2 Let him who heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"

Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'T is Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, " I quickly come : "
Lord, even so ; we wait thy hour ;
O blest Redeemer, come !

304

C. M.

S. STREETER.

Blessings of the Gospel.

WHAT glorious tidings do I hear
From my Redeemer's tongue !
I can no longer silence bear ;
I'll burst into a song :

2 The blind receive their sight with joy ;
The lame can walk abroad ;
The dumb their loosened tongues employ ;
The deaf can hear the word.

3 The dead are raised to life anew
By renovating grace ;
The glorious gospel 's preached to you,
The poor of Adam's race.

4 O wondrous type of things divine,
When Christ displays his love,
To raise from woe the sinking mind,
To reign in realms above !

305

L. M.

WATTS.

Gospel Invitations.

COME hither, all ye weary souls,
 Ye heavy-laden sinners, come !
 I'll give you rest from all your toils,
 And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 “ They shall find rest that learn of me ;
 I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
 But passion rages like the sea,
 And pride is restless as the wind.

3 “ Blest is the man whose shoulders take
 My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
 My yoke is easy to his neck,
 My grace shall make the burden light.”

4 Jesus, we come at thy command ;
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
 Resign our spirits to thy hand
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

306

S. M.

WATTS.

The Blessedness of Christ's Reign.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
 Who stand on Zion's hill,
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal !

2 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found !

3 How blesséd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light ;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

4 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

307

C. M.

A. C. THOMAS

The Gospel of Peace.

JOY to the earth ! the Prince of Peace
His banner has unfurled ;
Let strife, and sin, and error cease,
And joy pervade the world !

2 Praise ye the Lord ! for truth and grace
His word and life display ;
Let every soul his love embrace,
And own its gentle sway.

3 Peace on the earth, good will to men,
Embrace the gospel plan ;
Let that sweet strain be heard again,
Which angel tones began.

4 Joy to the isles and lands afar !
Messiah reigns above ;
Let every eye behold the star, —
The star of light and love.

308

C. M.

WATTS.

The Gospel Trumpet.

LET every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice ;
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
 With an inviting voice.

2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
 Who feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill th' immortal mind —

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
 A soul-reviving feast ;
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.

4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die ;
 Here you may quench your raging thirst
 With streams that never dry.

5 The happy gates of gospel grace,
 Stand open night and day ;
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

309

8, 7, & 4's M.

ALLEN.

Mercy's Plea.

HEAR the heralds of the gospel
 News from Zion's King proclaim : —
 "To each rebel sinner pardon ;

Free forgiveness in his name : "
 Oh, what mercy !
 "Free forgiveness in his name."

2 Sinners, will you scorn the message
 Sent in mercy from above ;
 Every sentence, O how tender !
 Every line is full of love :
 Listen to it ;
 Every line is full of love.

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor ;
 Fearful hearts, they quell your fears ;
 And with news of consolation
 Chase away the falling tears.
 Tender heralds —
 Chase away the falling tears.

310

C. M.

WATTS.

Salvation.

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound !
 'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At death's dark door we lay ;
 But we arise by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

311

C. M.

WATTS.

Joy to the World.**J**OY to the world—the Lord is come !

Let earth receive her King ;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns !

Let men their songs employ ;
 While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,

Nor thorns infest the ground ;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,

And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

312

8 & 7's M.

WINCHELL'S COLL.

The Gospel Proclamation.**H**ARK ! the gospel trumpet 's sounding,

Sinners, hear the joyful call ;
 Christ, in pardoning love abounding,
 Offers liberty to all.

2 Though your crimes have reached to heaven,

And of deepest dye appear ;
 Ask, and they shall be forgiven,
 Seek, and you shall find him near.

- 3 Cast your load of guilt behind you,
 To the Lord for mercy flee ;
 Though the strongest fetters bind you,
 His salvation makes you free.

ITS PROMISES.

313

H. M.

DODDRIDGE

Efficacy of the Gospel.

MARK the soft falling snow
 And the descending rain !
 To heaven from whence it fell
 It turns not back again ;
 But waters earth through every pore,
 And calls forth all her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
 The hills and valleys shine,
 And man and beast are fed
 By providence divine :
 The harvest bows its golden ears,
 The copious seed of future years.

3 “ So,” saith the God of grace,
 “ My gospel shall descend,
 Almighty to effect
 The purpose I intend :
 Millions of souls shall feel its power,
 And bear it down to millions more.”

314

S. M.

WATTS

Power of the Gospel.

BEHOLD, the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way ;

His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light ;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just !
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
O, may we never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

315

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Influence of the Gospel like Rain.

AS showers on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessings down ;
Crowned with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.

2 The dews and rains, in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

3 As, in soft silence, vernal showers
Descend, and cheer the fainting flowers,
So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

- 4 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,
While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.
- 5 Nor let these blessings be confined
To me, but poured on all mankind,
Till earth's wild wastes in verdure rise,
And a young Eden bless our eyes.

316

L. M.

WHITTIER.

Christianity.

- O FAIREST born of love and light,
Yêt bending brow and eye severe
On all which pains the holy sight,
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear, —
- 2 The generous feeling, pure and warm,
Which owns the rights of all divine,
The pitying heart, the helping arms,
The prompt self-sacrifice, are thine.
- 3 Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth !
How equal in their sufferings lie
The groaning multitudes of earth !
- 4 In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels leaned to know,
Christ gave thy message from on high,
Thy mission to a world of woe.
- 5 That voice's echo hath not died ;
From the blue lake of Galilee,

From Tabor's lonely mountain side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

317

7's M.

MONTGOMERY.

Praise for the Gospel.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away —
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth —
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

ITS EXTENSION.

318

L. M.

WATTS.

Universal Reign of Christ.

GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey;

Now give the kingdom to thy Son ;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

3 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

319

L. M.

BOWRING.

Progress of Gospel Truth.

UPON the gospel's sacred page
The gathered beams of ages shine :
And, as it hastens, every age
But makes its brightness more divine.

2 Truth, strengthened by the strength of thought,
Pours inexhaustible supplies,
Whence sagest teachers may be taught,
And wisdom's self become more wise.

3 More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world ;

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy ;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its floods of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist away.

320

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Gospel for All.

LORD ! send thy servants forth
 To call the Hebrews home ;
 From east, and west, and south, and north,
 Let all the wanderers come.

2 Where'er, in lands unknown,
 The fugitives remain,
 Bid every creature help them on,
 Thy holy mount to gain.

3 An offering to the Lord,
 There let them all be seen,
 Sprinkled with water and with blood,
 In soul and body clean.

4 With Israel's myriads sealed,
 Let all the nations meet ;
 And show the mystery fulfilled —
 Thy family complete.

321

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Gospel.

O'ER mountain tops, the mount of God,
 In latter days, shall rise
 Above the summits of the hills,
 And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
 All tribes and tongues, shall flow ;
 "Up to the mount of God." they say,
 "And to his house we'll go."

- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
 Shall lighten every land ;
 The King who reigns in Salem's towers
 Shall the whole world command.
- 4 No war shall rage, nor hostile strife
 Disturb those happy years ;
 To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
 To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 5 No longer host, encountering host,
 Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
 They 'll lay the martial trumpet by,
 And study war no more.

322

8, 7, & 4's M.

KELLY.

Truth spreading.

LOOK, ye saints ! the day is breaking ;
 Joyful times are near at hand ;
 God, the mighty God, is speaking
 By his word in every land :
 Day advances —
 Darkness flies at his command.

- 2 God of Jacob, high and glorious !
 Let thy people see thy power ;
 Let the gospel be victorious
 Through the world for evermore :
 Then shall idols
 Perish, while thy saints adore.

323

8, 7, & 4's M.

P. WILLIAMS.

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Cheered by no celestial ray,
 Sun of righteousness ! arising,
 Bring the bright, the glorious day ;
 Send the gospel
 To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness —
 Grant them, Lord ! the glorious light ;
 And, from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night :
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel !
 Win and conquer, never cease ;
 May thy lasting, wide dominions,
 Multiply and still increase ;
 Sway thy sceptre,
 Saviour ! all the world around

324

7 & 6's M.

S. F. SMITH.

The Light of the Gospel.

THE morning light is breaking,
 The darkness disappears ;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears :
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

- 2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us
 Are opening every hour :
 Each cry to heaven going,
 Abundant answer brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.
- 3 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above ;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing, —
 A nation in a day.
- 4 Blest river of salvation ;
 Pursue thy onward way ;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay ;
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home,
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, " The Lord is come."

Diffusion of the Gospel.

SPREAD, O, spread, thou mighty word,
 Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
 Wheresoe'er his breath has given
 Life to beings meant for heaven.

- 2 Tell them of the spirit given
Now, to guide us up to heaven,
Strong and holy, just and true,
Working both to will and do.
- 3 Word of life, most pure and strong,
Lo ! for thee the nations long ;
Spread, till from its dreary night
All the world awakes to light.
- 4 Lord of all men, let there be
Joy and strength to work for thee ;
Let the nations far and near
See thy light, and learn thy fear.

326

7 & 6's M.

HEBER.

Missionary Hymn.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

- 2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny ?
Salvation, O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, Renovator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

327

8 & 7's M.

HASTINGS

The Christian Reformer encouraged.

HE that goeth forth with weeping,
 Bearing still the precious seed,
 Never tiring, never sleeping,
 Soon shall see his toil succeed :
 Showers of rain will fall from heaven,
 Then the cheering sun will shine,
 So shall plenteous fruit be given,
 Through an influence all divine.

2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
 Let not fear thy mind employ ;
 Though the prospect be most dreary,
 Thou may'st reap the fruits of joy :
 Lo ! the scene of verdure bright'ning,
 See the rising grain appear ;
 Look again ! the fields are whit'ning,
 Harvest-time is surely near.

328

L. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

Israel returning from Captivity.

WHY, on the bending willows hung,
 O Israel, sleeps thy tuneful string?—

Still mute remains thy sullen tongue,
And Zion's song declines to sing?

2 Awake ! thy sweetest raptures raise ;
Let harp and voice unite their strains :
Thy promised King his sceptre sways ;
And Jesus, thy Messiah, reigns.

3 No taunting foes the song require ;
No strangers mock thy captive chain,
But friends invite the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

4 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
If other lands thy triumph share :
A heavenly city claims thy song ;
A brighter Salem rises there.

5 By foreign streams no longer roam ;
Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood :
In every clime behold a home ;
In every temple see thy God.

329

7 & 6's M.

The Salvation of Israel.

O THAT the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead his outcasts home !

2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane ?
Return, O Lord, in pity ;
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall thy rod of terror ;
 Thy saving grace impart ;
 Roll back the veil of error ;
 Release the fettered heart.

4 Let Israel, home returning,
 Her lost Messiah see ;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind thy church to thee.

ITS TRIUMPH.

330

L. M.

WILDER

The Universal Fold.

WHILST far and wide thy scattered sheep,
 Great Shepherd, in the desert stray,
 Thy love, by some, is thought to sleep,
 Unmindful of the wanderer's way.

2 But truth declares, they shall be found,
 Wherever now they darkling roam :
 Thy voice shall through the desert sound,
 And summon every wanderer home.

3 Upon the darkened paths of sin,
 Instead of terror's sword of flame,
 Shall love descend, — for love can win
 Far more than terror can reclaim.

4 And they shall turn their wandering feet,
 By grace redeemed, by love controlled,
 Till all at last in Eden meet,
 One happy, universal fold.

331

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Gospel Freedom Universal.

WE long to see that happy time,
 That long-expected, blissful day,
 When men of every name and clime
 The glorious gospel shall obey.

2 The word of God shall firm abide,
 Though earth and hell should dare oppose ;
 The stone cut from the mountain's side,
 To universal empire grows.

3 Afric's emancipated sons
 Shall shout to Asia's rapt'rous song,
 Europe, with her unnumbered tongues,
 And western climes the strain prolong.

4 From east to west, from north to south,
 Immanuel's kingdom shall extend ;
 And every man, in every face,
 Shall meet a brother and a friend.

332

H. M.

S. STREETER.

Grace Triumphant.

BEFORE the world was made,
 Or sun or planets shone,
 Salvation's base was laid
 In God's anointed Son,
 Who came to spread the truth abroad,
 And reconcile a world to God.

2 By mercy's hand upheld,
 Firmly his purpose stands :

What love his bosom filled !
 What kindness moved his hands !
 What pity warmed his pleading breath,
 Who meekly blest his foes in death !

3 Now raised to realms above,
 Where boundless mercies shine,
 Will Christ forget his love ?
 Forget this heart of mine ?
 O, no ; his favors never end ;
 He's there, as here, the sinner's friend.

333

L. M.

WATTS.

Universal Blessings of Christ's Reign. Ps. lxxviii

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
 The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

3 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to their king ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the long Amen.

334

H. M.

E. TURNER.

Universal Sing.

COME, sing a Saviour's power,
 And praise his mighty name,

His wondrous love adore,
 And chant his growing fame :
 Wide o'er the world a King shall reign,
 And righteousness and peace maintain.

2 The sceptre of his grace
 He shall forever wield ;
 His foes before his face,
 To strength divine shall yield :
 The conquest of his truth shall show
 What an almighty arm can do.

3 His alienated sons,
 By sin beguiled, betrayed,
 Shall then be born at once,
 And willing subjects made :
 Such numbers shall his courts adorn,
 As dewdrops of the vernal morn.

4 His realm shall ever stand,
 By liberal things upheld,
 And, from his bounteous hand,
 All hearts with joy be filled ;
 A universe with praise shall own
 The countless honors of his throne.

335

C. M.

H. BALLOU.

The Empire of Christ.

JESUS his empire shall extend ;
 Beneath his gentle sway
 Kings of the earth shall humbly bend,
 And his commands obey.

- 2 As clouds descend in gentle showers,
 When spring renews her reign ;
 And call to life the fragrant flowers
 O'er forest, hill, and plain ; —
- 3 So Jesus, by his heavenly grace,
 Descends on man below,
 And o'er the millions of our race
 His gentle blessings flow.
- 4 Long as the sun shall rule the day,
 Or moon shall cheer the night,
 The Saviour shall his sceptre sway
 With unresisted might.
- 5 All that the reign of sin destroyed,
 The Saviour shall restore ;
 And, from the treasures of the Lord,
 Shall give us blessings more.

336

8's, 7's, & 4's M.

KELLY.

Encouraging Prospects.

YES, we trust the day is breaking ;
 Joyful times are near at hand ;
 God, the mighty God, is speaking,
 By his word, in every land :
 When he chooses,
 Darkness flies at his command.

- 2 While the foe becomes more daring,
 While he enters like a flood,
 God, the Saviour, is preparing
 Means to spread his truth abroad :
 Every language
 Soon shall tell the love of God.

- 3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
 Let thy people see thy hand ;
 Let the gospel be victorious
 Through the world, in every land :
 Then shall idols
 Perish, Lord, at thy command.

337

7's M.

LAMARTINE.

The Victory of Christ.

THOU dost come, all-healing Lord,
 Thou dost speak, and, lo ! thy word
 Maketh truth o'er falsehood strong,
 Maketh right prevail o'er wrong.

- 2 Immortality forth breaks,
 Time's best brightness to outglow !
 And sweet hope yet briefer makes
 Our brief exile here below.
- 3 Love celestial maketh light,
 Lifteth up each burden here ;
 Lo ! the eternal age dawns bright ;
 No remorse need be despair.
- 4 Deeper worth the just soul hath ;
 Virtue lowlier, loftier grows ;
 Children know thy humble faith ;
 Wisdom nought more glorious knows.
- 5 And man, whom this glory cheers,
 Man, for whom this light is sown,
 Resteth fast, two thousand years,
 In thy word's strange strength alone.

338

7's M.

MONTGOMERY.

Christ's Triumph.

HARK ! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore ; —
 Hallelujah to the Lord !
 God omnipotent shall reign ;
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

- 2 Hallelujah ! — hark ! the sound,
 Heard through earth, and through the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies :
 See Jehovah's banner furled,
 Sheathed his sword ; he speaks, — 't is done !
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

339

8 & 7's M.

COWPER.

The Kingdom of Heaven.

HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken ;
 O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you ;
 Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;
 You shall name your walls salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.

- 2 There, in undisturbed possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;

Never shall you feel oppression,
 Never hear of war again ;
 God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night ;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light.

340

10's M.

POPE.

Predicted Glory of the Messiah's Kingdom.

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem,
 rise !

Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes !
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day !

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temples bend !
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate
 kings,
 While every land its joyous tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fixed his word, his saving power remains ;
 Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

341

L. M.

H. BALLOU.

Blessings of Christ's Universal Reign.

WHEN God descends with men to dwell,
 And all creation makes anew,
 What tongue can half the wonders tell?
 What eye the dazzling glories view?

- 2 Celestial streams shall gently flow ;
 The wilderness shall joyful be ;
 Lilies on parched ground shall grow ;
 And gladness spring on every tree ;
- 3 The weak be strong, the fearful bold,
 The deaf shall hear, the dumb shall sing,
 The lame shall walk, the blind behold,
 And joy through all the earth shall ring.
- 4 Monarchs and slaves shall meet in love ;
 Old pride shall die, and meekness reign, —
 When God descends from worlds above,
 To dwell with men on earth again.

342

C. M.

MILTON.

The Kingdom of God on Earth.

THE Lord will come, and not be slow ;
 His footsteps cannot err ;
 Before him righteousness shall go,
 His royal harbinger.

- 2 The nations all whom thou hast made
 Shall come, and all shall frame
 To bow them low before thee, Lord,
 And glorify thy name.

3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
 Shall bud and blossom then,
 And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
 Look down on mortal men.

4 Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God,
 Thee honor and adore
 With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
 Thy name for evermore.

343

C. M.

NOVALIS

The World restored in Christ.

WE say to all men far and near
 That Christ has risen again ;
 That he is with us now and here,
 And ever shall remain.

2 The way of darkness that he trod
 To heaven at last shall come,
 And he who hearkens to his word,
 Shall reach his Father's home.

3 Now let the mourner grieve no more,
 Though his beloved sleep,
 A happier meeting shall restore
 Their light to eyes that weep.

4 He lives ; his presence hath not ceased,
 Though foes and fears be rife ;
 And thus we hail the gospel feast,
 A world renewed to life !

344

C. P. M.

M. RAYNER.

Reign of Christ. Isa. xxxv.

THE radiant dawn of gospel light,
 The prophet saw in vision bright,
 And hailed th' auspicious day,
 When Christ should all his grace disclose
 And cure the world of all its woes,
 By truth's triumphant sway.

2 The blind their eyes shall open wide ;
 To drink the light's o'erflowing tide,
 The deaf sweet music hear ;
 The lame like bounding hart shall leap ;
 The dumb no longer silence keep,
 But shout redemption near.

3 And there shall be a holy way,
 In which the simple shall not stray,—
 The path so plain and bright.
 Wayfaring men therein shall walk,
 And of their home and kindred talk,
 With rapture and delight.

345

7 & 6's M.

MRS. COLBURN.

Peace Triumphant.

THE morn of peace is beaming —
 Its glory will appear ;
 Behold its early gleaming,
 The day is drawing near ;
 The spear shall then be broken,
 And sheathed the glittering sword —
 The olive be the token,
 And Peace the greeting word.

2 Yes, yes, the day is breaking !
 Far brighter joys that beam !
 The nations round are waking,
 As from a midnight dream :
 They see it radiance shedding,
 Where all was dark as night ;
 'T is higher, wider spreading —
 A boundless flood of light.

346

8 & 7's M.

HOPEDALE COLL.

Reign of Christian Peace.

YEARS are coming — speed them onward !
 When the sword shall gather rust,
 And the helmet, lance, and falchion,
 Sleep at last in silent dust !

2 Earth has heard too long of battle,
 Heard the trumpet's voice too long !
 But another age advances,
 Seers foretold in ancient song.

3 Years are coming when, forever,
 War's dread banner shall be furled,
 And the angel Peace be welcomed,
 Regent of the happy world.

4 Hail with song that glorious era,
 When the sword shall gather rust,
 And the helmet, lance, and falchion,
 Sleep at last in silent dust.

347

11 & 10's M.

LONGFELLOW.

Peace on Earth.

DOWN the dark future, through long generations,
 The sounds of war grow fainter, and then
 cease ;
 And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
 I hear once more the voice of Christ say,
 Peace !

2 Peace ! and no longer, from its brazen portals,
 The blast of war's great organ shakes the
 skies :
 But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,
 The holy melodies of love arise.

348

C. M.

WATTS.

Prospect of Universal Blessedness.

LO ! what a glorious sight appears
 To our believing eyes !
 The earth and seas are passed away,
 And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
 That holy, happy place,
 The new Jerusalem comes down,
 Adorned with shining grace.

3 “ The God of glory down to men
 Removes his blessed abode ;
 Men, the dear objects of his grace,
 And he, the loving God.

4 “ His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye ;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears.
And death itself shall die.”

5 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

349

C. M.

T. MOORE.

Day of Redemption.

BUT who shall see the glorious day
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which hides the nations now ?
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie ;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye.

2 Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain ;
Thy days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.
The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace, by all who come ;
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

350

L. M.

RICHARDS.

The Cloud and Pillar of Fire.

LONG as the darkening cloud abode,
 So long did ancient Israel rest ;
 Nor moved they, till the guiding Lord
 In brighter garments stood confest.

- 2 Father of spirits, Light of light,
 Lift up the cloud, and rend the veil :
 Shine forth in fire, amid that night,
 Whose blackness makes the heart to fail.
- 3 'Tis done ! to Christ the power is given ;
 His death has rent the veil away,
 Our great forerunner entered heaven,
 And oped the gates of endless day.
- 4 Nor shall those mists that brood o'er time
 Forever blind the mental eye ;
 They backward roll, and light sublime
 Beams glory from our God on high.
- 5 Adoring nations hail the dawn,
 All kingdoms bless the noontide beam,
 And light, unfolding life's full morn,
 Is vast creation's deathless theme.

351

S. M.

JOHNS.

The Kingdom of God.

COME, kingdom of our God,
 Sweet reign of light and love !
 Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
 And wisdom from above.

- 2 Over our spirits first
 Extend thy healing reign ;
 There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
 That never pains again.
- 3 Come, kingdom of our God !
 And make the broad earth thine ;
 Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
 That flowers with grace divine.
- 4 Soon may all tribes be blest
 With fruit from life's glad tree ;
 And in its shade like brothers rest,
 Sons of one family.
- 5 Come, kingdom of our God !
 And raise thy glorious throne
 In worlds by the undying trod,
 Where God shall bless his own.

352

7 & 5's M.

A. O. THOMAS

The Reconciliation.

THOU, whose wide extended sway
 Suns and systems e'er obey !
 Thou, our Guardian and our stay,
 Evermore adored :
 In prospective, Lord, we see
 Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
 Reconciled in Christ to thee,
 Holy, Holy Lord.

- 2 Thou by all shalt be confessed,
 Ever blessing, ever blest,
 When to thy eternal rest,
 In the courts above,

Thou shalt bring the sore oppressed ;
 Fill each joy-desiring breast ;
 Make of each a welcome guest,
 At the feast of love.

- 3 When destroying death shall die,
 Hushed be every rising sigh,
 Tears be wiped from every eye,
 Never more to fall ;
 Then shall praises fill the sky,
 And angelic hosts shall cry,
 Holy, Holy Lord, Most High,
 Thou art all in all !

353

L. M.

TENNYSON.

Good the final Goal of All.

O YET, we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill,
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

- 2 That nothing walks with aimless feet,
 That not one life shall be destroyed,
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,
 When God hath made the pile complete.
- 3 That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
 That not a moth with vain desire
 Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
 Or but subserves another's gain.
- 4 Behold, we know not anything ;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last — far off — at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring.

354

S. M.

H. BALLOU.

Universal Redemption.

IN God's eternity
There shall a day arise,
When all the race of man shall be
With Jesus in the skies.

2 As night before the rays
Of morning flees away,
Sin shall retire before the blaze
Of God's eternal day.

3 As music fills the grove
When stormy clouds are past,
Sweet anthems of redeeming love
Shall all employ at last.

4 Redeemed from death and sin,
Shall Adam's numerous race
A ceaseless song of praise begin,
And shout redeeming grace.

355

L. M.

JOHN STERLING.

Thou, God, wilt hear.

STILL prayers are strong, and God is good ;
Man is not made for endless ill ;
Dear spirit ! my soul's tormented mood
Has yet a hope thou canst not kill.

2 Repentance clothes in grass and flowers,
The grave in which the past is laid ;
And close to faith's old minster towers,
The cross lights up the ghostly shade.

- 3 Around its foot the shapes of fear,
 Whose eyes my weaker heart appall,
 As sister suppliants thrill the ear
 With cries that loud for mercy call.
- 4 Thou, God, wilt hear ! thy pangs are meant
 To heal the spirit, not destroy ;
 And what may seem for vengeance sent,
 When thou commandest, works for joy.

356

10's M.

EPES SARGENT.

"All Souls are Mine." Ezekiel xlviii. 4.

ALL souls, O Lord, are thine ; — assurance
 blest ! —

- Thine, not our own to rob of help divine ;
 Not man's, to doom by any human test,
 But thine, O gracious Lord, and only thine !
- 2 Surely " the soul that sinneth, it shall die,"
 Die to the sin that would its life confine !
 Evil shall boast not perpetuity,
 Since every soul, however fall 'n, is thine.
- 3 Thine, by thy various discipline, to lead
 To heights where heavenly truths immortal
 shine ; —
 Truths, none eternally shall fail to heed,
 For all, O Lord, are thine, forever thine.
- 4 Forgive the thought, that everlasting ill
 To any can be part of thy design ;
 Finite, imperfect, erring, guilty, — still
 All souls, great God, are thine — and mercy
 thine.

M a n .

TRIAL AND SUFFERING.

357

L. M. 61.

H. WARE, JR.

Hymn in Sickness.

FATHER, thy gentle chastisement
Falls kindly on my burdened soul ;
I see its merciful intent,
To warn me back to thy control,
And pray that while I kiss the rod,
I may find perfect peace with God.

2 The errors of my heart I know ;
I feel my deep infirmities ;
For often virtuous feelings glow,
And holy purposes arise,
But, like the morning clouds, decay,
As empty, though as fair as they.

3 Forgive the weakness I deplore,
And let thy peace abound in me,
That I may trust my heart no more,
But wholly cast myself on thee.
O, let my Father's strength be mine,
And my devoted life be thine !

358

7's M.

• COWPER

Trial Profitable.

T IS my happiness below,
 Not to live without the cross ;
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall ;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscribed upon them all,
 This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet
 Trials give new life to prayer ;
 Bring me to my Father's feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

359

R. C. TRENCH

The Ministry of Suffering.

O LIFE, O death, O world, O time,
 O grave, where all things flow,
 'Tis yours to make our lot sublime,
 With your great weight of woe !

2 Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,
 Though bosoms torn may be,
 Yet suffering is a holy thing ;
 Without it, what were we ?

360

C. M.

TOPLADY.

Sweetness of Submission.

WHEN languor and disease invade
 This trembling house of clay,

'Tis sweet to look by faith abroad,
And long to fly away ;

2 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end ;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend ;

3 Sweet, in the confidence of faith,
To trust his firm decrees ;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

361

C. M.

WATTS.

Human Frailty. Ps. cxxxix.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame !
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast, —
An inch or two of time ;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 Some walk in honor's gaudy show ;
Some dig for golden ore ;
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

4 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth, and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

REPENTANCE AND REFORMATION.

362

7's M.

J. TAYLOR.

Confession of Sin.

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
 Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
 O, restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou, to whom our praise belongs.

2 Deep regret for follies past,
 Talents wasted, time misspent ;
 Hearts debased by worldly cares,
 Thankless for the blessings lent ; —

3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
 Vain regrets for things as vain,
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,
 Oft to murmur and complain ; —

4 These, and every secret fault,
 Filled with grief and shame we own ;
 Humbled at thy feet we lie,
 Seeking pardon from thy throne.

363

C. M.

BREVIAKY.

True Penitence.

O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
 Or outward form of prayer,
 But let it in thy heart be known
 That penitence is there.

2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
 God asketh not of thee ;

Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

- 3 O, let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God;
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.

364

C. M.

LUTHER.

“Out of the Depths have I called unto Thee.”

OUT of the depths I cry to thee,
Lord God! O hear my prayer,
Incline a gracious ear to me,
And bid me not despair.

- 2 My hope is ever in the Lord,
My works I count but dust,
I build not there, but on thy word,
And in thy goodness trust.

- 3 Though thou should'st tarry till the night,
And round again to morn,
My heart shall ne'er mistrust thy might,
Nor count itself forlorn.

- 4 Though great our sins and sore our wounds,
And deep and dark our fall,
Thy helping mercy hath no bounds;
Thy love surpasseth all.

365

8's & 6's M. CHARLOTTE ELLIOT, 1636.

~~No!~~ I come.

JUST as I am, without one plea
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

2 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt.
 Fightings and fears within, without,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

3 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve !
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come !

366

10's M.

ANONYMOUS.

Coming Home.

O GOD ! unworthy of thy boundless love,
 Too oft, with careless feet, from thee we
 rove ;

Yet now, encouraged by thy voice, we come,
 Returning children, to a Father's home.

2 O, by that power in which all fulness dwells,
 O, by that love which every love excels,
 O, by that grace which meets repented sin,
 Open thou wide thine arms and take us in !

367

C. P. M.

NEWTON.

The Penitent surrendering.

LORD, thou hast won — at length I yield ;
 My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
 Surrenders all to thee ;
 Against thy terrors long I strove,
 But who can stand against thy love? —
 Love conquers even me.

2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
 And lightnings flash to awe my soul,
 I still had stubborn been :
 But mercy has my heart subdued,
 A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
 And now I hate my sin.

3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone ;
 Come, take possession of thine own,
 For thou hast set me free ;
 Released from Satan's hard command,
 See all my powers in waiting stand,
 To be employed by thee.

368

L. M.

MOORE.

Breathings of Grace.

LIKE morning — when her early breeze
 Breaks up the surface of the seas,
 That, in their furrows, dark with night,
 Her hand may sow the seeds of light —

2 Thy grace can send its breathings o'er
 The spirit dark and lost before ;

And, freshening all its depths, prepare
For truth divine to enter there.

3. Till David touched his sacred lyre,
In silence lay the unbreathing wire ;
But when he swept its chords along,
Then angels stooped to hear the song.
- 4 So sleeps the soul, till thou, O Lord,
Shalt deign to touch its lifeless chord ;
Till, waked by thee, its breath shall rise,
In music worthy of the skies.

369

S. M.

RICHARDS.

Joy and Peace in Christ.

O CHRIST, what gracious words,
Are ever, ever thine ;
Thy voice is music to the soul,
And life and peace divine.

- 2 The broken heart, the poor,
The bruised, the deaf, the blind,
The dumb, the dead, the captive wretch,
In thee compassion find.
- 3 Lord Jesus, speed the day,
The promised day of grace,
To all the poor, the dumb, the deaf,
The dead, of Adam's race.
- 4 One song shall then employ
The blest, the blessing, whole ;
And human nature shout thy name, —
The life of every soul.

370

S. M.

BULFINCH.

Conbert's Joy.

HOW glorious is the hour
When first our souls awake,
And through thy spirit's quickening power
Of the new life partake !

2 With richer beauty glows
The world, before so fair ;
Her holy light religion throws,
Reflected everywhere.

3 Amid repentant tears,
We feel sweet peace within ;
We know the God of mercy hears,
And pardons every sin.

4 Born of thy spirit, Lord,
Thy spirit may we share ;
Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word,
And place thine image there.

371

L. M.

RICHTER.

Translated by J. Wesley.

About Penitence.

MY soul before thee prostrate lies ;
To thee, her source, my spirit flies ;
My wants I mourn, my chains I see ;
O, let thy presence set me free.

2 In life's short day, let me yet more
Of thy enlivening power implore ;
My mind must deeper sink in thee,
My foot stand firm from wandering free.

- 3 Take full possession of my heart ;
The lowly mind of Christ impart ;
I still will wait, O Lord, on thee,
Till, in thy light, the light I see.
- 4 One only care my soul should know,
Father, all thy commands to do ;
Oh ! deep engrave it on my breast,
That I in thee alone am blest.

372

S. M.

JERVIS.

God's Mercy to the Penitent.

- S**WEET is the friendly voice
Which speaks of life and peace ;
Which bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.
- 2 No balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart ;
No flattering dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.
- 3 Still merciful and kind,
Thy mercy, Lord, reveal :
The broken heart thy love can bind,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 Thy presence shall restore
Peace to my anxious breast :
Lord, let my steps be drawn no more
From paths which thou hast blessed.

373

L. M.

COWPER.

Peace after a Storm.

WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Creator ! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.

3 O ! let me then at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn, —
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my God ! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.

374

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Vain Repentance.

TIMES without number have I prayed,
“ This only once forgive ; ”
Relapsing when thy hand was stayed,
And suffered me to live.

- 2 Yet now the kingdom of thy peace,
 Lord, to my heart restore ;
 Forgive my vain repentances,
 And bid me sin no more.

375

P. M.

HEBER.

**"There is Joy in Heaven o'er one Sinner that
 repenteth."**

THERE was joy in heaven !
 There was joy in heaven !
 When this goodly world to frame,
 The Lord of light and mercy came :
 Shouts of joy were heard on high,
 And the stars sang from the sky,
 " Glory to God in heaven ! "

- 2 There was joy in heaven !
 There was joy in heaven !
 When of love the midnight beam
 Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem ;
 And along the echoing hill
 Angels sang — " On earth good will,
 And glory in the heaven ! "

- 3 There is joy in heaven !
 There is joy in heaven !
 When the sheep that went astray
 Turns again to virtue's way ;
 When the soul by grace subdued
 Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
 Then is there joy in heaven !

CHRISTIAN VIRTUES AND LIFE.

376

C. M. 6 1. ANNA L. WARING

Seeking a True Life.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out to me ;
The changes that must surely come
I do not fear to see ;
I ask thee for the present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.

2 I ask thee for a thankful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with cheerful smile,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be dealt with as a child,
And guided where to go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I would have fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate ;
A work of holy love to do,
For him on whom I wait.

377

S. M. 8 1.

ANONYMOUS.

For a Right Spirit.

I WANT a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill ;
 A soul inured to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss,
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain
 The consecrated cross.

2 I want a godly fear,
 A quick-discerning eye,
 That looks to thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly ;
 A spirit still prepared,
 And armed with jealous care,
 Forever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.

3 I want a true regard,
 A single, steady aim,
 Unmoved by threatening or reward,
 To thee and thy great name ;
 A zealous, just concern
 For thine immortal praise ;
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify thy grace.

378

S. M. HYMNS OF THE UNITY.

The Higher Life.

WITHIN thine altar's shade
 We bend the shrinking knee,

Knowing our weak humanity
Must strengthened be by thee.

2 With fear that seems like hope,
And hope that seems like fear,
We place thereon a naked heart,
A penitential tear.

3 We know that we are weak,
We know that thou art strong :
Grant us the will to serve the right,
The power to shun the wrong.

4 Act well ; for every deed
Will curse you or will bless ;
Its influence lingers near the soul,
And makes you more or less.

5 Press on in duty's path ;
Press on to nobler life ;
Knowing that he who made you men
Is with you in the strife.

379

8s, 7s, & 4s M.

OLIVER.

For Divine Guidance and Sustenance.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah !
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand ;
Bread of heaven
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow ;

Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all the journey through.
 Strong Deliverer !
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side.
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

Albion to Christ.

THE world throws wide its brazen gates ;
 With thee we enter in ;
 O, grant us, in our humble sphere,
 To free that world from sin !

- 2 We have one mind in Christ our Lord,
 To stand and point above ;
 To hurl rebuke at social wrong ;
 But all, O God, in love.

- 3 The star is resting in the sky ;
 To worship Christ we came ;
 The moments haste ; O, touch our tongues
 With thy celestial flame !

- 4 The truest worship is a life ;
 All dreaming we resign ;
 What lay our offering at thy feet,—
 Our lives, O Christ, are thine !

381

S. M.

HERBERT.

Asking to God.

TEACH me, my God and King,
Thy will in all to see :
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee !

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend ;
In all I do, be thou the way,
In all, be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake :
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine ;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause ;
The meanest work, divine.

382

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Race.

AWAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

- 3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye ; —
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems,
Must blend in common dust.

The Christian Race.

- A** WAKE, our souls, away our fears ;
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop and die.
- 4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

384

L. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Christian Watchfulness and Life.

A WAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array a numerous host ;
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.

2 Here giant danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale, terrific bands ;
There pleasure's silken banner's spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;
Deceitful snares beset thee round ;
Beware of all ; guard every part ;
But most the traitor in thy heart.

385

L. M.

WATTS.

The Christian Warfare.

A RISE, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel-armor on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Leader, Christ, has gone.

2 Sin and the world resist thy course ;
But these, my soul, are vanquished foes ;
For Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sang the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heavenly gate;
 There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a victor's crown,
 And triumph in Jehovah's grace:
 There all the just, in chorus joined,
 Unite to celebrate his praise.

386

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The whole Armor.

O SPEED thee, Christian, on thy way,
 , And to thy armor cling;
 With girded loins the call obey
 That grace and mercy bring.

2 There is a battle to be fought,
 An upward race to run,
 A crown of glory to be sought,
 A victory to be won.

3 O, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
 Are heard before his throne:
 The race must come before the prize,
 The cross before the crown.

387

L. M.

GASKELL.

Press on.

PRESS on, press on! ye sons of light,
 Untiring in your holy fight,
 Still treading each temptation down,
 And battling for a brighter crown.

- 2 Press on, press on ! through toil and woe,
With calm resolve, to triumph go,
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still.
- 3 Press on, press on ! still look in faith
To him who vanquished sin and death ;
'Then shall ye hear God's word, " Well done ! "
True to the last, press on, press on !

388

C. M.

H. K. WHITE.

The Christian's Contest, Rest, and Hope.

THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's way,
Amid the deepening gloom,
The soldiers of an injured King
Are marching to the tomb.

- 2 Their service done, securely laid
In this their last retreat,
Unheeded o'er their silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.
- 3 Yet not thus lifeless in the grave
The vital spark shall lie ;
O'er nature's ruins it shall rise,
To reach its kindred sky.
- 4 Then heaven's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays ;
And the long silent dust shall wake
In strains of endless praise.

Christian Courage and Self-denial.

A M I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 Whilst others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord:
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer though they're slain:
 They view the triumph from afar,
 And soon with Christ shall reign.

5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

The Christian Warrior.

THE Christian warrior, see him stand
 In the whole armor of his God;
 The spirit's sword is in his hand;
 His feet are with the gospel shod;

- 2 In panoply of truth complete,
Salvation's helmet on his head,
With righteousness a breastplate meet,
And faith's broad shield before him spread.
- 3 With this omnipotence he moves ;
From this the alien armies flee ;
Till more than conqueror he proves,
Through Christ, who gives him victory.
- 4 Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,
Sin, death, and hell he tramples down, —
Fights the good fight ; and takes at length,
Through mercy, an immortal crown.

391

9 & 8 M. ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

The Struggle.

SAY not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

- 2 If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.
- 3 For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks, and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.
- 4 And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,

In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

392

8 & 6's P. M.

WHITTIER.

~~Man's Works follow him.~~

WE shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

- 2 The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.
- 3 Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And painted on the eternal wall
The past shall reappear.
- 4 Ah, yes ; we live our life again ;
Or warmly touched or coldly dim,
The pictures of the past remain ;
Man's works shall follow him.

393

P. M.

WHITTIER.

~~Harnest Life.~~

HAST thou, 'midst life's empty noises,
Heard the solemn steps of time,
And the low mysterious voices
Of another clime ?

- 2 Early hath life's mighty question
 Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
 With a deep and strong beseeching, —
 What, and where, is truth?
- 3 Not to ease and aimless quiet
 Doth the inward answer tend;
 But to works of love and duty,
 As our being's end.
- 4 Earnest toil and strong endeavor
 Of a spirit which within
 Wrestles with familiar evil
 And besetting sin, —
- 5 And without, with tireless vigor,
 Steady heart, and purpose strong,
 In the power of truth assaileth
 Every form of wrong.

394 .

L. M.

STERLING.

Christian Hope and Action.

STILL hope! still act! Be sure that life,
 The source and strength of every good,
 Wastes down in feeling's empty strife,
 And dies in dreaming's sickly mood.

- 2 To toil, in tasks however mean,
 For all we know of right and true;
 In this alone our worth is seen;
 'Tis this we were ordained to do.

395

C. M.

LOND. INQUIRER.

Encouragement to Christian Effort.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
 Nor deem it void of power ;
 There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed,
 Waiting its natal hour.

2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
 And call it back to life ;
 A look of love bid sin depart,
 And still unholy strife.

3 No act falls fruitless ; none can tell
 How vast its power may be ;
 Nor what results enfolded dwell
 Within it silently.

4 Work, and despair not ; bring thy mite,
 Nor care how small it be ;
 God is with all that love the right,
 The holy, true, and free.

396

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Active Effort to Do Good.

SOW in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thy hand ;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
 Broadcast it o'er the land ;

2 And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.

- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain
 For garnerers in the sky.

397

L. M.

WATTS.

By their Fruits ye shall know them.

WHEN Jesus, our great Master, came
 To teach us in his Father's name,
 In every act, in every thought,
 He lived the precepts which he taught.

- 2 So let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess ;
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 3 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honors of our Saviour, God,
 When the salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the power of sin.

398

C. M.

TRENCH.

Giving and Receiving.

MAKE channels for the streams of love,
 Where they may broadly run ;
 And love has overflowing streams
 To fill them every one.

- 2 But if at any time we cease
 Such channels to provide,
 The very fount of love for us
 Will soon be parched and dried.

- 3 For we must share, if we would keep,
 That blessing from above ;
 Ceasing to give, we cease to have ; —
 Such is the law of love.

399

9 & 4's M.

BOWRING.

The Spirit giveth Life.

TIS not the gift, but 't is the spirit
 With which 't is given,
 That on the gift confers a merit,
 As seen by Heaven.

- 2 'T is not the prayer, however boldly
 It strikes the ear ;
 It mounts in vain, it falls but coldly,
 If not sincere.

- 3 'T is not the deeds the loudest lauded
 That brightest shine ;
 There's many a virtue unapplauded, .
 And yet divine.

- 4 'T is not the word that sounds the sweetest
 That's soonest heard ;
 A sigh when humbled thou retreatest,
 May be preferred.

- 5 The outward show may be delusive,
 A cheating name ;
 The inner spirit is conclusive
 Of worth or shame.

400

11's M.

ANONYMOUS.

Christian Perseverance.

BE firm and be faithful ; desert not the right ;
The brave become bolder the darker the
night !

Then up and be doing, though cowards may fail ;
Thy duty pursuing, dare all and prevail !

- 2 If scorn be thy portion, if hatred and loss,
If stripes or a prison, remember the cross !
God watches above thee, and he will requite ;
Desert those that love thee, but never the right !

401

L. M.

LONGFELLOW.

Steps.

WE have not wings — we cannot soar —
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees — by more and more —
The cloudy summits of our time.

- 2 The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.

- 3 Standing on what too long we bore,
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern — unseen before —
A path to higher destinies.

- 4 Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted — wholly vain —
If, rising on its wrecks, at last,
To something nobler we attain.

402

7 & 6's M.

O. H. TOWNSEND.

~~W~~ait!

WAIT !. for the day is breaking,
 Though the dull night be long :
 Wait ! God is not forsaking
 Thy heart. Be strong — be strong !

2 Wait ! and the clouds of sorrow
 Shall melt in gentle showers,
 And hues from heaven shall borrow,
 As they fall amidst the flowers.

3 Wait ! 'tis the key to pleasure
 And to the plan of God ;
 O, tarry thou his leisure,
 Thy soul shall bear no load.

4 Wait ! for the time is hasting
 When life shall be made clear,
 And all who know heart wasting
 Shall feel that God is dear.

403

S. H. M.

Excellence of Faith.

FAITH is the polar star
 That guides the Christian's way,
 Directs his wanderings from afar
 To realms of endless day :
 It points the course where'er he roam,
 And safely leads the pilgrim home.

2 Faith is the rainbow's form
 Hung on the brow of heaven,

The glory of the passing storm,
 The pledge of mercy given ;
 It is a bright, triumphal arch,
 Through which the saints to glory march.

404

L. M.

WATTS.

~~We~~ Walk by Faith.

TIS by the faith of joys to come
 We walk through deserts dark as night ;
 Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies :
 She makes the pearly gates appear ;
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
 While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abraham, by divine command,
 Left his own house to walk with God ;
 His faith beheld the promised land,
 And fired his zeal along the road.

405

C. M.

BATH COLL.

Prayer for Faith.

O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by every foe,
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe !

- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God ;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without ;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt.
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then whate'er may come,
 We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
 Of our eternal home.

The Power of Faith.

- F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
 And saves us from its snares ;
 Its aid in every duty brings,
 And softens all our cares.
- 2 The wounded conscience knows its power
 The healing balm to give :
 That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
 And make the dying live.
- 3 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
 Where deathless pleasures reign,
 And bids us seek our portion there,
 Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 4 On that bright prospect may we rest
 Till this frail body dies ;

And then, on faith's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

407

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Christian Graces.

FAITH, hope, and charity, these three;
Yet is the greatest charity;
Father of lights, these gifts impart
To mine and every human heart.

2 Faith, that in prayer can never fail;
Hope, that o'er doubting must prevail;
And charity, whose name above,
Is God's own name, for God is love.

3 The morning star is lost in light,
Faith vanishes at perfect sight;
The rainbow passes with the storm,
And hope with sorrow's fading form.

4 But charity, serene, sublime,
Beyond the reach of death and time,
Like the blue sky's all-bounding space,
Holds heaven and earth in its embrace.

408

L. M.

WATTS.

All things Vain without Love.

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell ;
Or, could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the cravings of the poor ;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;
- 4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

The Importance and Influence of Love.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast :
Love is the brightest of the train
And strengthens all the rest.

- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 't is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear :
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'T is this shall strike our joyful strings
In brightest realms of bliss.

410

L. M.

WATTS.

Lobe to God and our Neighbor.

THUS saith the first, the great command,
 “Let all thy inward powers unite
 To love thy Maker and thy God,
 With sacred fervor and delight.

- 2 “Then shall thy neighbor next in place
 Share thine affections and esteem;
 And let thy kindness to thyself
 Define and rule thy love to him.”

411

7's M.

WESLEY'S COLL.

For Brotherly Love.

GOD of love, we look to thee,
 Let us in thy Son agree;
 Show to us the Prince of Peace;
 Bid our jars forever cease.
 By thy reconciling love,
 Every stumbling-block remove;
 Each to each unite, endear,
 Come, and spread thy banner here.

- 2 Make us of one heart and mind,
 Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
 Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
 Altogether like our Lord.
 Let us for each other care;
 Each the other's burden bear;
 To thy church the pattern give;
 Show how true believers live.

412

C. M.

METHODIST COLL.

Mutual Aid.

HELP us to help each other, Lord,
 Each other's cross to bear;
 Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel his brother's care.

2 Help us to build each other up,
 Our little stock improve;
 Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
 And perfect us in love.

3 Up into thee, our living Head,
 Let us in all things grow,
 Till thou hast made us free indeed,
 And spotless here below.

413

H. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Brotherly Love. Ps. cxxxiii.

HOW beautiful the sight
 Of brethren who agree
 In friendship to unite
 And bonds of charity!
 'Tis like the precious ointment shed
 O'er all his robes from Aaron's head.

2 'Tis like the dews that fill
 The cup of Hermon's flowers;
 Or Zion's fruitful hill,
 Bright with the drops of showers;
 When mingling odors breathe around,
 And glory rests on all the ground.

3 For there the Lord commands
 Blessings, a boundless store,
 From his unsparing hands,
 Yea, life for evermore.
 Thrice happy they that meet above,
 To spend eternity in love !

414

L. M.

WHITTIER.

Mercy and not Sacrifice.

O THOU, at whose rebuke the grave
 Back to warm life the sleeper gave,
 Who, waking, saw with joy, above,
 A brother's face of tenderest love ; —

2 Thou, unto whom the blind and lame,
 The sorrowing and the sin-sick came ;
 The burden of thy holy faith,
 Was love and life, not hate and death.

3 O, once again thy healing lay
 On the blind eyes which know thee not,
 And let the light of thy pure day
 Shine in upon the darkened thought !

4 O, touch the hearts of men, and show
 The power which in forbearance lies ;
 And let them learn that mercy now
 Is better than old sacrifice.

415

C. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

"Blessed are the Merciful."

BLEST is the man whose softening heart
 Feels all another's pain ;

To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain : —

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow ;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

4 Peace from the bosom of his God
The Saviour's grace shall give ;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

416

L. M.

SCOTT.

The Blessing of Meekness.

HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.

2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade ;
He rests beneath th' Almighty wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.

3 Spirit of grace, all meek and mild,
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess ;
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us as we aim to bless.

417

L. M. 6 l.

MONTGOMERY.

Humility.

THE bird that soars on highest wing,
 Builds on the ground her lowly nest :
 And she that doth most sweetly sing
 Sings in the shade when all things rest : —
 In lark and nightingale we see
 What honor hath humility.

2 When Mary chose the better part,
 She meekly sat at Jesus' feet ;
 And Lydia's gently opened heart
 Was made for God's own temple meet : —
 Fairest and best adorned is she,
 Whose clothing is humility.

3 The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
 In deepest adoration bends ;
 The weight of glory bows him down,
 Then most, when most his soul ascends ;
 Nearest the throne itself must be
 The footstool of humility.

418

C. M.

LOGAN.

Wisdom.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
 Instruction's warning voice ;
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.

2 Her treasures are of more esteem
 Than east or west unfold ;
 And her rewards more precious are
 Than all their mines of gold.

- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
 A length of happy days ;
 Riches with splendid honors joined,
 Her left hand full displays
- 4 She guides the young with innocence
 In pleasure's path to tread ;
 A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labors rise,
 So her rewards increase :
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

419

L. M.

SIR H. WOTTON.

The Independent and Happy Man.

- H**OW happy is he born or taught
 Who serveth not another's will !
 Whose armor is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his highest skill.
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are ;
 Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
 Not tied unto the world with care
 Of prince's ear or vulgar breath ;
- 3 Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than goods to lend,
 And walks with man from day to day,
 As with a brother and a friend.
- 4 This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;

Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

420

S. M.

FROTHINGHAM.

Strength.

“**W**HEN I am weak, I'm strong,”
The great apostle cried ;
What did not to the earth belong,
The might of heaven supplied.

2 “ When I am weak, I'm strong,”
Each Christian heart repeats,
To tune its feeblest breath to song,
And fire its languid beats.

3 O, holy strength ! whose ground
Is in the heavenly land ;
Supporting help alone is found
In God's immortal hand.

4 O, blessed ! that appears
When fleshly aids are spent,
And girds the mind, when most it fears,
With trust and sweet content.

421

10 & 11's M. W. H. HURLBURT.

Strength in Weakness.

WE will not weep ; for God is standing by
us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight ;
We will not doubt, if darkness still doth try us,
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

- 2 We will not faint ; if heavy burdens bind us,
 They press no harder than our souls can bear ;
 The thorniest way is lying still behind us ;
 We shall be braver for the past despair.
- 3 O not in doubt shall be our journey's ending,
 Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last ;
 All its blest hopes in glad fulfilment blending,
 Life shall be with us when the death is past.
- 4 Help us, O Father ! when the world is pressing
 On our frail hearts that faint without their
 friend ;
 Help us, O Father ! let thy constant blessing
 Strengthen our weakness, till the joyous end.

Private Judgment and Accountability.

IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
 And dreads the curious eye ;
 But sacred truths the test invite,
 They bid us search and try.

- 2 With understanding blest,
 Created to be free,
 Our faith on man we dare not rest,
 Subject to none but thee.
- 3 Lord, give the light we need ;
 Our minds with knowledge fill ;
 From noxious error guard our creed,
 From prejudice our will.

- 4 The truth thou shalt impart,
 May we with firmness own ;
 Abhorring each evasive art,
 And fearing thee alone.

423

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Charitable Judgment.

OMNISCIENT God, 't is thine to know
 The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;
 To judge from principles within
 When frailty errs, and when we sin.

- 2 Who with another's eye can read,
 Or worship by another's creed ?
 Revering thy command alone,
 We humbly seek and use our own.
- 3 If wrong, forgive ; accept, if right,
 Whilst, faithful, we obey our light ;
 And, judging none, are zealous still
 To follow as to learn thy will.
- 4 When shall our happy eyes behold
 Thy people fashioned in thy mould ?
 And charity our kindred prove
 Derived from thee, O God of love.

424

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Perfect Law of Liberty.

BEHOLD that wise, that perfect law,
 Which noblest freedom gives :
 O may it all our souls refine,
 And sanctify our lives !

2 Not with a transient glance surveyed,
And in an hour forgot,
But deep inscribed on every heart,
To reign o'er every thought.

3 Great Author of each perfect gift !
Thy gracious power display,
That our ungrateful, wandering hearts
May hearken and obey.

425

G. M.

W. S. LANDOR.

Content.

WHY, why repine, O pensive friend,
At pleasures slipped away ?
Some the stern fates will never lend,
And all refuse to stay.

2 I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass :
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer or they pass.

3 With folded arms I linger not
To call them back ; 't were vain ;
In this, or in some other spot,
I know they 'll shine again.

426

C. P. M.

COTTON.

Contentment and Resignation.

IF solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts the jewel lies ;
Nor need we roam abroad ;

The world has little to bestow ;
From pious hearts our joys must flow,
Hearts that delight in God.

- 2 To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given ;
This is the wise, the virtuous part ;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heaven.

427

C. M.

EXETER COLL.

The Influence of Habitual Piety.

BLEST is the man who fears the Lord !
His well-established mind,
In every varying scene of life,
Shall true composure find.

- 2 Oft through the deep and stormy sea
The heavenly footsteps lie ;
But on a glorious world beyond
His faith can fix its eye.
- 3 Though dark his present prospects be,
And sorrows round him dwell,
Yet hope can whisper to his soul,
That all shall issue well.
- 4 Full in the presence of his God,
Through every scene he goes ;
And, fearing him, no other fear
His steadfast bosom knows.

428

L. M.

G. ROGERS.

Religion.

RELIGION ! in its blessed ray
 All thought of hopeless sorrow flies :
 Despair and anguish melt away
 Where'er its healing beams arise.
 How dark our sinful world would be —
 A flowerless desert, dry and drear !
 Did not this light, O God, from thee,
 Its gloom dispel, its aspect cheer.

2 Oh ! by it many a heart is soothed,
 Which else would be with sorrow crushed,
 And many a dying pillow smoothed,
 And sob of parting anguish hushed.
 Across the troubled sky of time
 It doth the bow of promise bend,
 A symbol of that cloudless clime
 That waits the soul when time shall end

3 Religion ! may its holy light
 Our footsteps guide to paths of peace !
 Our solace in deep sorrow's night,
 Our stay as mortal powers decrease.
 With this our guide, we care not when
 Death's signal to depart is given ;
 Its word shall bring our spirits then
 The calm and holy peace of heaven.

429

C. M.

FAWCEIT

Importance of Religion

RELIGION is the chief concern
 Of mortals here below ;

May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows ;
Not reputation, food, or health
Can give us such repose.

3 Religion should our thoughts engage
Amidst our youthful bloom ;
'T will fit us for declining age
And for th' approaching tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne ;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

430

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Morning.

WE wait in faith, in prayer we wait,
Until the happy hour
When God shall ope the morning gate,
By his almighty power.

2 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs ;
Till he shall come earth's gloom to chase,
With healing on his wings.

3 And even now, amid the gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to that perfect day,
Which never shall be past.

4 We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,
Till that blest day shall shine,
When earth shall fruits of Eden bear,
And all, O God, be thine !

5 O, guide us till our night is done !
Until, from shore to shore,
Thou, Lord, our everlasting sun,
Art shining evermore !

431

C. M.

M. W. HALE.

The Pure Heart.

WHATEVER dims thy sense of truth,
Or stains thy purity,
Though light as breath of summer air,
Count it as sin to thee.

2 Preserve the tablet of thy thoughts
From every blemish free,
While the Redeemer's lowly faith
Its temple makes with thee.

3 And pray of God, that grace be given
To tread time's narrow way : —
How dark soever it may be,
It leads to cloudless day.

432

C. M.

HARTFORD SELEC.

Daily Life in God

O COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor never take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

433

S. M.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Active Piety.

SERVANTS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

- 2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.
- 3 Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along,
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.
- 4 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest,
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.
- 5 So shall you share the wealth,
That earth may ne'er despoil,

And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

434

7's M.

MRS. HEMANS.

"~~I~~ will that ~~men~~ pray everywhere."

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy daily work to leave ;
Pray ! ere yet the dark hours be—
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

2 Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band ;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone ;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell ;
Sailor, on the darkening sea —
Lift the heart and bend the knee !

435

7's & 8's M.

BOWRING.

"~~He~~ that walketh uprightly walketh surely."

HE who walks in virtue's way,
Firm and fearless, walketh surely ;
Diligent, while yet 't is day,
On he speeds, and speeds securely.

2 Flowers of peace beneath him grow,
Suns of pleasure brighten o'er him ;
Memory's joys behind him go,
Hope's sweet angels fly before him.

3 Thus he moves from stage to stage,
Smiles of earth and heaven attending;
Softly sinking down in age,
And at last to death descending.

4 Cradled in its quiet deep,
Calm as summer's loveliest even,
He shall sleep the hallowed sleep;
Sleep that is o'erwatched by Heaven.

436

7's M.

C. WESLEY.

"That they also may be one in us."

LORD, from whom all blessings flow,
Perfecting the church below!
Steadfast may we cleave to thee:
Love the mystic union be.
Join our faithful spirits, join
Each to each, and all to thine:
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

2 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy:
There is neither bond nor free,
Great nor servile, Lord, in thee;
Love, like death, hath all destroyed,
Rendered all distinctions void!
Names, and sects, and parties fall:
Thou, O Christ, art all in all!

437

S. M.

BULFINCH.

The Use of Present Opportunities.

CHILDREN of light, awake!
At Jesus' call arise,

Forth with your leader to partake
His toil, his victories.

2 Ye must not idly stand,
His sacred voice who hear ;
Arm for the strife the feeble hand,
The holy standard rear.

3 Nought doth the world afford,
But toil must be the price ;
Wilt thou not, servant of the Lord,
Then toil for paradise ?

4 Awake, ye sons of light !
Strive till the prize be won ;
Far spent already is the night ;
The day comes brightening on.

CHRISTIAN ASPIRATIONS AND EXERCISES.

438

7's M. 6 1.

MONTGOMERY.

The Soul panting for God.

AS the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the waterbrooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see ;
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near ?

2 Why art thou cast down, my soul ?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole :
Why art thou disquieted ?
God shall lift thy fallen head,

And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

439

8 & 7's M.

WESLEYAN.

Love Divine.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father ! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe, thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive ;
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more thy temples leave !

440

7 & 6's M.

ANONYMOUS.

Rising towards Heaven.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place ;
Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Not stay in all their course ;
 Fire ascending, seeks the sun,
 Both speed them to their source ;
 So a soul that's born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

441

P. M.

MOORE.

The Heart's Prayer.

AS down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
 Sweet flowers are springing no mortal
 can see,
 So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion,
 Unheard by the world, rises, silent, to thee,
 My God ! silent, to thee,—
 Pure, warm, silent, to thee.

2 As still to the star of its worship, though
 clouded,
 The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
 So, dark when I roam, in this wintry world
 shrouded,
 The hope of my spirit turns, trembling, to thee,
 My God ! trembling, to thee, —
 True, sure, trembling, to thee.

442

P. M. SARAH. F. ADAMS.

Nearer to Thee.

NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee !
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me ;

Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, —
Nearer to thee !

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee, —
Nearer to thee !

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven ;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee, —
Nearer to thee !

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee ;
Nearer to thee !

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly ;
Still, all my song shall be, —
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

443

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

What is Prayer?

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed,
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try,
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air,
 The watchword at the gates of death;
 He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways;
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And cry "Behold he prays!"

444

7 & 6's M. EDIN. LIT. REVIEW.

Pray without ceasing.

GO when the morning shineth,
 Go when the noon is bright,
 Go when the eve declineth,
 Go in the hush of night;

Go with pure mind and feeling,
Cast earthly thought away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

2 Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee ;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be ;
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 't is e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing,
Thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.

4 O, not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare, —
The grace our Father gave us
To pour our souls in prayer :
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall ;
Remember, in thy gladness,
His love who gave thee all.

445

7's M. METHODIST COLL.

A Call to Prayer.

THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place ;
If we love a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

2 In our sickness, in our health ;
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer,
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come and wait ;
He will answer every prayer,
God is present everywhere.

446

C. M.

FABER.

Distraction in Prayer.

HAD I, dear Lord ! no pleasure found
But in the thought of thee ;
Prayer would have come unsought, and been
A truer liberty. .

2 Yet thou art oft most present, Lord !
In weak, distracted prayer ;
A sinner out of heart with self,
Most often finds thee there.

3 And prayer that humbles, sets the soul
From all illusions free ;
And teaches it how utterly,
Dear Lord ! it hangs on thee.

4 These surface troubles come and go,
Like rufflings of the sea ;
The deeper depth is out of reach
To all, my God, but thee !

447

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The still small Voice.

SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows :
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires,
Hope points the upward gaze ;
And love, untrembling love, inspires
The eloquence of praise.

3 But sweeter far the still small voice,
Heard by no human ear,
When God hath made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

4 Nor accents flow, nor words ascend ;
All utterance faileth there ;
But listening spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

448

O. H. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Come, let us Pray.

COME, let us pray : 'tis sweet to feel
 That God himself is near :
 That, while we at his footstool kneel,
 His mercy deigns to hear :
 Though sorrows cloud life's dreary way,
 This is our solace — let us pray.

2 Come, let us pray ; the burning brow,
 The heart oppressed with care,
 And all the woes that throng us now,
 Will be relieved by prayer :
 Our God will chase our griefs away ;
 O, glorious thought ! — come, let us pray.

3 Come, let us pray : the mercy-seat
 Invites the fervent prayer,
 Our heavenly Father waits to greet
 The contrite spirit there :
 O, loiter not, nor longer stay
 From him who loves us ; let us pray.

449

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

“Teach us to Pray.”

TEACH us to pray !
 O Father, we look up to thee,
 And this our one request shall be,
 Teach us to pray !

2 Teach us to pray !
 A form of words will not suffice,
 The heart must bring its sacrifice :
 Teach us to pray !

3 Teach us to pray !
 To whom shall we, thy children, turn ?
 Teach us the lesson we should learn ;
 Teach us to pray !

4 Teach us to pray !
 To thee alone our hearts look up,
 Prayer is our only door of hope,
 Teach us to pray !

450

L. M.

POPE'S COLL.

The Lord's Prayer.

FATHER, adored in worlds above !
 Thy glorious name be hallowed still ;
 Thy kingdom come in truth and love ;
 And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.

2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care ;
 Forgive the sins which we forsake ;
 In thy compassion let us share,
 As fellow-men of ours partake.

3 Evils beset us every hour, —
 Thy kind protection we implore ;
 Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
 The glory thine for evermore.

451

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Lord's Prayer.

OUR heavenly Father, hear
 The prayer we offer now ;
 Thy name be hallowed far and near ;
 To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come ; thy will
 On earth be done in love,
 As saints and seraphim fulfil
 Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
 While by thy word we live ;
 The guilt of our iniquity
 Forgive, as we forgive.

4 From dark temptation's power
 Our feeble hearts defend :
 Deliver in the evil hour,
 And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be
 Glory and power divine ;
 The sceptre, throne, and majesty
 Of heaven and earth are thine.

452

C. M.

WESLEY'S COLL.

“Thy Kingdom come.”

FATHER of me and all mankind,
 And all the hosts above,
 Let every understanding mind
 Unite to praise thy love.

2 Thy kingdom come, with power and grace
 To every heart of man ;
 Thy peace, and joy, and righteousness,
 In all our bosoms reign :

3 The righteousness that never ends,
 But makes an end of sin ;

The joy that human thought transcends,
Into our souls bring in :

- 4 The kingdom of established peace,
Which can no more remove ;
The perfect power of godliness,
Th' omnipotence of love.

453

6's M.

H. BONAR.

~~Thy~~ Will be done.

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

- 2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine ; so let the way
That leads to it be thine ;
Else I must surely stray.

- 3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health ;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

- 4 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all !

454

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Thy Will be done.

THY will be done ! In devious way
 The hurrying stream of life may run ;
 Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
 “ Our Father, may thy will be done.”

2 Thy will be done ! If o’er us shine
 A glad’ning and a prosperous sun,
 This prayer will make it more divine :
 “ Our Father, may thy will be done.”

3 Thy will be done ! Though shrouded o’er
 Our path with gloom, all prayers in one
 Our souls before thy throne shall pour, —
 “ Our Father, let thy will be done.”

4 Thy will be done ! The living way
 To thine own kingdom is begun,
 Continued, ended, when we pray,
 “ Our Father, let thy will be done.”

455

8 & 4’s M.

WHITTIER.

Thy Will be done.

WE see not, know not : all our way
 Is night, — with thee alone is day :
 From out the torrent’s troubled drift,
 Above the storm our prayers we lift,
 Thy will be done !

2 We take with solemn thankfulness
 Our burden up, nor ask it less,

And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for thee,
Whose will be done !

- 3 Strike, thou the Master, we thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies !
The minor of thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done !

456

L. M.

JANE ROSCOM.

The Bitter Cup.

THY will be done ! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love ;
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

- 2 The stars of heaven are shining on,
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with tears ;
And though the hopes of earth be gone,
Yet are not ours the immortal years ?

- 3 Father ! forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time ;
And bid the soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

457

7 & 6's M.

CONDOR.

Give us our Daily Bread.

DAY by day the manna fell :
O, to learn this lesson well !
Still by constant mercy fed,
Give us, Lord, our daily bread.

- 2 “ Day by day ” the promise reads ;
 Daily strength for daily needs ;
 Cast foreboding fears away ;
 Take the manna of to-day !
- 3 Lord, our times are in thy hand ;
 All our sanguine hopes have planned ;
 To thy wisdom we resign,
 And would mould our wills to thine.
- 4 Thou our daily task shalt give ;
 Day by day to thee we give ;
 So shall added years fulfil
 Not our own, our Father's will.

Prayer for Divine Guidance.

FATHER of all ! whose cares extend
 To earth's remotest shore,
 Through every age let praise ascend,
 And every clime adore.

- 2 Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quickened by thy breath ;
 Lord, lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death.
- 3 Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

4 If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right, to stay ;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

5 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

459

11's & 5's M.

BOWRING.

Divine Forgiveness.

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit,
Our humble prayer ascends ; O Father !
hear it,
Upsoaring on the wings of love and meekness ;
Forgive its weakness !

2 We see thy hand ; it leads us, it supports us ;
We hear thy voice ; it counsels and it courts us ;
And then we turn away ; and still thy kindness
Forgives our blindness.

3 O how long-suffering, Lord ! but thou delightest
To win with love the wandering ; thou in-
vitest,
By smiles of mercy, not by frowns or terrors,
Man from his errors.

4 Father and Saviour ! plant within each bosom
The seeds of holiness, and bid them blossom
In fragrance and in beauty bright and vernal,
And spring eternal.

460

7's M.

C. T. BROOKS.

Christian Love.

LOVE all creatures in his name
 From whose love all being came;
 And through life and nature trace
 Everywhere his will and grace.

- 2 Then, my heart, thy peace shall be
 Like a stream that, full and free,
 Nourished by the heavenly wells,
 On toward heaven's broad ocean swells.

461

C. M.

BRYANT.

Thine Aid implored.

O GOD ! whose dread and dazzling brow
 Love never yet forsook,
 On those who seek thy presence now,
 In deep compassion look.

- 2 For many a frail and erring heart
 Is in thy holy sight,
 And feet too willing to depart
 From the plain way of right.
- 3 Yet pleased the humble prayer to hear,
 And kind to all that live ;
 Thou, when thou seest the contrite tear,
 Art ready to forgive.
- 4 Lord ! aid us with thy heavenly grace,
 Our truest bliss to find ;
 Nor sternly judge our erring race,
 So feeble, and so blind.

462

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

For Grateful Submission.

ONE prayer I have, — all prayers in one, —
When I am wholly thine ;
“ Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.”

2 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe ;
And back in gratitude from me
May all thy bounties flow.

3 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent ;
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.

4 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will ?
No, let me bless thy name, and say,
“ The Lord is gracious still.”

463

C. M.

MERRICK.

Dependence and Submission.

AUTHOR of good, to thee we turn,
Thine ever-watchful eye
Alone can all our wants discern,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 O, let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide :
That love shall vainer loves expel ;
That fear all fears beside.

3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
 Too oft, with stubborn will,
 We blindly shun the latent good,
 And grasp the specious ill, —

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
 Let mercy still supply ;
 The good, unasked, O Father, grant ;
 The ill, though asked, deny.

464

Irregular M. ADELAIDE PROCTER.

Lead me aright.

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
 A pleasant road ;
 I do not ask that thou would'st take from me
 Aught of its load.

2 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
 Beneath my feet ;
 I know too well the poison and the sting
 Of things too sweet.

3 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
 Lead me aright —
 Though strength should falter, and though heart
 should bleed —
 Through peace to light.

4 I do not ask, O Lord, that thou should'st shed
 Full radiance here ;
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
 Without a fear.

5 I do not ask my cross to understand,

My way to see ;

Better in darkness just to feel thy hand

And follow thee.

6 Joy is like restless day ; but peace divine

Like quiet night :

Lead me, O Lord, — till perfect day shall shine

Through peace to light.

465

L. M.

MRS. COTTEBELL.

For a Life Devoted to God's Glory.

O THOU, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand !
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires, control ;
Mould every purpose of the soul ;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.

3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee ;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

4 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

466

C. M.

H. H. MILMAN.

Praying for Divine Help.

O **HELP** us, Lord ! each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succor give ;
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.

2 O, help us, when our spirits bleed,
 With contrite anguish sore,
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O, help us through the prayer of faith
 More firmly to believe ;
 For still the more the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.

4 O, help us, Father ! from on high ;
 We know no help but thee ;
 O ! help us so to live and die,
 As thine in heaven to be.

467

7's M.

MERRICK.

Inward Purity.

BLEST Instructor, from thy ways,
 Who can tell how oft he strays ?
 Purge me from the guilt that lies
 Wrapt within my heart's disguise.

2 Let my tongue, from error free,
 Speak the words approved by thee ;
 To thine all-observing eyes,
 Let my thoughts accepted rise.

- 3 While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore ;
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear,
God, my strength, propitious hear !

468

L. M. CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

Prayer for Divine Help.

BE with me, Lord, where'er I go ;
Teach me what thou would'st have me do ;
Show me my weakness, — let me see
I have my power, my all from thee.

- 2 Enrich me always with thy love ;
My kind protection ever prove ;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy spirit on me rest.

- 3 Assist and teach me how to pray ;
Incline my nature to obey ;
What thou abhorr'st that let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

- 4 O, may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine, fulfil ;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

469

L. M.

WATTS

Divine Life sought.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee ;
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth;
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

470

L. M.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Divine Guidance implored.

WHEN Israel of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came.
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

2 By day, along th' astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

3 Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray!

- 4 And, O, when gathers on our path,
 In shade and storm, the frequent night,
 Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light.

471

C. M.

COWPER.

Walking with God.

OH, for a closer walk with God !
 A calm and heavenly frame !
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !

- 2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
 How sweet their memory still !
 But now I find an aching void
 The world can never fill.

- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest ;
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

472

L. M. 6 l.

ANONYMOUS.

Invocation of our Father's Presence.

OFATHER, draw us after thee !
 So shall we run and never tire ;
 Thy presence still our comfort be,
 Our hope, our joy, our sole desire ;

Thy spirit grant ; — for neither fear
Nor sin can come, while that is here.

- 2 From all eternity, with love
 Unchangeable, thou hast us viewed ;
Before these beating hearts did move,
 Thy tender mercies us pursued :
Ever with us may they abide,
And close us in on every side.
- 3 In suffering be thy love our peace,
 In weakness be thy love our power ;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
 O God ! in that important hour,
In death as life be thou our guide,
And bear us through death's whelming tide.

~~Divine~~ Light Implored.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death !
Rise on us, thyself revealing —
 Rise and chase the clouds beneath.
Thou, of heaven and earth Creator !
 In our deepest darkness rise ;
Scatter all the night of nature,
 Pour the day upon our eyes.

- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing ;
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every meek, benighted heart.

By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release ;
Every weary, wandering spirit
Guide into thy perfect peace.

474

L. M.

ANONYMOUS

The Light from above.

ETERNAL God, thou light divine,
Fountain of unexhausted love,
O, let thy glories on me shine,
In earth beneath, from heaven above.

2 Thou art the weary wanderer's rest,
Give me the easy yoke to bear ;
With steadfast patience arm my breast,
With spotless love and lowly fear.

3 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh !
So shall each murmuring thought be gone,
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the midday sun.

4 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace :"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still ;"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy holy will.

475

L. M. 6 l.

MORAVIAN.

Prayer for Divine Life.

LOOSED from my God, and far removed,
Long have I wandered to and fro ;
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below ;

But now, my God, to thee I fly,
For oh ! estranged from thee, I die.

2 Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
The things of sense, for thee I leave :
Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace ;
Into the ark of Love receive ;
Take my poor fluttering soul to rest,
And lodge it, Father, in thy breast.

3 Endow me with my Saviour's peace,
Confirm and keep my longing heart ;
In thee may all my wanderings cease ;
From thee may I no more depart :
Then shall the joy within me prove
The fulness of my Father's love !

Seeking God.

TALK with us, Lord, thyself reveal,
While here o'er earth we rove ;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
The kindling of thy love.

2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time, and toil, and care :
Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice ;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

477

L. M.

HENRY MOORE.

Wisdom and Virtue sought from God.

SUPREME and universal Light !
Fountain of reason ! Judge of right !
Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below :

2 Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree ;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came !

3 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim ;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

4 O Father, grace and virtue grant !
No more we wish, no more we want :
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, — is bliss above.

478

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Prayer for Wisdom.

ALmighty God ! in humble prayer,
To thee our souls we lift ;
Do thou our waiting minds prepare
For thy most needful gift.

2 We ask not golden streams of wealth,
Along our path to flow ;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

3 We ask not honors, which an hour
 May bring and take away ;
 We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
 Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom ; — Lord, impart
 The knowledge how to live ;
 A wise and understanding heart
 To all before thee give.

5 The young remember thee in youth,
 Before the evil days !
 The old be guided by thy truth,
 In wisdom's pleasant ways !

479

10's M.

LYRE

Christ's Presence sought.

ABIDE with me ! Fast falls the eventide,
 The darkness deepens — Lord, with me
 abide !

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me !

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see ;
 O thou who changest not, abide with me !

3 I need thy presence every passing hour :
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
 power ?
 Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with
 me !

480

C. M.

WRETFORD.

Help Thou my Unbelief.

LORD ! I believe ; thy power I own,
Thy word I would obey ;
I wander comfortless and lone,
When from thy truth I stray.

2 Lord ! I believe ; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight ;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord ! I believe ; but oft, I know,
My faith is cold and weak ;
Strengthen my weakness, and bestow
The confidence I seek !

4 Yes, I believe ; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief ;
Lord ! to thy truth my spirit bow,
Help thou my unbelief !

481

C. M.

T. H. GILL.

Serv'ing God.

O NOT to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred ;
O, give me a diviner name !
Call me thy servant, Lord !

2 No longer would my soul be known
As self-sustained and free :
O, not mine own ! O, not mine own !
Lord, I belong to thee !

3 In each aspiring burst of prayer,
 Sweet leave my soul would ask
 Thine every burden, Lord, to bear,
 To do thine every task.

4 In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
 No other name for me !
 The same sweet style and title given
 Through all eternity.

482

7's M.

MILMAN.

Lord have Mercy.

LORD, have mercy when we pray,
 Strength to seek a better way ;
 When our wakening thoughts begin
 First to loathe their cherished sin ;
 Sigh for death, yet fear it still,
 From the dread of future ill ;
 When the dim, advancing gloom
 Tells us that our hour is come.

2 Lord, have mercy, when we know
 First how vain this world below ;
 When its darker thoughts oppress,
 Doubts perplex, and fears distress ;
 When the earliest gleam is given,
 Of the bright but distant heaven ;
 Then thy fostering grace afford,
 Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

483

C. M.

URWICK'S COLL.

Prayer for Grace in Trial.

FATHER of all our mercies, thou
 In whom we move and live,

Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
And answer and forgive.

2 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O, give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.

3 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.

4 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope, and love ;
And walk in holiness below,
To holiness above.

484

L. M.

DRUMMOND.

Faith without Works is Dead.

AS body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith ; a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.

2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One teardrop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.

3 To doers only of the word,
Propitious is the righteous Lord ;
He hears their cries, accepts their prayers,
Binds up their wounds, and soothes their care

485

L. M.

MRS. GILMAN.

Our Sufficiency of God.

IS there a lone and dreary hour,
 When worldly pleasures lose their power?
 My Father! let me turn to thee,
 And set each thought of darkness free.

2 Is there a time of racking grief,
 Which scorns the prospect of relief?
 My Father! break the cheerless gloom,
 And bid my heart its calm resume.

3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
 When hope is all my soul's employ?
 My Father! still my hopes will roam,
 Until they rest with thee, their home.

4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
 The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,
 The glow of life, the dying hour,
 Shall own my Father's grace and power.

486

C. M.

HAWEIS, 1792.

"Lord, Remember Me."

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my soul to thee;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Good Lord, remember me.

2 When on my aching, burdened heart
 My sins lie heavily,
 Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
 Good Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O, let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me.

4 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
Good Lord, remember me.

487

L. M.

LYRA CATH.

Penitential Prayer.

H EALTH of the weak, to make them
strong!

Refuge of sinners, and their song!

Comfort of each afflicted breast!

Haven of hope in realms of rest!

2 Lord of the patriarchs gone before!
Light of the prophets' learned lore!
Deign from thy throne to look on me,
And hear my lowly litany.

3 Lead me, O Spirit, to thy Son,
To taste and feel what he has done;
To lay me low before his cross,
And reckon all beside as dross;

4 To speak, and think, and will, and move,
And love, as thou would'st have me love:
O, look upon this bended knee,
And hear my heart's own litany.

Solemn Litany.

FATHER, when in dust to thee
Low we bend the adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes ;
O ! by all the pains and woe
Suffered by thy Son below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany !

2 By his helpless infant years,
By his life of want and tears,
By his days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness ;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power ;
Turn, O turn a favoring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany !

3 By his hour of dire despair ;
By his agony of prayer ;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn ;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany !

4 By his deep expiring groan ;
By the sad sepulchral stone ;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the Son of God ;

By the life to heaven restored,
Reascended Light and Lord ;
Father ! listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany !

489

C. M.

BOWRING.

Holy Aspirations.

THE Saviour now is gone before
To yon blest realms of light :
O, thither may our spirits soar,
And wing their upward flight.

2 Lord, make us to those joys aspire,
That spring from love to thee,
That pass the carnal heart's desire,
And faith alone can see.

3 To guide us to thy glories, Lord,
To lift us to the sky,
O, may thy spirit still be poured
Upon us from on high.

490

C. M.

FRANCIS XAVIER.

True Love to God and Christ.

MY God, I love thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby :
Nor because they who love thee not
Must burn eternally.

2 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward ;
But as thyself hast loved me,
O ever loving Lord !

- 3 E'en so I love thee, and will love,
 And in thy praise will sing ;
 Solely because thou art my Lord,
 And my eternal King.

491

C. M.

B. BARTON

Walking in the Light.

WALK in the light ! so shalt thou know
 That fellowship of love,
 His spirit only can bestow,
 Who reigns in light above.

- 2 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find
 Thy heart made truly his,
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
 In whom no darkness is.

- 3 Walk in the light ! and thou shalt own
 Thy darkness passed away,
 Because that light hath on thee shone
 In which is perfect day.

- 4 Walk in the light ! thy path shall be
 Peaceful, serene, and bright ;
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
 And God himself is light.

492

7's M.

NEWTON.

Self-Distrust.

'TIS a point I long to know, —
 Oft it causes anxious thought, —
 Do I love the Lord or no ?
 Am I his, or am I not ?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame?
 Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
 Who have never heard his name.

3 If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mixed with all I do ;
 You that love the Lord, indeed,
 Tell me, is it thus with you?

4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall ;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all?

493

S. M.

C. WESLEY

All Things in Christ.

THE soul, by faith reclined
 On the Redeemer's breast,
 'Mid raging storms, exults to find
 An everlasting rest.

2 Sorrow and fear are gone,
 Whene'er thy face appears ;
 It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
 And dries the widow's tears.

3 It hallows every cross,
 It sweetly comforts me ;
 It makes me now forget my loss,
 And lose myself in thee.

4 Jesus, to whom I fly,
 Will all my wishes fill ;

What though created streams are dry?
I have the fountain still.

- 5 Stripped of my earthly friends,
I find them all in one, —
And peace, and joy which never ends,
And heaven, in Christ, begun

494

C. M.

LYRA CATH.

Divine Strength invoked.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God,
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I long
To love thee more and more.

- 2 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.
- 3 Ill, that God blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his dear will!
- 4 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.
- 5 I have no cares, O blessed will!
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

495

C. M.

R. BAXTER.

Looking to Christ.

CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before ;
He that into God's kingdom comes,
Must enter by the door.

- 2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What must thy glory be?
- 3 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with those triumphant saints,
That sing Jehovah's praise.
- 4 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 't is enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

496

C. M.

ADDISON.

Gratitude for Divine Mercies.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 Which tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue,
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

497

L. M.

MME. GUYON.

How to learn of God.

IF thou of God wouldst truly learn,
 His wisdom, goodness, glory see,
 All human arts and knowledge spurn,
 Let love alone thy teacher be.

2 Love is my master. When it breaks
 The morning light, with rising ray,
 To thee, O God ! my spirit wakes,
 And love instructs it all the day.

3 And when the gleams of day retire,
 And midnight spreads its dark control,
 Love's secret whispers still inspire
 Their holy lessons in the soul.

498

8 & 4's M.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

Trust.

FRET not, poor soul : while doubt and fear
 Disturb thy breast,
 The pitying angels, who can see

How vain thy wild regret must be,
Say, Trust and rest.

2 Plan not, nor scheme, — but calmly wait ;
His choice is best.
While blind and erring is thy sight,
His wisdom sees and judges right,
So trust and rest.

3 Strive not, nor struggle : thy poor might
Can never wrest
The meanest thing to serve thy will ;
All power is his alone : be still
And trust and rest.

4 Desire not : self-love is strong
Within thy breast ;
And yet He loves thee better still,
So let him do his loving will,
And trust and rest.

5 What dost thou fear ? His wisdom reigns
Supreme confessed ;
His power is infinite : his love
Thy deepest, fondest dreams above ;
So trust and rest.

499

L. M.

ALICE CARY.

The Way.

I CANNOT plainly see the way,
So dark my path is ; but I know
If I do truly work and pray,
Some good will brighten out of woe.

2. I said I could not see the way,
 And yet what need is there to see,
 More than to do what good I may,
 And trust the great God over me?

500

L. M.

O. W. HOLMES.

Hymn of Trust.

O LOVE Divine that stooped to share
 Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
 On thee we cast each earth-born care,
 We smile at pain while thou art near!

- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
 And sorrows crowd each lingering year,
 No path we shun, no darkness dread,
 Our hearts still whispering, thou art near!

- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
 And trembling faith is changed to fear,
 The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
 Shall softly tell us, thou art near!

- 4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
 O Love Divine, forever dear,
 Content to suffer, while we know,
 Living and dying, thou art near.

501

10's M.

MRS. STOWE.

"Abide in Me."

THAT mystic word of thine, O Sovereign
 Lord!
 Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;

Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to thee.

2 Abide in me, — o'ershadow, by thy love,
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought
of sin ;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as thine, — calm and
divine.

3 As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own —
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around
it thrown.

4 The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that hand
divine ;
Dwell thou within it, tune and touch the chords,
Till every note and string shall answer thine.

5 Abide in me : there have been moments pure,
When I have seen thy face and felt thy
power ;
Then evil lost its grasp, and, passion hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

6 These were but seasons beautiful and rare ;
Abide in me, — and they shall ever be ;
I pray thee now fulfil my earnest prayer,
Come and abide in me, and I in thee.

502

C. M.

MOORE.

Heaven Desired.

THE bird let loose in Eastern skies,
 Returning fondly home,
 Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
 Where idle warblers roam.

2 But high she shoots through air and light, —
 Above all low delay,
 Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
 Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, God, from every snare
 Of sinful passion free,
 Aloft through faith's serener air
 To hold my course to thee.

4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
 My soul, as home she springs;
 Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
 Thy freedom on her wings.

503

S. M.

MRS. GUYON.

The Water of Life.

THE fountain in its source
 No drought of summer tears,
 The farther it pursues its course,
 The nobler it appears.

2 But shallow cisterns yield
 A scanty, short supply;
 The morning sees them amply filled, —
 At evening they are dry

3 The cisterns I forsake,
O fount of bliss, for thee !
My thirst with living waters slake,
And drink eternity.

504

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Following after God. Ps. lxxiii.

O GOD, thou art my God alone ;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

2 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God ;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
I lean upon thy staff and rod.

3 Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

4 Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee ?

505

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Enjoyment of Christ's Love.

JESUS, thy boundless love to me,
No thought can reach, no tongue declare,
Unite my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there.

- 2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray !
 All pain before its presence flies ;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away
 Where'er its healing beams arise.
- 3 O, let thy love my soul inflame,
 And to thy service sweetly bind ;
 Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
 And mould me wholly to thy mind.
- 4 Thy love, in sufferings, be my peace :
 Thy love, in weakness, make me strong ;
 And, when the storms of life shall cease,
 Thy love shall be in heaven my song.

506

C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Trust in the Divine Will.

MY God, my Father — blissful name —
 O, may I call thee mine?
 May I with sweet assurance claim
 A portion so divine?

- 2 This only can my fears control,
 And bid my sorrows fly ;
 What harm can ever reach my soul
 Beneath my Father's eye?
- 3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
 I calmly would resign ;
 For thou art good, and just, and wise ;
 O, bend my will to thine.
- 4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
 O, give me strength to bear :

And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

507

S. M.

DODDRIDGE

Trust in God.

HOW gentle God's commands !
How kind his precepts are !
" Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care."

- 2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell ;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind ?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Through each succeeding day ;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

508

L. M.

MRS. WILLARD.

Entire Trust.

ROCKED in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep ;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.

- 2 I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall ;

And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

3 And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death !

4 In ocean caves still safe with thee,
The germs of immortality ;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Reliance on God.

GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs, God counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, through clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 He everywhere hath rule,
And all things serve his might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee :
O, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !

- 5 Let us, in life or death,
 Boldly thy truth declare ;
 And publish, with our latest breath,
 Thy love and guardian care.

510

L. M.

GIBBONS.

Heavenly Life here.

NOW let our souls on wings sublime,
 Rise from the vanities of time,
 Draw back the parting veil, and see
 The glories of eternity.

- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
 Why should we grovel here on earth?
 Why grasp at transitory toys,
 So near to heaven's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
 When we are walking back to God?
 For strangers into life we come,
 And dying is but going home.

511

7's M.

FURNESS.

Jesus our Leader.

FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
 Learn to live and learn to die?
 Who, O God, my guide shall be?
 Who shall lead thy child to thee?

- 2 Blesséd Father, gracious One,
 Thou hast sent thy holy Son,
 He will give the light I need,
 He my trembling steps will lead,

3 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
 Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
 In my weakness, thus shall I
 Learn to live and learn to die.

4 Learn to live in peace and love,
 Like the perfect ones above ; —
 Learn to die without a fear,
 Feeling thee, my Father, near.

512

8 & 6's M. G. W. BETHUNE.

Alone, yet not Alone.

THE desert flower afar may bloom,
 Where foot of man ne'er trod ;
 Yet gratefully its soft perfume
 Ascendeth up to God ;
 And he will own the offering too,
 And fill its cup with living dew.

2 Alone may sing the forest bird,
 Afar from human ear ;
 Yet there he singeth not unheard,
 For God is listening near ;
 And he will cheer the warbler's breast
 With pleasant food and quiet rest.

3 Thus, when, before his gracious throne,
 With grateful praise I bend,
 I feel I am not all alone,
 For God is still my friend ;
 And humble though my love may be,
 He answereth it with love to me.

513

L. M. 6 l.

GERMAN.

The Child of God.

NONE loved me, Father, with thy love,
 None else can meet such needs as mine ;
 O, grant me, as thou shalt approve,
 All that befits a child of thine ;
 From every doubt and fear release,
 And give me confidence and peace.

2 Give me a faith shall never fail,
 One that shall always work by love ;
 And then, whatever foes assail,
 They shall but higher courage move
 More boldly for the truth to strive,
 And more by faith in thee to live ;

3 A heart that, when my days are glad,
 May never from thy way decline,
 And when the sky of life grows sad,
 May still submit its will to thine, —
 A heart that loves to trust in thee,
 A patient heart create in me.

514

L. M.

T. W. HIGGINSON.

I will arise and go unto my Father.

TO thine eternal arms, O God,
 Take us, thy erring children, in ;
 From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
 From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

2 Those arms were round our childish ways,
 A guard through helpless years to be ;
 O, leave not our maturer days ;
 We still are helpless without thee.

- 3 We trusted hope, and pride, and strength;
 Our strength proved false, our pride was
 vain;
 Our dreams have faded all at length;
 We come to thee, O Lord, again.
- 4 A guide to trembling steps yet be;
 Give us of thine eternal powers;
 So shall our paths all lead to thee,
 And life smile on like childhood's hours.

515

10 & 9's M.

MISS WINSLOW.

Why thus Longing?

- W**HY thus longing, thus forever sighing,
 For the far-off, the unattained, and dim,
 While the beautiful, all round thee lying,
 Offers up its low, perpetual hymn.
- 2 Would'st thou listen to its gentle teaching,
 All thy restless yearnings it would still;
 Leaf, and flower, and laden bee are preaching,
 Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.
- 3 Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
 Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw;
 If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
 To some little world through weal and woe.
- 4 Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
 Not by works that give thee world-renown,
 Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
 Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown

- 5 Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
 Every day a rich reward will give;
 Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
 And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

516

L. M.

BRYANT.

Cleaving to Earth.

EARTH'S children cleave to earth; her frail,
 Decaying children dread decay;
 Yon wreath of mist that leaves the vale,
 And lessens in the morning ray, —

- 2 Look, how by mountain rivulet
 It lingers as it upward creeps,
 And clings to fern and copsewood set
 Along the green and dewy steeps.
- 3 Yet all in vain — it passes still
 From hold to hold, it cannot stay;
 And in the very beams that fill
 The world with glory wastes away.
- 4 Till, parting from the mountain's brow,
 It vanishes from human eye,
 And that which sprung of earth is now
 A portion of the glorious sky.

517

C. M.

LONGFELLOW.

A Psalm of Life.

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
 “Life is but an empty dream!”
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

2 Life is real ! Life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not spoken of the soul.

3 Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us farther than to-day.

4 Let us then be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

518

C. M. HYMNS OF THE AGES.

~~If He is Mine.~~ 1 Cor. III. 22.

IF God is mine, then present things
 And things to come are mine ;
 Yea, Christ, his word, and spirit too,
 And glory all divine.

2 If he is mine, then from his love
 He every trouble sends ;
 All things are working for my good,
 And bliss his rod attends.

3 If he is mine, let friends forsake,
 Let wealth and honor flee ;
 Sure he who giveth me himself
 Is more than these to me.

- 4 O, tell me, Lord, that thou art mine !
 What can I wish beside ?
 My soul shall at the fountain live
 When all the springs are dried.

519

C. M.

FABER.

Efficacy of Love.

GOD only is the creature's home,
 Though long and rough the road ;
 Yet nothing less can satisfy
 The love that longs for God.

- 2 A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
 Can win their way above ;
 If mountains can be moved by faith,
 Is there less power in love ?
- 3 Dole not thy duties out to God,
 But let thy hand be free :
 Look long at Jesus ; his sweet blood,
 How was it dealt to thee ?
- 4 Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
 Love him as he loves thee ;
 Time and obedience are enough,
 And thou a saint shall be !

520

L. M.

TENNYSON.

"And all is well."

LOVE is and was my Lord and King,
 And in his presence I attend
 To hear the tidings of my friend,
 Which every hour his couriers bring.

- 2 Love is and was my King and Lord,
 And will be, though as yet I keep
 Within his court on earth, and sleep
 Encompassed by his faithful guard,
- 3 And hear at times a sentinel
 Who moves about from place to place,
 And whispers to the worlds of space
 In the deep night, that all is well.
- 4 And all is well, though faith and form
 Be sundered in the night of fear;
 Well roars the storm to those that hear
 A deeper voice across the storm.

521

7's M.

FRITZ & SCOLETT.

Giving Faith.

YE who think the truth ye sow
 Lost beneath the winter's snow,
 Doubt not time's unerring law
 Yet shall bring the genial thaw,
 God in nature ye can trust, —
 Is the God of mind less just?

- 2 Workers on the barren soil,
 Yours may seem a thankless toil;
 Sick at heart with hope deferred,
 Listen to the cheering word;
 Now the faithful sower grieves;
 Soon he'll bind his golden sheaves.

522

7's M. HYMNS OF THE AGES.

Confidence. Ex. ps. 15.

WHEN we cannot see our way,
Let us trust and still obey;
He who bids us forward go,
Cannot fail the way to show.

2 Though the sea be deep and wide,
Though a passage seem denied;
Fearless let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

3 Though it seems the gloom of night,
Though we see no ray of light:
Since the Lord himself is there,
'T is not meet that we should fear.

4 Night with him is never night;
Where he is, there all is light;
When he calls us, why delay;
They are happy who obey.

523

8 & 4's M.

R. C. TRENCH.

Life's Answer.

I KNOW not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot;
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

2 My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine:
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

3 One who has known in storms to sail,
 I have on board ;
 Above the raving of the gale,
 I hear the Lord.

4 He holds me when the billows smite —
 I shall not fall ;
 If sharp, 't is short, if long, 't is light ;
 He tempers all.

For Prudence and Wisdom.

FATHER of light ! conduct my feet
 Through life's dark, dangerous road ;
 Let each advancing step still bring
 Me nearer to my God.

2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide ;
 And when I go astray,
 Recall my feet from folly's path
 To wisdom's better way.

3 Teach me in every various scene
 To keep my end in sight ;
 And while I tread life's mazy track,
 Let wisdom guide me right.

4 That heavenly wisdom from above
 Abundantly impart ;
 And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
 And penetrate my heart.

- 5 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love !
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

525

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Watchfulness.

I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to find it near. .

- 2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire ;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

- 3 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.

- 4 Quick as the apple of the eye,
O God, my conscience make !
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

526

7's M.

C. WESLEY.

The Simplicity of Christ.

LORD ! that I may learn of thee,
Give me true simplicity ;
Wean my soul, and keep it low,
Willing thee alone to know.

2 Of my boasted wisdom spoiled,
 Docile, helpless as a child ;
 Only seeing in thy light,
 Only walking in thy might.

3 Then infuse the living grace,
 Truthful soul of righteousness ;
 Knowledge, love divine, impart, ---
 Life eternal to my heart.

527

C. M.

WATTS.

“● that my ~~W~~ays were directed to keep thy Statutes.”

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still !
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will !

2 O send thy spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart !
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere ;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.

4 Make me to walk in thy commands,—
 'T is a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

528

S. M.

PATRICK.

The Fatherly Love of God.

GOD, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And to the paths of righteousness
Their wandering steps conduct.

2 The humble soul he guides,
Teaches the meek his way,
Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who his just laws obey.

3 Give me the tender heart
That mixes fear with love,
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.

4 Oh ! ever keep my soul
From error, shame, and guilt ;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

529

8 & 7's M.

MRS. HEMANS.

"The greatest of these is Charity."

MEET and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the blessed three,
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou, Charity !

2 Pity dwelleth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart ;
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee—
Censure hath in thee no part.

3 Hoping ever, failing never,
 Though deceived, believing still;
 Long abiding, all confiding,
 To thy heavenly Father's will.

4 Never weary of well-doing,
 Never fearful of the end;
 Claiming all mankind as brothers,
 Thou dost all alike befriend.

530

C. M.

WESLEYAN.

For Purity of Heart.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free;
 A heart that always feels how good,
 Thou, Lord, hast been to me.

2 O for a humble, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him who dwells within.

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine,
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 Conformed, O Lord, to thine.

531

C. P. M.

WESLEY'S COLL.

True Wisdom.

BE it my only wisdom here
 To serve the Lord with filial fear,
 With loving gratitude;

Superior sense may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

- 2 O, may I still from sin depart !
A wise and understanding heart,
Father, to me be given !
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.

532

11's M.

MRS. HALE.

The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father in heaven, we hallow thy name,
May thy kingdom holy on earth be the
same !

O, give to us daily our portion of bread ;
It is from thy bounty that all must be fed.

- 2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to
know
That humble compassion which pardons each
foe :
Keep us from temptation, from weakness and
sin,
And thine be the glory forever — Amen.

533

S. M.

COWPER.

Dependence on God.

TO keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl ;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.

- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand
 Supplies the living stream ;
 It is not at our own command,
 But still derived from him.
- 3 Man's wisdom is to seek
 His strength in God alone ;
 And e'en an angel would be weak,
 Who trusted in his own.
- 4 Retreat beneath his wings,
 And in his grace confide ;
 This more exalts the King of kings
 Than all your works beside.
- 5 In God is all our store,
 Grace issues from his throne ;
 Whoever says, " I want no more,"
 Confesses he has none.

Purposes of God developed by his Providence.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace ;

Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.,

4 His purposes will ripen fast
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

PEACE AND JOY.

535

7 & 6's M.

COWPER.

Joy and Peace in believing.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings,
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings ;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new ;
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
" E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may."

3 It can bring with it nothing,
 But he will bear us through ;
 Who gives the lilies clothing
 Will clothe his people too.
 Beneath the spreading heavens,
 No creature but is fed ;
 And he who feeds the ravens
 Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine, nor fig-tree neither,
 Its wonted fruit should bear ;
 Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice ;
 For while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice.

536

C. M.

DODDRIDGE

Covenant of Grace.

MY GOD ! the covenant of thy love
 Abides forever sure ;
 And in its matchless grace I feel
 My happiness secure.

2 Since thou, the everlasting God,
 My Father art become,
 Jesus my guardian and my friend,
 And heaven my final home ; —

3 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
 For all that will is love ;
 And when I know not what thou dost,
 I wait the light above.

- 4 Thy covenant in the darkest gloom
 Shall heavenly rays impart,
 And when my eyelids close in death,
 Sustain my fainting heart.

537

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Soul returning to God.

RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
 From vain pursuits and maddening cares,
 From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
 The world's allurements, toils, and snares.

- 2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
 From all the wanderings of thy thought;
 From sickness unto death made whole;
 Safe through a thousand perils brought.
- 3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
 From passions every hour at strife;
 Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn,
 Lay hold upon eternal life.
- 4 God is thy rest; — with heart inclined
 To keep his word, that word believe;
 Christ is thy rest; — with lowly mind,
 His light and easy yoke receive.

538

L. M.

HARRIS.

Peace in Believing.

FAR from the Lord I wandered long,
 Until the Gentle Shepherd came,
 And called me to the lowly throng,
 Who love his word and own his name.

2 Now in that peaceful fold I dwell.
 And hear his voice of love divine :
 O, for seraphic tongues, to tell
 What joys unspeakable are mine.

3 Within my heart a temple stands,
 And there the Lord of life comes down :
 Soon in a house not made with hands
 I shall receive my angel-crown.

539

7 & 6's M.

MONTGOMERY.

Confidence in God. Ps. xlviii.

GOD is my strong salvation ;
 What foe have I to fear ?
 In darkness and temptation
 My light, my help, is near.
 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm to the fight I stand ;
 What terror can confound me
 With God at my right hand ?

2 Place on the Lord reliance ;
 My soul, with courage wait ;
 His truth be thine affiance,
 When faint and desolate ;
 His might thy heart shall strengthen ;
 His love thy joy increase ;
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;
 The Lord will give thee peace.

540

S. M.

WATTS.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

COME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known ;

Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place !
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We 're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

541

H. M.

WATTS.

Safety in God.

TO heaven I lift mine eyes ;
From God is all my aid —
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made ;
God is the tower to which I fly ;
His grace is nigh in every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes, which never sleep,
Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
 No blasts of evening air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there.
 Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,
 To guard my head by night or noon.

4 Hast thou not pledged thy word
 To save my soul from death?
 And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath.
 I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
 Till from on high thou call me home.

542

L. M.

BULFINCH.

"Did not our Hearts burn within us?"

HATH not thy heart within thee burned
 At evening's calm and holy hour,
 As if its inmost depths discerned
 The presence of a loftier power?

2 As they who once with Jesus trod,
 With kindling breast his accents heard,
 But knew not that the Son of God
 Was uttering every burning word, —

3 Father of Jesus, thus thy voice
 Speaks to our hearts in tones divine;
 Our spirits tremble and rejoice,
 But know not that the voice is thine.

4 Still be thy hallowed accents near;
 To doubt and passion whisper peace;
 Direct us on our journey here,
 And bid, in heaven, our wanderings cease.

543

L. M.

BEARD'S COLL.

God's Care our Comfort.

OH! sweet it is to know, to feel,
 In all our gloom, our wanderings here,
 No night of sorrow can conceal
 Man from thy notice, from thy care.

2 When disciplined by long distress,
 And led through paths of fear and woe,
 Say, dost thou love thy children less?
 No! ever gracious Father, no!

3 No distance can outreach thine eye,
 No night obscure thy endless day;
 Be this my comfort when I sigh,
 Be this my safeguard when I stray.

544

11 & 10's M. MRS. H. B. STOWN.

The Calm of the Soul.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper
 ocean,
 And billows wild contend with angry roar,
 'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
 That peaceful stillness reigneth, evermore.

2 Far, far beneath, the noise of tempests dieth,
 And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
 Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

3 So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest!
 There is a temple, sacred evermore,
 And all the babble of life's angry voices
 Dies in hushed stillness, at its peaceful door.

4 Far, far away the roar of passion dieth,
 And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
 And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
 Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord, in thee.

5 O rest of rests ! O peace serene, eternal !
 Thou ever livest, and thou changest never,
 And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
 Fulness of joy, forever and forever.

545

C. M.

ALICE CARY.

The True Rest.

EACH fearful storm that o'er us rolls,
 Each path of peril trod,
 Is but a means whereby our souls
 Acquaint themselves with God.

2 Our wants and weakness, shame and sin,
 His pitying kindness prove,
 And all our lives are folded in
 The mystery of his love.

3 His sun is shining, sure and fast,
 O'er all our nights of dread ;
 Our darkness by his light, at last,
 Shall be interpreted.

546

S. M.

MONTGOMERY

The True Rest.

O WHERE shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul ?
 'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole :

2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh ;
 'T is not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasured by the flight of years,
 And all that life is love.

547

L. M.

MME. GUYON.

The Omnipresent Peace of God.

O THOU, by long experience tried,
 Near whom no grief can long abide ; —
 My Lord, how full of sweet content
 My years of pilgrimage are spent !

2 All scenes alike engaging prove,
 To souls impressed with sacred love ;
 Where'er they dwell, they dwell in thee,
 In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

3 To them remains nor place nor time ;
 Their country is in every clime ;
 They can be calm and free from care
 On any shore, since God is there.

4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
 The soul finds happiness in none ;
 But with a God to guide our way,
 'T is equal joy to go or stay.

548

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

A Rest remaineth.

LORD ! we believe a rest remains
 To all thy people known :
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns ; —
 For thou art served alone : —

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
 Is fixed on things above ;
 Where fear, and sin and grief expire
 Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that we now that rest might know,
 Believe and enter in !
 Thou Holiest ! now the power bestow,
 And let us cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from our heart,
 This unbelief remove :
 The rest of perfect faith impart,
 The Sabbath of thy love.

549

7's M.

CENNICK.

The Christian rejoicing in Hope.

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
 As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
 Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod ;
 They are happy now, and ye
 Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest ;
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
 There your seat is now prepared,
 There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lord, submissive make us go,
 Ready, leaving all below ;
 Only thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

550

8 & 7's M.

GRANT.

Resolving in Hope of the Glory of God.

KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation ;
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
 Joy to find in every station
 Something still to do or bear ;
 Think what spirit dwells within thee ;
 Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
 Think what Jesus did to win thee ;
 Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith and winged by prayer ;
 Heaven's eternal day 's before thee ;
 God's own hand shall guide thee there ;
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission ;
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

551

C. M.

RIPPON'S COLL.

Peace with God.

FATHER ! whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,

Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise : —

2 “ Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 “ Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey’s end.”

552

7’s M.

ANONYMOUS.

A Life hid in God.

LET my life be hid in thee,
Life of life, and Light of light !
Love’s illimitable sea !
Depth of peace, of power the height !

2 Let my life be hid in thee,
From vexation and annoy ;
Calm in thy tranquillity,
All my mourning turned to joy.

3 Let my life be hid in thee ;
When my strength and health shall fail,
Let thine immortality
In my dying hour prevail.

4 Let my life be hid in thee ;
In the world, and yet above ;
Hid in thine eternity,
In the ocean of thy love.

553

L. M.

MRS. BROWNING.

He giveth his beloved Sleep.

OF all the thoughts of God, that are
 Borne inward unto souls afar,
 Along the Psalmist's music deep —
 Now tell me if that any is,
 For gift or grace surpassing this,
 "He giveth his beloved sleep"?

2 His dews drop mutely on the hill —
 His cloud above it saileth still —
 Though on its slope men toil and reap;
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated overhead,
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

3 And friends, dear friends! When it shall be,
 That this low breath is gone from me —
 When round my bier ye come to weep;
 Let one, most loving of you all,
 Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall;"
 "He giveth his beloved sleep."

554

7's M.

BEAUMONT.

The Heaben within.

AS earth's pageant passes by
 Let reflection turn thine eye
 Inward, and observe thy breast;
 There alone dwells solid rest.

2 That's a close immured tower,
 Which can mock all hostile power;
 To thyself a tenant be,
 And inhabit safe and free.

3 Say not that this house is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall ;
In a cleanly, sober mind,
Heaven itself full room doth find.

4 The infinite Creator can
Dwell in it ; and may not man ?
Here, content, make thy abode
With thyself and with thy God.

555

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

~~Our~~ ~~Heaven~~ ~~within~~.

THERE is a world, — and O, how blest !
Fairer than prophets told ;
And never did an angel guest
One half its peace unfold.

2 Look not abroad, with roving mind,
To seek that fair abode ;
It comes where'er the lowly find
The perfect peace of God.

556

S. M.

MISS FLETCHER.

~~Where~~ ~~is~~ ~~Heaven~~ ?

OUR heaven is everywhere,
If we but love the Lord,
Unswerving tread the narrow way,
And ever shun the broad.

2 'Tis where the trusting heart
Bows meekly to its grief,
Still looking up with earnest faith
For comfort and relief.

3 Where guileless infancy
In happiness doth dwell,
And where the aged one can say,
“ He hath done all things well.”

4 Wherever truth abides,
Sweet peace is ever there ;
If we but love and serve the Lord,
Our heaven is everywhere.

557

8 & 7's M.

J. G. ADAMS.

Heaven here.

HEAVEN is here. Its hymns of gladness
Cheer the true believer's way,
In this world where sin and sadness
Often change to night our day.

2 Heaven is here ; where misery lightened
Of its heavy load is seen,
Where the face of sorrow brightened
By the deed of love hath been :

3 Where the bound, the poor, despairing,
Are set free, supplied and blest ;
Where, in others' anguish sharing,
We can find our surest rest.

4 Where we heed the voice of duty
Rather than man's praise, or rod ;
This is heaven, — its peace, its beauty,
Radiant with the smile of God.

DEATH.

558

C. M.

HARRIS.

~~What is Death?~~

DEATH is the fading of a cloud,
 The breaking of a chain ;
 The rending of a mortal shroud
 We ne'er shall find again.

2 Death is the conqueror's welcome home ;
 The heavenly city's door ;
 The entrance of the world to come —
 'T is life for evermore.

3 Death is the close of life's alarms, —
 The watch-light on the shore ; —
 The clasping in immortal arms
 Of loved ones gone before.

4 Death is the gaining of a crown
 Where saints and angels meet ;
 The laying of our burden down
 At the Deliverer's feet.

5 Death is the song from seraph lips ; —
 The dayspring from on high ; —
 The ending of the soul's eclipse, —
 Its transit to the sky.

559

7's M.

MONTGOMERY

~~Freedom in Death.~~

“ **S**PIRIT, leave thy house of clay ;
 Lingering dust, resign thy breath ;

Spirit, cast thy chains away ;
 Dust, be thou dissolved in death ! ”

2 Thus the mighty Saviour speaks,
 While the faithful Christian dies ;
 Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
 And the ransomed captive flies.

3 Prisoner, long detained below,
 Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
 Welcome from a world of woe ;
 Welcome to a land of rest.

560

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Death and Entrance on Immortality.

O GOD unseen — but not unknown !
 Thine eye is ever fixed on me ;
 I dwell beneath thy secret throne,
 Encompassed by thy deity.

2 The moment comes when strength must fail,
 When, health and hope and comfort flown,
 I must go down into the vale
 And shade of death, with thee alone :

3 Alone with thee : — in that dread strife,
 Uphold me through mine agony,
 And gently be this dying life
 Exchanged for immortality.

4 Then, when th' unbodied spirit lands
 Where flesh and blood have never trod,
 And in the unveiled presence stands,
 Of thee, my Saviour and my God :

- 5 Be mine eternal portion this,
 Since thou wert always here with me,
 That I may view thy face in bliss,
 And be for evermore with thee.

561

S. M.

CH. PSALMODY

The peaceful Death of the Righteous.

O FOR the death of those
 Who slumber in the Lord !
 O, be like theirs my last repose,
 Like theirs my last reward !

- 2 Their ransomed spirits soar,
 On wings of faith and love,
 To meet the Saviour they adore,
 And reign with him above.

- 3 With us their names shall live
 Through long-succeeding years,
 Embalmed with all our hearts can give, —
 Our praises and our tears.

- 4 O for the death of those
 Who slumber in the Lord !
 O, be like theirs my last repose,
 Like theirs my last reward.

562

L. M.

W. J. Fox.

How to Live, and how to Die.

THE sage his cup of hemlock quaffed,
 And calmly drained the fatal draught :
 Such pledge did Grecian justice give
 To one who taught men how to live.

- 2 The Christ, in piety assured,
The anguish of his cross endured ;
Such pangs did Jewish bigots try
On him who taught us how to die.
- 3 'Mid prison-walls, the sage could trust
That men would grow more wise and just :
From Calvary's mount, the Christ could see
The dawn of immortality.
- 4 Who know to live, and know to die,
Their souls are safe, their triumph nigh :
Power may oppress, and priestcraft ban ;
Justice and faith are God in man.

563

L. M.

HARRIS.

Children borne Home by Angels.

“**W**ITH roses crown his baby head ;
Close with a kiss his tender eyes ;
Strew lilies o'er his cradle bed,
For he shall wake in Paradise.”

- 2 What music fills the silent room ?
O list ! the guardian angel sings :
“ Our spirit rosebud springs to bloom,
Our spirit-bird unfolds its wings.”
- 3 O mother ! look with inward eyes ;
Dear heart ! at once bereaved and blest.
Behold the infant cherub rise ;
He smiles upon an angel's breast.

- 4 Rejoice amid thy sorrow's tears ;
 Rejoice, for unto thee 't was given
 To swell the music of the spheres,
 To bear an angel-babe for heaven.

564

L. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Death of the Righteous.

- S**WEET is the scene when virtue dies !
 When sinks a righteous soul to rest ;
 How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell ;
 How bright the unchanging morn appears !
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 4 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies ;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 " How blessed the righteous when he dies ! "

565

L. M.

WATTS.

Christ's Presence makes Death easy.

- W**HY should we start and fear to die ?
 What timorous worms we mortals are !
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

- 2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away ;
 Still we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O ! if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

566

S. M.

ANON.

No such Thing as Death.

“ **T**HERE 's no such thing as death,”
 To those that think aright ;
 'Tis but the racer casting off
 What most impedes his flight ;
 'Tis but one little act,
 Life's drama must contain ;
 One struggle keener than the rest,
 And then an end of pain.

- 2 “ There 's no such thing as death ;”
 In nature nothing dies !
 From each soft remnant of decay
 Some forms of life arise.
 The faded leaf that falls,
 All sere and brown to earth,
 Erelong shall mingle with the shapes
 That gave the flow'et birth.

- 3 “ There’s no such thing as death,”
 ’T is but the blooming spray,
 Sinking before the coming fruit
 That seeks the summer’s ray :
 ’T is but the bud displaced,
 As comes the perfect flower ;
 ’T is faith exchanged for sight,
 And weariness for power.

567

7’s M.

THOMAS HOOD.

~~F~~arewell ~~Life!~~ ~~W~~elcome ~~Life!~~

FAREWELL life ! My senses swim,
 And the world is growing dim :
 Thronging shadows cloud the light,
 Like the advent of the night—
 Colder, colder, colder still,
 Upward steals a vapor chill ;
 Strong the earthy odor grows,—
 I smell the mould above the rose .

- 2 Welcome life ! the spirit strives !
 Strength returns and hope revives ;
 Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
 Fly like shadows at the morn ;
 O’er the earth there comes a bloom ;
 Sunny light for sullen gloom,
 Warm perfume for vapor cold—
 I smell the rose above the mould !

568

7 & 6’s M.

C. MALAN.

~~It is not Dying~~

NO, no, it is not dying
 To go unto our God,
 The weary earth forsaking,
 Our journey homeward taking
 Along the starry road.

2 No, no, it is not dying
 Heaven's citizen to be,
 The crown eternal wearing,
 And rest unbroken sharing,
 From care and conflict free.

3 No, no, it is not dying
 To hear the precious word,
 Receive a Father's blessing,
 Forevermore possessing
 The favor of the Lord.

569

8 & 7's M.

S. F. SMITH.

Death of a Young Girl.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
 Gentle as the summer breeze,
 Pleasant as the air of evening,
 When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber —
 Peaceful in the grave so low :
 Thou no more wilt join our number ;
 Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us ;
 Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
 But 't is God that hath bereft us :
 He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
 When the day of life is fled,
 Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
 Where no farewell tear is shed.

570

L. M.

BURLLEIGH.

"Why seek ye the Living among the Dead?"

AH! why should bitter tears be shed
In sorrow o'er the mounded sod,
When verily there are no dead
Of all the children of our God?

2 They who are lost to outward sense
Have but flung off their robes of clay,
And, clothed in heavenly radiance,
Attend us on our lowly way.

3 And oft their spirits breathe in ours
The hope and strength and love of theirs,
Which bloom as bloom the early flowers
In breath of summer's viewless airs.

4 And silent aspirations start,
In promptings of their purer thought,
Which gently lead the troubled heart
To joys not even Hope had wrought.

571

L. M.

NORTON.

Blessedness of the Pious Dead.

O STAY thy tears; for they are blest,
, Whose days are past, whose toil is done:
Here midnight care disturbs our rest;
Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.

2 How blest are they whose transient years
Pass like an evening meteor's flight!
Not dark with guilt, nor dim with tears;
Whose course is short, unclouded, bright.

- 3 O, cheerless were our lengthened way ;
 But heaven's own light dispels the gloom,
 Streams downward from eternal day,
 And casts a glory round the tomb.
- 4 O, stay thy tears : the blest above
 Have hailed a spirit's heavenly birth,
 And sung a song of joy and love ;
 Then why should anguish reign on earth ?

572

L. M.

MRS. MACKAY.

"Asleep in Christ."

A SLEEP in Jesus ! blesséd sleep !
 From which none ever wakes to weep ;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the dread of foes.

- 2 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest !
 Whose waking is supremely blest ;
 No fear, no woes shall dim that hour,
 Which manifests the Saviour's power !
- 3 Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space
 Debars this precious hiding-place ;
 On Indian plains, or Lapland's snows,
 Believers find the same repose.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
 But thine is still a blesséd sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

573

L. M.

J. TAYLOR.

The Shortness of Life

LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
 Or clouds that roll successive on,
 Man's busy generations pass,
 And while we gaze their forms are gone.

2 “He lived, — he died ;” behold the sum,
 The abstract of the historian's page !
 Alike, in God's all-seeing eye,
 The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

3 O Father ! in whose mighty hand
 The boundless years and ages lie ;
 Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
 And use the moments as they fly ;

4 To crowd the narrow span of life
 With wise designs and virtuous deeds ;
 And bid us wake from death's dark night,
 To share the glory that succeeds.

574

8 & 7's M.

HORNE.

Autumn Warnings.

SEE the leaves around us falling,
 Dry and withered, to the ground ;
 Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
 In a sad and solemn sound : —

2 “Youth, on length of days presuming,
 Who the paths of pleasure tread, —
 View us, late in beauty blooming,
 Numbered now among the dead.

3 “ What though yet no losses grieve you,
 Gay with health and many a grace,
 Let not cloudless skies deceive you :
 Summer gives to autumn place.

4 On the tree of life eternal,
 Let our highest hopes be stayed ;
 This alone, forever vernal,
 Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

575

L. M.

JOSEPH B. SMITH.

~~A~~fr~~ai~~d to ~~die~~.

A FRAID to die ! O, idle fear !
 Since God our Father is so near,
 With loving arms to clasp the soul
 Released from pain and earth's control.

2 Afraid to die ! O, idle thought !
 Since Christ the immortal life hath brought
 So clearly to our raptured eyes,
 How can we shrink from Paradise !

3 Afraid to die ! no, Father, no ;
 When thou shalt call I 'll gladly go ;
 In death or life I would be thine,
 And to thy will my own resign.

576

8 & 6's M.

ANONYMOUS.

~~T~~here is no ~~Death~~.

THERE is no death ! The stars go down
 To rise upon some fairer shore ;
 And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
 They shine for evermore.

2 There is no death ! The dust we tread
 Shall change beneath the summer showers
 To golden grain or mellow fruit,
 Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

3 The granite rocks disorganize
 To feed the hungry moss they bear ;
 The forest leaves drink daily life
 From out the viewless air.

4 There is no death ! The leaves may fall,
 The flowers may fade and pass away —
 They only wait through wintry hours
 The coming of the May.

5 There is no death ! An angel form
 Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
 He bears our best loved things away,
 And then we call them " dead."

6 He leaves our hearts all desolate —
 He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers ;
 Transplanted into bliss, they now
 Adorn immortal bowers.

577

7's M

ANONYMOUS.

Birge.

CLAY to clay, and dust to dust !
 Let them mingle — for they must !
 Give to earth the earthly clod,
 For the spirit's fled to God.

2 Deep the pit, and cold the bed,
 Where the spoils of death are laid ;
 Stiff the curtains, chill the gloom,
 Of man's melancholy tomb.

- 3 Look aloft ! The spirit's risen —
 Death cannot the soul imprison ;
 'Tis in heaven that spirits dwell,
 Glorious, though invisible.

578

7's M.

WESLEY'S COLL.

"Blessed are the Dead, that die in the Lord."

READY for their glorious crown, —
 Sorrows past and sins forgiven, —
 Here they lay their burthen down,
 Hallowed and made meet for heaven.

- 2 Yes ! the Christian's course is run ;
 Ended is the glorious strife ;
 Fought the fight, the work is done ;
 Death is swallowed up in life.

IMMORTALITY AND HEAVEN.

579

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Better Land.

THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
 In visions of enraptured thought,
 So bright that all which spreads between
 Is with its radiant glory fraught : —

- 2 A land upon whose blissful shore
 There rests no shadow, falls no stain ;
 There those who meet shall part no more,
 And those long parted meet again.
- 3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
 With varying hues of shade and light ;
 It hath no need of suns to rise,
 To dissipate the gloom of night.

- 4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode ;
The wanderer there a home may find,
Within the paradise of God.

580

L. M.

MRS. STEELE.

The glorious World on High.

THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day ;
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
And God's own word reveals the way.

- 2 There shall the servants of the Lord
With never-fading lustre shine ;
Surprising honor ! large reward,
Conferred on man by love divine !
- 3 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light ;
But these shall know no change nor shade.
Forever fair, forever bright.
- 4 And shall not these cold hearts of ours
Be kindled at the glorious view ?
Come, Lord, awake our active powers,
Our feeble, dying strength renew.
- 5 On wings of faith and strong desire
O, may our spirits daily rise ;
And reach at last the shining choir,
In the bright mansions of the skies.

581

8 & 4's.

MONTGOMERY.

There is a Calm for those who weep.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found;
 They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
 Low in the ground.

2 The storm that racks the wintry sky
 No more disturbs their deep repose
 Than summer evening's latest sigh,
 That shuts the rose.

3 I long to lay this painful head
 And aching heart beneath the soil;
 To slumber in that dreamless bed,
 From all my toil.

4 The soul, of origin divine,
 God's glorious image, freed from clay,
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
 A star of day.

5 The sun is but a spark of fire;
 A transient meteor in the sky;
 The soul, immortal as its Sire,
 Shall never die.

582

C. M.

WATTS.

A Prospect of the Heavenly Canaan.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dressed in living green ;
 So, to the Jews, old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
 To cross this narrow sea,
 And linger shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unclouded eyes ;
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

Prospect of the Promised Land.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wistful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight !

3 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God, the sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness nor sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

584

L. M. 6 l.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

"And they found the Stone rolled away from the
Sepulchre."

THE mourners came at break of day
Unto the garden-sepulchre ;
With darkened hearts to weep and pray,
For Him, the loved one, buried there.
What radiant light dispels the gloom ?
An angel sits beside the tomb.

2 Then mourn we not beloved dead,
E'en while we come to weep and pray ;
The happy spirit far hath fled
To brighter realms of endless day ;
Immortal hope dispels the gloom !
An angel sits beside the tomb.

585

8 & 6's M.

W. B. TAPPAN.

Heaven Anticipated.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
 To mourning wanderers given ;
 There is a joy for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast ;
 'Tis found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sins and sorrows driven,
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear — 't is heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 The heart no longer riven,—
 And views the tempest passing by,
 Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom ;
 Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

586

L. M. 8 l.

BOWRING.

The Hope of another Life.

IF all our hopes and all our fears
 Were prisoned in life's narrow bound ;
 If — travellers through this vale of tears —
 We saw no better world beyond ;
 O, who could check the rising sigh ?
 What earthly thing could pleasure give ?
 O, who could venture then to die ?
 Or, who could venture then to live ?

- 2 Were life a dark and desert moor,
 Where mist and clouds eternal spread
 Their gloomy veil behind, before,
 And tempests thunder overhead ;
 Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
 And not a floweret smiles beneath,—
 Who could exist in such a tomb ?
 Who, dwell in darkness and in death ?
- 3 And such were life, without the ray
 Of our divine religion given ;
 'Tis this that makes our darkness day,—
 'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.
 Bright is the golden sun above,
 And beautiful the flowers that bloom,
 And all is joy, and all is love,
 Reflected from the world to come.

587

C. M.

CH. PSALMIST.

The Heavenly Home.

- J**ERUSALEM ! my happy home !
 Name ever dear to me !
 When shall my labors have an end
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know :
 Blest seats ! through bright or stormy scenes
 I onward press to you.
- 3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around my Saviour stand ;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

4 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
 My soul still pants for thee ;
 Then shall my labors have an end,
 When I thy peace shall see.

588

8 & 7's M. J. G. BARTHOLOMEW.

Guardian Angels.

"And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him."

IS it true that angels hear us,
 When we sing our songs of praise?
 That bright wings are waving near us,
 When to heaven our thoughts we raise?
 Is it true that when we're praying
 Radiant forms are bending near?
 That they know what we are saying,
 And our every word can hear?

2 Is it true that in our sorrow,
 They in tender love draw nigh,
 Telling us of that bright morrow,
 Where no tear shall dim the eye?
 Do they come on holy missions
 From our Father's home above,
 To return with our petitions,
 And our songs of praise and love?

3 Can we doubt since that bright legion
 Came rejoicing to the earth,
 Leaving the celestial region
 To announce the Saviour's birth?
 Or when in the garden bending
 Christ was filled with pain and grief,
 Holy angels were attending,
 With their words of sweet relief?

- 4 And if men have heard their chorus,
 On the earth in days of old,
 May they not be bending o'er us,
 With their crowns and harps of gold?
 Let us listen to their singing,
 For it is of heavenly love;
 And the very air is ringing
 With their praise of God above.

589

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Forever with the Lord.

“FOREVER with the Lord,”
 Amen. So let it be;
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 And immortality.
 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.

- 2 My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near,
 At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
 Thy golden gates appear!
 Yet doubts still intervene,
 And all my comfort flies;
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between
 Rough seas and stormy skies

- 3 “Forever with the Lord!”
 Father, if 't is thy will,
 The promise of thy gracious word,
 E'en here to me fulfil.

Be thou at my right hand,
 So shall I never fail :
 Uphold me, and I needs must stand ;
 Fight, and I shall prevail.

- 4 So, when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.
 Knowing “as I am known,”
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 “Forever with the Lord !”

590

S. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Heaven.

FAR from these scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.

- 2 No cloud those regions know,
 Forever bright and fair ;
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.
- 3 There night is never known,
 Nor sun's faint, sickly ray ;
 But glory from th' eternal throne
 Spreads everlasting day.
- 4 O, may this prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love !
 And lively faith and strong desire
 Bear every thought above.

591

C. M.

C. D. STUART.

Attractions of Heaven.

AS distant lands beyond the sea,
 When friends go thence, draw nigh,
 So heaven, when friends have thither gone,
 Draws nearer from the sky.

2 And as those lands the dearer grow,
 When friends are long away,
 So heaven itself, through loved ones dead,
 Grows dearer day by day.

3 Heaven is not far from those who see,
 With the pure spirit's sight,
 But near, and in the very hearts
 Of those who see aright.

592

7's M.

TOPLADY.

The Freed Spirit.

DEATHLESS principle, arise ;
 Soar, thou native of the skies ;
 Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
 To his glorious likeness wrought,
 Go to shine before his throne,
 Deck his mediatorial crown ;
 Go, his triumphs to adorn,
 Made for God — to God return.

2 Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
 Sweetly breathe thyself away ;
 Singing, to thy crown remove,
 Swift of wing, and fired with love.
 Shudder not to pass the stream ;
 Venture all thy care on him ;
 Him, whose dying love and power
 Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

- 3 Saints in glory perfect made,
 Wait thy passage through the shade ;
 Ardent for thy coming o'er,
 See, they throng the blissful shore ;
 Mount, their transports to improve,
 Join the longing choir above ;
 Swiftly to their wish be given ;
 Kindle higher joy in heaven.

593

L. M.

ANONYMOUS

The World to Come.

THERE is a world we have not seen,
 That wasting time can ne'er destroy,
 Where mortal footsteps have not been,
 Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

- 2 That world to come ! and O, how blest ! —
 Fairer than prophets ever told ;
 And never did an angel-guest
 One half its blessedness unfold.
- 3 It is all holy and serene, —
 The land of glory and repose ;
 And there, to dim the radiant scene,
 No tear of sorrow ever flows.
- 4 It is not fanned by summer gale ;
 'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers ;
 It never needs the moonbeam pale,
 For there are known no evening hours.
- 5 There forms unseen by mortal eye,
 Too glorious for our sight to bear,
 Are walking with their God on high,
 And waiting our arrival there.

594

11's M.

MUHLENBURG.

Longing for Heaven.

I WOULD not live alway ; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
way ;

The few lucid mornings that dawn on us here
Are followed by gloom or beclouded with fear.

2 I would not live alway thus fettered by sin —
Temptation without and corruption within :
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway, no — welcome the tomb :
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom ;
There sweet be my rest ; he will bid me arise,
To share in his joy and his life in the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway away from his God —
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the
plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ?

5 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

595

S. M.

BRIGG'S COLL.

The Heavenly Call.

COME to the land of peace,
From shadows come away,
Where all the sounds of weeping cease,
And storms no more have sway.

2 Fear hath no dwelling here,
 But pure repose and love
 Breathe through the bright, celestial air,
 The spirit of the dove.

3 Come to the bright and blest,
 Gathered from every land ;
 For here thy soul shall find its rest,
 Amidst the shining band.

4 In this divine abode
 Change leaves no saddening trace ;
 Come, trusting spirit, to thy God,
 Thy holy resting-place !

Memory of the Just.

EARTH'S transitory things decay,
 Its pomps, its pleasures pass away ;
 But the sweet memory of the good
 Survives in the vicissitude.

2 As 'mid the ever-rolling sea,
 The eternal isles established be,
 'Gainst which the surges of the main
 Fret, dash, and break themselves in vain : —

3 As in the heavens the urns divine
 Of golden light forever shine ;
 Though clouds may darken, storms may rage,
 They still shine on from age to age : —

4 So, through the ocean-tide of years,
 The memory of the just appears ;
 So, through the tempest and the gloom,
 The good man's virtues light the tomb.

597

C. M.

H. B. STOWN.

The other World.

IT lies around us like a cloud, —
 A world we do not see ;
 Yet the sweet closing of an eye
 May bring us there to be.

2 Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
 Sweet helping hands are stirred,
 And palpitates the veil between
 With breathings almost heard.

3 The silence — awful, sweet, and calm —
 They have no power to break ;
 For mortal words are not for them
 To utter or partake.

4 Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
 Scarce asking where we are,
 We feel all evil sink away
 All sorrow and all care.

598

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Preparation for Heaven.

HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin,
 But all who hope to enter there
 Should here that holy course begin
 Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

2 Clean hearts, O God, in us create ;
 Right spirits in us, Lord, renew ;
 Commence we now that higher state ;
 Now do thy will as angels do.

- 3 In Jesus' footsteps may we tread,
 Learn every lesson of his love ;
 And be from grace to glory led,
 From heaven below to heaven above.

599

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Way to the Heavenly City.

SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Your great Deliverer sing ;
 Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
 Be joyful in your King.

- 2 A hand divine shall lead you on
 Through all the blissful road,
 Till to the sacred mount you rise,
 And see your Father, God.

- 3 There garlands of immortal joy
 Shall bloom on every head,
 While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
 Like shadows all are fled.

- 4 March on in your Redeemer's strength,
 Pursue his footsteps still,
 And let the prospect cheer your eye
 While laboring up the hill.

600

7's M. 6 l.

BOWRING.

The Pilgrimage of Life.

LEAD us with thy gentle sway,
 As a willing child is led ;
 Speed us on our forward way,
 As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
 Who with prayers and helps divine
 Seeks a consecrated shrine.

2 We are pilgrims, and our goal
Is that distant land whose bourn
Is the haven of the soul ;
Where the mourners cease to mourn,
Where the Saviour's hand will dry
Every tear from every eye.

3 Lead us thither ! thou dost know
All the way ; but wanderers we
Often miss our path below,
And stretch out our hands to thee ;
Guide us, — save us, — and prepare
Our appointed mansion there !

601

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The River of Life.

THERE is a pure and peaceful wave,
That issues from the throne of love,
Whose waters gladden as they lave
The bright and heavenly courts above.

2 The pilgrim faint, who seems to sink
Beneath the sultry sky of time,
May here repose, and freely drink
The waters of that better clime.

3 And every soul may here partake
The blessings of the fount above ;
And none who drink will e'er forsake
The crystal stream of boundless love.

602

C. M. • W. B. O. PEABODY.

Evening Meditations.

BEHOLD the western evening light,
It melts in deepening gloom ;
So calmly Christians sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
The winds breathe low, — the withering leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree ;
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.

2 How beautiful, 'on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed,
'T is like the peace the Christian gives
To mourners round his bed.
How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast,
'T is like the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.

3 And now above the dews of night
The yellow star appears ;
So faith springs in the hearts of those
Whose eyes are bathed in tears.
But soon the morning's happier light
Its glories shall restore ;
And eyelids that are sealed in death
Shall wake to close no more.

CONSOLATION.

603

C. M.

MOORE.

Consolation.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee !

2 But thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

3 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimmed and vanished too ;

4 Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

604

L. P. M.

WATTS.

Source of Consolation,

I 'LL praise my Maker while I 've breath,
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ; —
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God ; — he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train,
 His truth forever stands secure ;
 He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor ;
 And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
 He sends the laboring conscience peace ;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And, when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers ; —
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

605

L. M.

NORTON.

Trust and Submission.

MY God, I thank thee ! may no thought
 E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;
 But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
 Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
 The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
 Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom,
 That darkens o'er his little day.

3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
 Thy frail and erring child must know :
 But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
 Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

4 Thy various messengers employ ;
 Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
 And 'mid the wreck of human joy,
 Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

606

L. M.

BRYANT.

"Blessed are they that mourn."

DEEM not that they are blessed alone,
 Whose days a peaceful tenor keep ;
 The God, who loves our race, has shown
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
 The lids that overflow with tears,
 And weary hours of woe and pain
 Are earnest of serener years.

3 O, there are days of sunny rest
 For every dark and troubled night !
 Grief may abide, an evening guest,
 But joy shall come with early light.

4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier
 Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
 Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
 Will give him to thy arms again.

5 For God hath marked each anguished day
 And numbered every secret tear ;
 And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
 For all his children suffer here.

607

P. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Friends die, but to live again.

FRRIEND after friend departs ;
 Who hath not lost a friend ?
 There is no union here of hearts,
 That finds not here an end.
 Were this frail world our only rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond this vale of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime,
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affections but a fire
 Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

3 There is a world above,
 Where parting is unknown, —
 A whole eternity of love
 And blessedness alone ;
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that happier sphere.

4 Thus, star by star declines
 Till all are passed away,
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day.
 Nor sink those stars in empty night —
 They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

608

C. M.

WHITTIER.

God's Love and Care.

I LONG for household voices gone,
 For vanished smiles I long,
 But God hath led my dear ones on,
 And he can do no wrong.

- 2 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.
- 3 And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.
- 4 And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.
- 5 I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

609

C. M.

Watts.

Mourn not the Departed.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

- 2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
The grave where once our Saviour lay,
Hath lost its fearful gloom.
- 3 Thence he arose — and now commends
To us his gracious charms!
The glory that his truth attends,
Death of its sting disarms.

- 4 Though earth and all its joys be dim,
 On him in faith rely ;
 Our life is hid with Christ in him, —
 That life can never die.

610

12 & 11's M.

HEBER.

Thou art gone to the Grave.

THOU art gone to the grave ; but we will
 not deplore thee ;
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass the
 tomb ;
 The Saviour has passed through its portals be-
 fore thee ;
 And the lamp of his love is thy guide through
 the gloom.

- 2 Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer be-
 hold thee,
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by
 thy side :
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to en-
 fold thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the Saviour
 hath died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave ; and, its mansion
 forsaking,
 Perchance thy weak spirit in doubt lingered
 long ;
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on
 thy waking,
 And the sound thou didst hear was the sera-
 phim's song.

- 4 Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not
deplore thee ;
Since God was thy Refuge, thy Guardian,
thy Guide ;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore
thee ;
And death has no sting, since the Saviour
hath died.

611

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Christian Hope.

- T**HE broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before the mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream ;
- 2 And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite these broken ties,
Around us each dissevered chain
In sparkling ruin lies.
- 3 O, who in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain ?
- 4 That hope the sovereign Lord has given,
Who reigns above the skies ;—
Hope, that unites our souls to heaven,
By faith's endearing ties.

612

11 & 4's M. .

WHITTIER.

The Angels of Grief.

WITH silence only as their benediction,
 God's angels come,
 Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,
 The soul sits dumb !

2 Yet would we say, what every heart approveth,—
 Our Father's will,
 Calling to him the dear ones whom he loveth,
 In mercy still.

8 Not upon us or ours the solemn angel
 Hath evil wrought ;
 The funeral anthem is a glad evangel ;
 The good die not !

4 God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
 What he has given ;
 They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly
 As in his heaven.

613

10 & 11's.

MOORE.

Come, ye Disconsolate.

COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;
 Come, at the shrine of God fervently kneel,
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
 anguish ;
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name saying,
 Earth has no sorrow, that heaven cannot cure.

- 3 Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, living and pure ;
Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.

614

6 & 4's M.

ANN W. HALL.

Prayer in Sorrow.

FATHER, O, hear me now !
Father divine !
Thou, only thou, canst see
The heart's deep agony, —
Help me to say to thee,
Thy will, not mine !

- 2 O God ! be thou my stay
In this dark hour ;
Kindly each sorrow hear,
Hush every troubled fear,
And let me still revere
And own thy power.

- 3 In thee alone I trust,
The Holy One !
Humbly to thee I pray
That, through each troubled day
Of life, I still may say,
Thy will be done.

615

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Not lost, but gone before.

WHY should we weep and mourn for those
Whose places know them here no more ;
Released from all life's hurtful foes,
They are not lost, — but gone before.

- 2 How many weary days on earth,
How many griefs, they numbered o'er!
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth:
They are not lost, — but gone before.
- 3 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strain which angels pour;
O, why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, — but gone before.

The Eternal Years.

- H**OW shalt thou bear the cross that now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the eternal years.
- 2 Austerity is little help,
Although it somewhat cheers;
Thine oil of gladness is the thought
Of the eternal years.
- 3 Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears;
Kiss the sweet cross, and in thy heart
Sing of the eternal years.
- 4 Death will have rainbows round it, seen
Through calm contrition's tears,
If tranquil Hope but trims her lamp
At the eternal years.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

617

6 & 4's M.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

Heathbed of the Lowly.

TREAD softly — bow the head —
 In reverent silence bow ;
 No passing bell doth toll ;
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.

2 Stranger ! however great,
 With holy reverence bow ;
 There's one in that poor shed,
 One by that paltry bed,
 Greater than thou.

3 Oh ! change — O wondrous change !
 Burst are the prison bars —
 This moment, there, so low,
 So agonized, and now
 Beyond the stars !

4 Oh ! change — stupendous change !
 There lies the soulless clod :
 The sun eternal breaks,
 The new immortal wakes,
 Wakes with his God !

618

7's M.

C. WESLEY.

The Christian's Death.

NOW the Christian's course is run,
 Ended is the glorious strife ;
 Fought the fight, the crown is won,
 Death is swallowed up of life.

2 Borne by angels on their wings,
 From the earth his spirit flies
 To the Lord he loved, and sings,
 Triumphant in paradise.

3 Join we, then, with one accord
 In the new and joyful song ;
 Absent from our glorious Lord
 We shall not continue long ;

4 We shall quit the house of clay,
 Better joys with him to share ;
 We shall see the realms of day,
 We shall meet our brethren there.

Death and Burial of a Christian.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb !
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,
 And give these sacred relics room
 To seek a slumber in thy dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
 Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son
 Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed.
 Then rest, dear saint, for from his throne
 Morning shall break, and pierce the shade.

4 Hail ! glorious resurrection morn !
 Attend, O earth, thy Sovereign's word !
 Not earthly dust, but souls new-born,
 Shall live forever with the Lord.

620

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

On the Death of an aged Christian.

"I have fought a good fight ; I have finished my course."

SERVANT of God, well done !
 Rest from thy loved employ :
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy.
 The voice at midnight came,
 He started up to hear ;
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame —
 He fell, but felt no fear.

2 Tranquil amidst alarms,
 It found him on the field,
 A veteran slumbering on his arms,
 Beneath his red-cross shield.
 His spirit, with a bound,
 Burst its encumbering clay ;
 His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
 A darkened ruin lay.

3 The pains of death are past,
 Labor and sorrow cease,
 And life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.
 Soldier of Christ ! well done !
 Praise be thy new employ ;
 And while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

621

S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Go Rest, fair Child.

GO to thy rest, fair child !
 Go to thy dreamless bed,
 While yet so gentle, undefiled,
 With blessings on thy head.

2 Ere sin had seared the breast,
 Or sorrow woke the tear, —
 Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,
 In yon celestial sphere.

3 Because thy smile was fair,
 Thy lip and eye so bright,
 Because thy loving cradle care
 Was such a fond delight, —

4 Shall love with weak embrace,
 Thy upward wing detain?
 No, gentle angel, seek thy place
 Amid the cherub train.

622

C. M.

MRS. HEMANS.

Death of the Young.

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
 Young spirit, rest thee now!
 E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
 His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath!
 Soul, to its place on high!
 They that have seen thy look in death,
 No more may fear to die.

3 Lone are the paths and sad the bowers
 Whence thy meek smile is gone;
 But O, a brighter home than ours,
 In heaven is now thine own.

623

8 & 7's M. R. C. WATERSTON.

Death of a Female Scholar.

ONE sweet flower has drooped and faded,
 One sweet infant voice has fled,
 One fair brow the grave has shaded,
 One dear schoolmate now is dead.

2 But we feel no thought of sadness,
 For our friend is happy now ;
 She has knelt in soul-felt gladness,
 Where the blessed angels bow.

3 She has gone to heaven before us,
 But she turns and waves her hand,
 Pointing to the glories o'er us,
 In that happy spirit land.

4 God, our Father, watch above us,
 Keep us from all danger free ;
 Do thou guard and guide and love us,
 Till, like her, we go to thee.

624

C. M.

WHITTIER.

Death of a young Girl.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
 Another call is given :
 And glows once more with angel steps
 The path that leads to heaven.

2 O, half we deemed she needed not
 The changing of her sphere,
 To give to heaven a shining one,
 Who walked an angel here.

3 Unto our Father's will alone
 One thought has reconciled ;
 That he whose love exceedeth ours
 Hath taken home his child.

4 Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
 And let her henceforth be
 A messenger of love between
 Our human hearts and thee.

5 Still let her mild rebukings stand
 Between us and the wrong,
 And her dear memory serve to make
 Our faith in goodness strong.

625

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Death of a Minister.

WHAT though the arm of conquering death
 Does God's own house invade ;
 What though our teacher and our friend
 Is numbered with the dead ;

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
 The aged and the young ;
 The watchful eye in darkness closed,
 And dumb th' instructive tongue ;

3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
 His teaching to impart :
 Lord, be our Leader and our Guide,
 And rule and keep our heart.

4 Yes, while the dear Redeemer lives,
 We have a boundless store,
 And shall be fed with what he gives,
 Who lives for evermore.

626

P. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Death of a faithful Minister.

ON Zìon's holy walls
Is quenched a beacon light,
In vain the watchman calls, —
“Sentry! what of the night?”
No answering voice is here:
Say — does the soldier sleep?
O yes — upon the bier,
His watch no more to keep.

2 Peace to thee, man of God!
Thine earthly toils are o'er,
The thorny path is trod,
The Shepherd trod before:
Full well he kept his word, —
“I'm with thee to the end;
Fear not! I am the Lord,
Thy never-failing friend.”

3 We have no dirge for thee,
It should not call a tear
To know that thou art free;
Thy home — it was not here!
Joy to thee, man of God!
Thy heaven-course is begun,
Unshrinking, thou hast trod
Death's vale, — thy race is run.

627

11 & 10's M.

W. M. FERNALD.

A Vision of the Eternal Glory.

O GOD of glory! when with eye uplifted,
Eye of the soul in visioned wonder clear;
And when by thine eternal spirit gifted,
What deep revealings to the soul appear!

- 2 Nature recedes ; and in the expanse eternal,
 Spreading and opening to my raptured sight,
 I see the hosts of God, the heights supernal,
 The church triumphant crowned in heaven's
 own light.
- 3 Ah ! there are they who, once among the lowly,
 Erst trod the paths of patient virtue here ;
 And there are they who, in thy presence holy,
 Trembled for sin, but knew no other fear.
- 4 Prophets, reformers, — they who, God revering,
 Battled with hoary wrong and ancient might ;
 Behold them now in triumph reappearing
 On all the hills of God, in glory bright !
- 5 In deepening vision, flames a light before them,
 Where a long train of martyrs rise to view ;
 And lo ! a central figure bending o'er them,
 The dear Redeemer crowning them anew.
- 6 Victors and heroes all, I see them waving
 Triumphant palms, in robes of purest white :
 No more the terrors of the conflict braving,
 Peace is their lot, and heaven is their delight.

Resignation.

THERE is no flock, however watched and
 tended,
 But one dead lamb is there !
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
 But has one vacant chair.

- 2 Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.
- 3 We see but dimly through the mists and vapors
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.
- 4 There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call death.
- 5 She is not dead — the child of our affection,
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.
- 6 We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

629

L. M.

LONGFELLOW.

Suspiria.

TAKE them, O death ! and bear away
Whatever thou canst call thine own,
Thine image stamped upon this clay
Doth give thee that, but that alone.

- 2 How many weary days on earth,
 How many griefs, they numbered o'er !
 Now they enjoy a heavenly birth :
 They are not lost, — but gone before.
- 3 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
 And sweet the strain which angels pour ;
 O, why should we in anguish weep ?
 They are not lost, — but gone before.

The Eternal Years.

- H**OW shalt thou bear the cross that now
 So dread a weight appears ?
 Keep quietly to God, and think
 Upon the eternal years.
- 2 Austerity is little help,
 Although it somewhat cheers ;
 Thine oil of gladness is the thought
 Of the eternal years.
- 3 Bear gently, suffer like a child,
 Nor be ashamed of tears ;
 Kiss the sweet cross, and in thy heart
 Sing of the eternal years.
- 4 Death will have rainbows round it, seen
 Through calm contrition's tears,
 If tranquil Hope but trims her lamp
 At the eternal years.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

617

6 & 4's M.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

Heathbed of the Lowly.

TREAD softly — bow the head —
 In reverent silence bow ;
 No passing bell doth toll ;
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.

- 2 Stranger ! however great,
 With holy reverence bow ;
 There's one in that poor shed,
 One by that paltry bed,
 Greater than thou.
- 3 Oh ! change — O wondrous change !
 Burst are the prison bars —
 This moment, there, so low,
 So agonized, and now
 Beyond the stars !
- 4 Oh ! change — stupendous change !
 There lies the soulless clod :
 The sun eternal breaks,
 The new immortal wakes,
 Wakes with his God !

618

7's M.

C. WESLEY.

The Christian's Death.

NOW the Christian's course is run,
 Ended is the glorious strife ;
 Fought the fight, the crown is won,
 Death is swallowed up of life.

2 Borne by angels on their wings,
 From the earth his spirit flies
 To the Lord he loved, and sings,
 Triumphant in paradise.

3 Join we, then, with one accord
 In the new and joyful song ;
 Absent from our glorious Lord
 We shall not continue long ;

4 We shall quit the house of clay,
 Better joys with him to share ;
 We shall see the realms of day,
 We shall meet our brethren there.

Death and Burial of a Christian.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb !
 Take this new treasure to thy trust,
 And give these sacred relics room
 To seek a slumber in thy dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
 Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
 Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
 While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son
 Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed .
 Then rest, dear saint, for from his throne
 Morning shall break, and pierce the shade.

4 Hail ! glorious resurrection morn !
 Attend, O earth, thy Sovereign's word !
 Not earthly dust, but souls new-born,
 Shall live forever with the Lord.

620

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

On the Death of an aged Christian.

"I have fought a good fight ; I have finished my course."

SERVANT of God, well done !
 Rest from thy loved employ :
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy.
 The voice at midnight came,
 He started up to hear ;
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame —
 He fell, but felt no fear.

2 Tranquil amidst alarms,
 It found him on the field,
 A veteran slumbering on his arms,
 Beneath his red-cross shield.
 His spirit, with a bound,
 Burst its encumbering clay ;
 His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
 A darkened ruin lay.

3 The pains of death are past,
 Labor and sorrow cease,
 And life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.
 Soldier of Christ ! well done !
 Praise be thy new employ ;
 And while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

621

S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Go Rest, fair Child.

GO to thy rest, fair child !
 Go to thy dreamless bed,
 While yet so gentle, undefiled,
 With blessings on thy head.

634

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Beauty and Exaltation of Zion.

O ZION, tune thy voice,
 And raise thy hands on high ;
 Tell all the earth thy joys,
 And shout salvation nigh :
 Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
 And wide extend thy rays divine.

2 He gilds thy morning face
 With beams that cannot fade ;
 His all-resplendent grace
 He sheds upon thy head :
 Thy form the nations round shall view,
 Divinely crowned with lustre new.

3 In honor to his name
 Reflect that sacred light,
 And loud that grace proclaim
 Which makes thy darkness bright :
 His praise pursue, till sovereign love
 The glory raise in worlds above.

MEMBERSHIP AND ORDINANCES.

635

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Church Below and Above.

THE saints on earth and those above,
 But one communion make ;
 Joined to the Lord in bonds of love,
 All of his grace partake.

- 2 One family, we dwell in him :
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 O God, be thou our constant guide !
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

636

S. M.

BEDDOME

Christian Unity.

- L**ET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned :
- 3 Envy and strife be gone,
And only kindness known ;
While all one common Father have,
One common Master own.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
And every heart is love.

637

C. M.

SCHMOLCK.

Death and Life in Christ.

LORD, let thy conquering banner wave
 O'er hearts thou makest free,
 And point the path that from the grave
 Leads heavenward up to thee.

2 We bury all our sin and crime
 Deep in our Saviour's tomb,
 And seek the treasures there that time
 Nor change can e'er consume.

3 We die with thee : O let us live
 Henceforth to thee aright ;
 The blessings thou hast died to give,
 Be daily in our sight.

4 Fearless we lay us in the tomb,
 And sleep the night away.
 If thou art there to break the gloom,
 And call us back to day.

638

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

One in Christ.

PLANTED in Christ, the living Vine
 This day, with one accord,
 Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
 We yield to thee, O Lord !

2 Joined in one body may we be ;
 One inward life partake ;
 One be our heart, one heavenly hope
 In every bosom wake.

- 3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.
- 4 Then, when among the saints in light
Our joyful spirits shine,
Shall anthems of immortal praise,
O Lamb of God, be thine.

639

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Uniting with the Church.

- O** HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my Lord!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.
- 3 'Tis done — the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.
- 5 High heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

640

7's M.

MONTGOMERY.

Joined to God's People.

PEOPLE of the living God,
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns, —
 Turns, a fugitive unblest;
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 O, receive me into rest.

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave.

641

8 & 7's M.

HEBER.

Before Communion.

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken!
 Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!
 By whom the words of life were spoken,
 And in whose death our sins are dead!

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
 Look on the tears by sinners shed,
 And be thy feast to us the token,
 That by thy grace our souls are fed.

642

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Christ's Law of Love.

YE followers of the Prince of peace,
 Who round his table draw!
 Remember what his spirit was,
 What his peculiar law.

- 2 The love which all his bosom filled
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught,
Inspired by love, he died.
- 3 And do you love him? do you feel
Your warm affection move?
This is the proof which he demands, —
That you each other love.

643

C. M.

S. GILMAN.

- O** GOD, accept the sacred hour
Which we to thee have given ;
And let this hallowed scene have power
To raise our souls to heaven.
- 2 Still let us hold till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son,
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts,
Forget what he has done.
- 3 His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free,
And humbly learn like him to give
Our powers, our wills to Thee.

644

7's M.

BOWRING.

A Communion Hymn.

NOT with terror do we meet
At the board by Jesus spread ;
Not in mystery drink and eat
Of the Saviour's wine and bread.

2 'Tis his memory we record,
 'T is his virtues we proclaim ;
 Grateful to our honored Lord,
 Here we bless his sacred name.

3 Yes, we will remember thee,
 Friend and Saviour ; and thy feast
 Of all services shall be
 Holiest and welcomest.

645

S. M.

ENG. BAP. COLL

Obedient Christ.

HERE, Saviour, we would come,
 In thine appointed way ;
 Obedient to thy high commands,
 Our solemn vows we pay.

2 O, bless this sacred rite,
 To bring us near to thee ;
 And may we find that as our day
 Our strength shall also be.

646

C. M.

E. TAYLOR

Thoughts at the Communion.

O HERE, if ever, God of love !
 Let strife and hatred cease ;
 And every thought harmonious move,
 And every heart be peace.

2 Not here, where met to think on him
 Whose latest thoughts were ours,
 Shall mortal passions come to dim
 The prayer devotion pours.

- 3 “Thy kingdom come ;” we watch, we wait,
To hear thy cheering call ;
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

647

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Communion with God and Christ.

MY heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites me near ;
With both my friendship shall be sweet,
And my communion dear.

- 2 God pities all my griefs ;
He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.

- 3 Jesus, my living Head,
I bless thy faithful care ;
My Advocate before the throne,
And my Forerunner there.

- 4 Here fix my roving heart ;
Here wait my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete,
In nobler scenes above.

648

C. M.

STEELE.

Yet there is Room.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast,
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

- 2 There Jesus stands with open arms ;
 He calls — he bids you come :
 Though guilt restrains, and fear alarms,
 Behold, there yet is room.
- 3 O, come, and with his children taste
 The blessings of his love ;
 While hope expects the sweet repast
 Of nobler joys above.
- 4 There, with united heart and voice,
 Before th' eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
 In songs on earth unknown.
- 5 And yet ten thousand thousand more
 Are welcome still to come :
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
 Approach, there yet is room.

649

S. M.

FURNESS

The Communion.

HERE, in the broken bread,
 Here, in the cup we take,
 His body and his blood behold,
 Who suffered for our sake.

- 2 O thou, who didst allow
 Thy Son to suffer thus,
 Father, what more couldst thou have done,
 Than thou hast done for us ?
- 3 We are persuaded now
 That nothing can divide
 Thy children from thy boundless love,
 Displayed in Him who died ; —

- 4 Who died to make us sure
Of mercy, truth, and peace,
And from the power and pains of sin
To bring a full release.

650

L. M.

GASKELL.

Bearing with us the dying of Jesus.

NOT in this simple rite alone
May Calvary's cross to us be shown ;
But may we turn, in many an hour,
To feel its soul-constraining power.

- 2 When indolence would have its will,
And selfish ease would keep us still,
Then to the Saviour may we look,
And meet his eye's serene rebuke.
- 3 When men have done us cruel wrong,
And angry thoughts are rising strong,
May we with softened hearts turn there,
And learn the Lord's forgiving prayer.
- 4 When sin looks tempting in our eyes,
May Jesus on the cross arise,
And ask if we will him forsake,
And wear the chains he died to break.
- 5 When pain, or sickness, or distress,
Our fainting souls would overpress,
To him on Calvary looking still,
May we find strength to bear God's will.

651

7's M.

CONDER.

The Symbols of Spiritual Food.

BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
 For thy flesh is meat indeed ;
 Ever let our souls be fed
 With this true and living bread.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice ;
 Lord, thy wounds our healing give ;
 To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
 Through the life of Him who died ;
 Lord of life, O let us be
 Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

652

L. M.

STENNETT.

Commemoration of Christ's Death.

THUS we commemorate the day
 On which our dearest Lord was slain :
 Thus we our pious homage pay,
 Till he appear on earth again.

2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide
 The curtains of the parting sky ;
 On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
 And on the wind's swift pinions fly.

653

L. M.

J. LOMBARD

"That they may all be one."

WHEN death was on the path he trod,
 And Jesus saw his work was done,
 He raised his eyes and prayed to God,
 That his disciples might be one.

- 2 This, Father, is our prayer to-day,
That we may one in spirit be,
Through Christ, who came to teach the way,
And all united, God, in thee !
- 3 One in the Faith that works by love
And purifies the heart and life ;
One in the Hope that looks above,
And sees an end of sin and strife :
- 4 One in the Love that warms the heart
And makes it thy most worthy shrine ;
And one in thee, O God, who art
The Giver of these gifts divine :
- 5 Through life, and till we reach its goal,
When what we have to do is done,
Heart linked to heart, and soul to soul,
And all, through Christ, in thee be one.

654

7's M.

CONDER.

The Lord's Supper..

MANY centuries have fled
Since our Saviour broke the bread,
And this sacred feast ordain'd,
Ever by his church retained ;
Those his body who discern,
Thus shall meet till his return.

- 2 Through the church's long eclipse,
When from priest or pastor's lips,
Truth divine was never heard —
'Mid the famine of the word,
Still these symbols witness gave
To his love who died to save

3 All who bear the Saviour's name,
 Here their common faith proclaim;
 Though diverse in tongue or rite,
 Here, one body to unite;
 Breaking thus one mystic bread,
 Members of one common Head.

4 Come, the blessed emblems share,
 Which the Saviour's death declare;
 Come, on truth immortal feed,
 For his flesh is meat indeed:
 Saviour! witness with the sign,
 That our ransomed souls are thine.

655

L. M.

ST. BERNARD.

Jesu dulcedo cordium.

JESUS, thou joy of loving hearts!
 Thou fount of life! Thou light of men!
 From the best bliss that earth imparts.
 We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 We taste thee; O thou living bread,
 And long to feast upon thee still!
 We drink of thee, the fountain head,
 And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

3 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
 Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
 Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

4 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
 Make all our moments calm and bright!
 Chase the dark night of sin away,
 Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

656

7's M.

C. WESLEY.

The Harmony of Love.

LORD ! subdue our selfish will :
 Each to each our tempers suit,
 By thy modulating skill,
 Heart to heart, as lute to lute.

- 2 Sweetly on our spirits move ;
 Gently touch the trembling strings ;
 Make the harmony of love,
 Music for the King of kings !

657

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Room at the Lord's Table.

MILLIONS of souls, in glory now,
 Were fed and feasted here ;
 And millions more, still on the way,
 Around the board appear.

- 2 Yet is his house and heart so large
 That millions more may come :
 Nor could the whole assembled world
 O'er fill the spacious room.

- 3 All things are ready ; come away,
 Nor weak excuses frame ;
 Crowd to your places at the feast,
 And bless the Founder's name.

658

8 & 7's M.

ANONYMOUS.

Desires after Christian Obedience.

FROM the table now retiring,
 Which for us the Lord hath spread,
 May our souls, refreshment finding,
 Grow in all things like our Head.

- 2 His example by beholding,
 May our lives his image bear ;
 Him our Lord and Master calling,
 His commands may we revere.
- 3 Love to God and man displaying,
 Walking steadfast in his way,
 Joy attend us in believing :
 Peace from God, through endless day.

659

C. M.

LUTHERAN COLL.

Close of Communion Service.

PITY the nations, O our God,
 Constrain the earth to come ;
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.

- 2 We long to see thy churches full,
 That all thy faithful race
 May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
 Sing thy redeeming grace.

660

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

Self-Consecration in Baptism.

WHILE in this sacred rite of thine,
 We yield our spirits now,
 Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,
 And seal the cheerful vow.

- 2 All glory be to him whose life
 For ours was freely given,
 Who aids us in the spirit's strife,
 And makes us meet for heaven.

3 To thee we gladly now resign
Our life and all our powers ;
Accept us in this rite divine,
And bless these hallowed hours.

4 O, may we die to earth and sin,
Beneath the mystic flood ;
And when we rise, may we begin
To live anew for God.

661

C. M.

JAS. NEWTON.

After Baptism.

LET plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have solemnly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.

2 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

3 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
That we thy life may prove, —
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

662

L. M.

COLLYER.

The Baptism of a Household.

UNITED prayers ascend to thee,
Eternal Parent of mankind !
Smile on this waiting family ;
Thy blessing let thy servants find.

- 2 Let the dear pledges of their love,
Like tender plants, around them grow ;
Thy present grace, and joys above,
Upon their little ones bestow.
- 3 Receive at their believing hand
The charge which they devote as thine,
Obedient to their Lord's command ;
And seal, with power, the rite divine.
- 4 To every member of their house,
Thy grace impart, thy love extend ;
Grant every good that time allows,
With heavenly joys that never end.

663

7's M.

BOWRING.

Infant Baptism.

DROP the limpid waters now
On the infant's sinless brow ;
Dedicate the unfolding gem
Unto Him, who blessed the stem.

- 2 Let our aspirations be
Innocent as infancy ;
Pure the prayers that force their way,
As the child for whom we pray.
- 3 In the Christian garden we
Plant another Christian tree ;
Be its blossoms and its fruit
Worthy of the Christian root.
- 4 To that garden now we bring
Waters from the living spring ;
Bless the tree, the waters bless,
Holy One, with holiness.

- 5 When life's harvests all are past,
 Oh, transplant the tree at last,
 To the fields where flower and tree
 Blossom through eternity.

664

S. M.

J. F. CLARKE

Baptism of a Child.

TO thee, O God, in heaven,
 This little one we bring,
 Giving to thee what thou hast given,
 Our dearest offering.

- 2 Into a world of toil
 These little feet will roam,
 Where sin its purity may soil,
 Where care and grief may come.

- 3 O, then, let thy pure love,
 With influence serene,
 Come down, like water, from above,
 To comfort and make clean.

665

8 & 7's M.

ANONYMOUS

Children commended to Christ.

SAVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding
 With the shepherd's kindest care,
 All the feeble gently leading,
 While the lambs thy bosom share;
 Now, these little ones receiving,
 Fold them in thy gracious arm;
 There we know — thy word believing —
 Only there, secure from harm.

2 Never, from thy pasture roving,
 Let them be the lion's prey ;
 Let thy tenderness, so loving,
 Keep them all life's dangerous way :
 Then within thy fold eternal
 Let them find a resting-place ;
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

666

S. M.

J. F. CLARKE.

Dedication of Children.

TO him who children blest,
 And suffered them to come,
 To him who took them to his breast,
 We bring these children home.

2 To thee, O God, whose face
 Their spirits still behold,
 We bring them praying that thy grace
 May keep, thine arms enfold.

3 And as this water falls
 On each unconscious brow,
 Thy holy spirit grant, O Lord,
 To keep them pure as now.

DEDICATION.

667

C. M.

BRYANT.

Dedication Hymn.

O THOU, whose own vast temple stands
 Built over earth and sea,
 Accept the walls that human hands
 Have raised to worship thee.

- 2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
 Within these courts to bide,
 The peace that dwelleth, without end,
 Serenely by thy side.
- 3 May erring minds that worship here
 Be taught the better way,
 And they who mourn, and they who fear,
 Be strengthened as they pray !
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
 And pure devotion rise,
 While round these hallowed walls the storm
 Of earth-born passion dies !

668

L. M.

WILLIS.

Dedication Hymn.

- T**HE perfect world by Adam trod,
 Was the first temple, — built by God ;
 His fiat laid the corner-stone,
 And heaved its pillars, one by one.
- 2 He hung its starry roof on high, —
 The broad, illimitable sky ;
 He spread its pavement, green and bright,
 And curtained it with morning light.
- 3 The mountains in their places stood, —
 The sea, the sky, — and “ all was good : ”
 And when its first pure praises rang,
 The “ morning stars together sang.”
- 4 Lord ! 't is not ours to make the sea
 And earth and sky a house for thee ;
 But in thy sight our offering stands,
 A humbler temple, “ made with hands.”

669

L. M.

MRS. PAGE.

Dedication of a Church.

O GOD ! ere heaven and earth were planned,
 Adoring silence worshipped thee ;
 Now the vast universe doth stand
 The temple of thy majesty.

2 Its walls are wrought of sapphire bright ;
 Its countless spires are starry flame :
 Suns on the boundless ether write
 The sovereign beauty of thy name.

3 An earthly temple, by thy grace,
 This day we dedicate to thee ;
 Deign to make here thy dwelling-place,
 O thou that fill'st immensity.

4 Fold us beneath thy sheltering wings,
 As here we worship at thy shrine :
 Ours be the peace thy presence brings,
 The glory and the praise be thine.

670

7's M.

E. H. CHAPIN.

Dedication of a Church.

FATHER, lo ! we consecrate
 Unto thee this house and shrine,
 O ! may Jesus visit here,
 As he did in Palestine.
 Here may blind eyes see his light,
 Deaf ears hear his accents sweet,
 And we, like those groups of old,
 Sit and linger at his feet.

- 2 And to learn of faith and love,
 Strong in sorrow, pain and loss,
 May we come and find them here,
 In the garden, on the cross.
 Like the spices that enfold
 Him we love in rich perfume,
 May our thoughts embalm him here,
 While he slumbers in the tomb.
- 3 When we watch by shrouded hopes,
 Weeping at death's marble door,
 May the angels meet us here, —
 Lo ! your Christ has gone before !
 And while we stand " looking up,"
 In our faith and wonder lost,
 Here send down thy spirit's power,
 Like the tongues of Pentecost.

671

P. M. MRS. E. M. BARSTOW.

Dedication of a Church.

GREAT God, our king ! to thee
 We come on bended knee,
 Our gift to bring ;
 Our suppliant prayer we raise,
 That this, our house of praise,
 Accepted be.

- 2 And to this sacred place,
 O, turn thy gracious face
 By night and day ;
 Here hearken to our prayers,
 Here lift the heavy cares
 From burdened hearts.

3 Here may the erring come ;
 Here wanderers find a home
 In thy great love ;
 Here may the sinning bring —
 Thy favorite offering —
 A contrite heart.

4 Here sing the wondrous grace,
 Which saves our guilty race
 From sin's dark stain ;
 Till in thy courts above,
 Raised by redeeming love,
 New songs we bring.

672

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Laying of a Corner-Stone.

THIS stone to thee in faith we lay, —
 We build the temple, Lord, to thee,
 Thine eye be open night and day,
 To keep this house from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
 And dying sinners pray to live,
 Hear thou, in heaven, thy dwelling-place.
 And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
 The blessed gospel of thy Son,
 Still by the power of his great name
 Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 Thy glory never hence depart !
 Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone ;
 Thy kingdom come to every heart ;
 In every bosom fix thy throne.

673

L. M. 81.

E. H. CHAPIN.

Opening of a Christian Church.

OUR Father, God ! not face to face
 May mortal sense commune with thee,
 Nor lift the curtains of that place
 Where dwells thy secret Majesty.
 Yet whereso'er our spirits bend
 In rev'rend faith and humble prayer,
 Thy promised blessing will descend,
 And we shall find thy spirit there.

2 Lord ! be the spot where now we meet
 An open gateway into heaven ;
 Here may we sit at Jesus' feet,
 And feel our deepest sins forgiven.
 Here may desponding care look up,
 And sorrow lay its burden down,
 Or learn of him to drink the cup,
 To bear the cross, and win the crown.

3 Here may the sick and wandering soul,
 To truth still blind, to sin a slave,
 Find better than Bethesda's pool,
 Or than Siloam's healing wave.
 And may we learn, while here apart
 From the world's passion and its strife,
 That thy true shrine's a loving heart,
 And thy best praise a holy life !

674

L. M.

H. C. LEONARD.

Reopening of a Church.

O THOU ! whose thought pervades all space,
 Whose light illumines the earth and skies,
 Within these walls reveal thy face,
 And smile upon our sacrifice.

- 2 We give to thee this house once more,
 Improved by human art and skill;
 O, may the power of sacred lore,
 And thine own love, this temple fill.
- 3 Through all our Sabbaths here below,
 May we within this temple wait;
 And unto thee, as moments go,
 Our souls divinely consecrate.
- 4 And when have run our life's quick sands,
 And we shall reach the fane on high,
 Within this temple made with hands
 Our children's spirits sanctify.

ORDINATION.

675

L. M.

PIERPONT.

Ordination of a Minister.

O THOU, who art above all height!
 Our God, our Father, and our friend!
 Beneath thy throne of love and light,
 Let thine adoring children bend.

- 2 Since thy young servant now hath given
 Himself, his powers, his hopes, his youth,
 To the great cause of truth and heaven,
 Be thou his guide, O God of truth!
- 3 Here may his doctrine drop like rain,
 His speech like Hermon's dew distil,
 Till green fields smile, and golden grain,
 Ripe for the harvest, waits thy will.

- 4 And when he sinks in death, — by care,
Or pain, or toil, or years oppressed, —
O God ! remember then our prayer,
And take his spirit to thy rest.

676

C. M.

H. BACON.

Ordination.

NOT for the prophet tongue of fire,
Nor voice of trumpet tone,
We lift our prayer, Immortal Sire,
For him before thy throne.

- 2 We ask for wisdom's gifts and grace,
The heart alive to love,
The earnest zeal to save our race,
All selfish aims above.

- 3 Lord bless him now ! by holy rite,
We consecrate to thee !
Make to his eye the chief delight
Christ's prospering work to see.

- 4 Bold let him be for truth and man,
For God and righteousness !
Free let him speak the gospel plan,
And the whole truth confess.

- 5 Be cloud and fire about his way,
Till Canaan's land is trod !
Then o'er his grave thy church shall say,
He led us to our God !

677

8, 7, & 4's M.

E. H. CHAPIN.

. Ordination.

FATHER ! at this altar bending,
 Set our hearts from world-thoughts free ;
 Prayer and praise their incense blending,
 May our rites accepted be :
 Father, hear us,
 Gently draw our souls to thee

2 Deign to smile upon this union
 Of a pastor and a flock ;
 Sweet and blest be their communion :
 May he sacred truths unlock, —
 And this people
 Plant their feet on Christ the Rock.

3 Be his life a living sermon,
 Be his thoughts one ceaseless prayer :
 Like the dews that fell on Hermon,
 Making green the foliage there,
 May his teachings
 Drop on souls beneath his care.

4 Here may sin repent its straying,
 Here may grief forget to weep,
 Here may hope, its light displaying,
 And blest faith, their vigils keep,
 And the dying
 Pass from hence in Christ to sleep.

5 When *his* heart shall cease its motion,
 All its toils and conflicts o'er :
 When *they* for an unseen ocean,
 One by one, shall leave the shore ;
 Pastor, people, there — in heaven,
 May they meet to part no more.

678

L. M. MRS. L. C. MYRICK.

Ordination Hymn.

WITH willing feet thy servant stands,
 Dear Lord, within thy vineyard's gate,
 He fain would join the laboring bands ;
 Help him to work, and watch, and wait.

2 Grant him thy grace, that he may see
 The truth with pure, far-reaching sight,
 And give it utterance, calm and free,
 Fearless forever for the right.

3 Move him that he may others move ;
 Bless him that he may others bless ;
 Crown him with self-forgetting love,
 And clothe him with thy righteousness.

4 The winter of delay is gone,
 The spring-time's promised bloom is near ;
 Make beautiful, O blessed One !
 The footsteps of thy messenger.

679

C. M. MISS L. T. CASWELL.

Ordination.

" I AM the way, the truth, the life,"
 Our blessed Master said ;
 And whoso to the Father comes,
 Must in my pathway tread.

2 A way it is, not hedged with forms,
 A truth, too large for creeds,
 A life, indwelling, deep and broad,
 That meets the soul's great needs.

3 To point that living way, to speak
 That truth "which makes men free,"
 To bring that quickening life from heaven,
 Is highest ministry.

4 God give thee so to teach and lead,
 Our brother in the faith !
 God give thee to be strong and true,
 And steadfast unto death.

680

L. M.

H. WARE, JR.

Ordination or Installation.

O THOU, who on thy chosen Son
 Didst send thy spirit like a dove,
 To mark the long-expected one,
 And seal the messenger of love ;

2 And when the heralds of his name
 Went forth his glorious truth to spread,
 Didst send it down in tongues of flame
 To hallow each devoted head ;

3 So, Lord, thy servant now inspire
 With holy unction from above ;
 Give him the tongue of living fire,
 Give him the temper of the dove.

4 Lord, hear thy suppliant church to-day ;
 Accept our work, our souls possess ;
 'T is ours to labor, watch, and pray ;
 Be thine to cheer, sustain, and bless.

INSTALLATION.

681.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

A Pastor Welcomed.

WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head ;
Come as a servant ; so he came ;
And we receive thee in his stead.

2 Come as an angel, hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way ;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We never fail, nor faint, nor stray.

3 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare ;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold his hands with prayer.

4 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the spirit, fired with love ;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

682

L. M.

G. T. FLANDERS.

Installation of a Minister.

THE harvest-fields are broad and white,
And ready for the reaper's hand,
Within the realm of fading night
The heralds of the morning stand.

2 The gardens blush with fragrant flowers,
 Whence is the gard'ner's long delay?
 He comes with morning's rosy hours
 And joins us in our joy to-day.

3 The reaper where the harvest shines;
 The gard'ner with his floral crown;
 The dresser midst the purple vines:
 Father, install him as thine own.

4 His heart, and mind, and voice, inspire
 With truth and wisdom from above:
 Give to his speech angelic fire:
 Breathe o'er his spirit perfect love.

5 Great Shepherd, may he lead thy sheep
 Through pastures ever green and fair,
 To worship at Messiah's feet,
 And dwell with God, the Father, there.

683

L. M.

C. H. FAY.

Installation.

ANOTHER pastor hast thou given,
 Our Father, to this flock of thine,
 To feed them with the bread of heaven,
 And guide them to the life divine.

2 O, make him here we humbly pray,
 So faithful to the trust he bears,
 That from his fold no lamb may stray,
 Or fall within the tempter's snares.

- 3 And when the dying need his aid,
Then may he speak those truths sublime,
Which lift from death its fearful shade,
And ope to view yon better clime.
- 4 Where death has been, in homes of grief,
And sorrow's lowest depths are stirred;
There may he offer sweet relief,
Through Christ, the life and living word.
- 5 Here may he labor while 't is day,
That when night's gloom comes deep'ning on,
Like his loved Master, he may say,
The work thou gavest me is done.

684

8 & 6's M.

S. F. SMITH.

Benefits of the Ministry.

BLEST is the hour when cares depart,
And earthly scenes are far,—
When tears of woe forget to start,
And gently dawns upon the heart
Devotion's holy star.

- 2 Blest is the place where angels bend
To hear our worship rise,
Where kindred thoughts their musings blend,
And all the soul's affections tend
Beyond the veiling skies.
- 3 Blest are the hallowed vows that bind
 - Man to his work of love,—
 - Bind him to cheer the humble mind,
 - Console the weeping, lead the blind,
 - And guide to joys above.

- 4 Sweet shall the song of glory swell,
 Spirit divine, to thee,
 When they whose work is finished well,
 In thy own courts of rest shall dwell,
 Blest through eternity.

ASSOCIATIONS AND CONVENTIONS.

685

L. M.

H. BALLOU.

At an Annual Convention.

- D**EAR Lord, behold thy servants, here,
 From various parts, together meet,
 To tell their labors through the year;
 And lay the harvest at thy feet.
- 2 In thy wide fields and vineyards, Lord,
 We've toiled and wrought with watchful care;
 Thy wheat hath flourished by thy word,
 Thy love consumed the choking tare.
- 3 The reapers cry, "Thy fields are white,
 All ready to be gathered in,
 And harvests wave, in changing light,
 Far as the eye can trace the scene."
- 4 Lord, bless us while we here remain;
 With holy love our bosoms fill;
 O, may thy doctrine drop like rain,
 And like the silent dew distil.
- 5 While we attend thy churches' care,
 O, grant us wisdom from above;
 With prudent thought and humble prayer,
 May we fulfil the works of love.

686

C. M.

LYRA CATH.

God at Work in his Ministry.

GOD'S glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

2 O bless'd is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible !

3 Workmen of God ! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

4 And bless'd is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye !

5 O, learn to scorn the praise of man !
O, learn to lose with God !
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

687

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Meeting of Ministers.

POUR out thy spirit from on high ;
Lord ! thine assembled servants bless ;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

- 2 Within thy temple where we stand,
To teach the truth as taught by thee,
Saviour ! like stars in thy right hand,
The angels of the churches be !
- 3 Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love : —
- 4 To watch and pray, and never faint ;
By day and night strict guard to keep ;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.
- 5 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope, our charge resign ;
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God ! may they and we be thine.

688

7's M.

H. K. WHITE

Closing Hymn at an Association.

- CHRISTIANS ! brethren ! ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore ;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.
 - 3 Now to him who reigns in heaven
Be eternal glory given ;
Grateful for thy love divine,
O, may all our hearts be thine !

CONFERENCE.

689

C. M.

SELECT HYMNS.

Opening of a Conference Meeting.

WITHIN these doors assembled now,
We wait thy blessing, Lord !
Appear within the midst, we pray,
According to thy word.

2 May some sweet promise be applied,
When we attempt to read :
For this alone can give support
In every time of need.

3 O, breathe upon our lifeless souls,
And raise each drooping heart !
That we may see thy smiling face
Before we hence depart.

4 And now, O blessed Spirit, come !
We long to see thee move ;
Strengthen our faith, revive our zeal,
And fill us all with love.

690

8 & 7's M.

J. TAYLOR.

The Fount of Blessing.

FAR from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and vain desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heaven aspires.

2 From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

3 Who may share this great salvation?
 Every pure and humble mind,
 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
 From the stains of guilt refined.

4 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none,
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.

691

S. M.

WATTS

Worship of God. Ps. xcvi.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing;
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal king.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
 He gave the seas their bound;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
 Come, bow before the Lord:
 We are his work, and not our own;
 He formed us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod;
 Come like the people of his choice
 And own your gracious God.

692

L. M.

STOWELL.

The Mercy-Seat.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat ;
'T is found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads, —
A place of all on earth most sweet ;
It is the heavenly mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend ;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more ;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

693

8 & 7's M.

ROBINSON.

Mercies gratefully Acknowledged.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above ;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 By thy hand sustained, defended,
 Safe through life, thus far, I've come ;
 Safely, Lord, when life is ended,
 Bring me to my heavenly home.

694

L. M. 6 l.

HEBER

Seeking Refuge.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly ;
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
 Father, we seek thy shelter here :
 Weary and weak, thy grace we pray ;
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

2 Long have we roamed in want and pain,
 Long have we sought thy rest in vain ;
 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
 Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

695

P. M. 7.

A. C. THOMAS.

Eden of Love.

HOW sweet to reflect on the joys that await
 us
 In yon blissful region, the haven of rest !
 Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet
 us,
 And lead us to mansions prepared for the blest !
 Encircled with light, and with glory enshrouded,
 Our happiness perfect, our mind's sky unclouded,
 We 'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
 And range with delight through the Eden of
 love.

- 2 While legions angelic, with harps tuned celestial,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of praise;
 The saints, as they come from the regions terres-
 trial,
 In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise.
 Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through
 heaven ;
 Our souls will respond, to Emmanuel be given
 All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
 Who brought us through grace to the Eden of
 love.
- 3 Then hail, blessed state, hail, ye seraphs of glory,
 Ye angels of light, we'll soon meet you above,
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
 Salvation from sorrow through ransoming love !
 Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
 Already our souls feel a sweet prelibation
 Of joys that await us, the joys of salvation,
 Reserved for mankind in the Eden of love !

696

11's.

ANONYMOUS.

At Home with Jesus.

'MID scenes of confusion, and creature com-
 plaints,

How sweet to my soul is communion with saints ;
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;
 Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

- 2 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
 O, give me submission and strength as my day ;
 In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

- 3 Whate'er thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The spirit's sure witness, and smiles on thy face,
Endue me with patience until thou shalt come,
And bless me, while here, with a foretaste of
home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

- 4 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine ;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine ;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, etc.

697

C. M.

WATTS.

Triumph in the Assurance of Heaven.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile on Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

698

C. M.

BARTON.

The Dead.

THE dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.

2 By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.

3 For death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and bygone hours ;
And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours ; —

4 Ours, by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high ;
By trust, triumphant over death,
In immortality.

699

C. M.

SUTTON.

Christian Hope.

HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
Our glowing hearts in one !
Hail, sacred hope ! that tunes our minds
To sing what God hath done.

2 What though the northern wint'ry blast
Shall howl around our cot ;
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot ;

3 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
 Our future meeting knows ;
 There friendship beams from every eye,
 And love immortal glows.

4 O sacred hope ! O blissful hope !
 Which Jesus' grace has given, —
 The hope, when days and years are past,
 We all shall meet in heaven.

700

8 & 7's.

ANON.

Gently lead us.

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
 Through this lowly vale of tears,
 And, O Lord, in mercy give us
 Thy rich grace in all our fears.
 O refresh us, O refresh us, —
 O refresh us with thy grace.

2 Though ten thousand ills beset us,
 From without and from within,
 Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
 He will save from every sin.
 Therefore praise him —
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.

3 Though distresses now attend thee,
 And thou tread'st the thorny road ;
 His right hand shall still defend thee ;
 Soon he'll bring thee home to God !
 Therefore praise him —
 Praise the great Redeemer's name.

701

C. M.

WATTS.

Praising the Lamb.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 “ Worthy the Lamb that died,” they cry,
“ To be exalted thus ; ”
“ Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
“ For he was slain for us.”

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

702

P. M.

C. WESLEY.

Conbert's Hymn.

OH ! how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above !
O, what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love !

2 It was heaven below
My Redeemer to know !
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

3 O. the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song ;
Was redemption through faith in his name ;
O that all might believe,
And salvation receive,
And their song and their joy be the same.

703

L. M.

WATTS.

Retirement from the World.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world ! be gone,
Let my religious hours alone :
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see ;
I wait a visit, Lord ! from thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire ;
Come, my dear Jesus ! from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

3 Hail, great Immanuel, all-divine !
In thee thy Father's glories shine :
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known !

704

8 & 7's M.

HART.

Blessings of Christ.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free,
 From our fears and sins release us ;
 Let us find our rest in thee :
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all our souls thou art ;
 Dear desire of every nation,
 Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a child and yet a king ;
 Born to reign in us forever,
 Now thy precious kingdom bring :
 By thine own eternal spirit,
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thine all-sufficient merit,
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

705

C. M.

MRS. BROWN.

Secret Prayer.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
 From every cumbering care,
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore,
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On Him whom I adore.

- 3 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
 The prospect doth my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driven.
- 4 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

706

7's M.

J. F. CLARK.

The Prodigal.

- B**ROTHER, hast thou wandered far
 From thy Father's happy home,
 With thyself and God at war?
 Turn thee, brother, homeward come !
- 2 Hast thou wasted all thy powers
 God for noble uses gave?
 Squandered life's most golden hours !
 Turn thee, brother, God can save !
- 3 Is a mighty famine now
 In thy heart and in thy soul?
 Discontent upon thy brow?
 Turn thee, God will make thee whole !
- 4 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
 He thy gentlest prayer can hear ;
 Seek him, for he may be found ;
 Call upon him ; he is near.

Occasional.

FAST AND THANKSGIVING.

707

L. M.

DYER.

Public Humiliation.

GREAT Framers of unnumbered worlds,
And whom unnumbered worlds adore !
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While nature trembles at thy power, —

2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea ;
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assigned by thee.

3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry ;
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense a repentant sigh.

4 This day we deeply mourn our sins,
Confess thy power, and bless thy rod ;
O, let us know thy pardoning love,
And find in thee a guardian God.

708

11 & 8's M.

MONTGOMERY.

Call to Thanksgiving and Praise.

BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
 O, serve him with gladness and fear;
 Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
 With love and devotion draw near.

2 Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
 Creator and ruler o'er all;
 And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
 His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song;
 Your vows in his temple proclaim;
 His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
 And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
 And we are the work of his hand;
 His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
 And shall to eternity stand.

709

L. M.

FLINT.

"We have a goodly Heritage."

IN pleasant lands have fallen the lines
 That bound our goodly heritage,
 And safe beneath our sheltering vines
 Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.

2 What thanks, O God, to thee are due,
 That thou didst plant our fathers here:
 And watch and guard them as they grew,
 A vineyard, to the planter dear.

3 The toils they bore, our ease have wrought ;
 They sowed in tears — in joy we reap ;
 The birthright they so dearly bought
 We'll guard till we with them shall sleep.

4 Thy kindness to our fathers shown,
 In weal and woe through all the past,
 Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
 While here their name and race shall last.

710

L. M.

WHITTIER.

Thanksgiving.

O HOLY Father ! just and true
 Are all thy works, and words, and ways ;
 And unto thee alone are due
 Thanksgiving and eternal praise.

2 As children of thy gracious care,
 We veil the eye, we bend the knee ;
 With broken words of praise and prayer,
 Father and God, we come to thee.

3 The laborer sits beneath his vine ;
 The soul is glad, the hand is free,
 Thanksgiving ! for the work is thine !
 Praise, for the blessing is of thee !

711

L. M.

PRESB. COLL.

God acknowledged in National Blessings.

THY name we bless, almighty God,
 For all the kindness thou hast shown
 To this fair land the pilgrims trod, —
 This land we fondly call our own.

- 2 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray ;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.
- 3 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds,
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
- 4 Great God, preserve us in thy fear ;
In dangers still our guardian be ;
O, spread thy truth's bright precepts here ;
Let all the people worship thee.

712

C. M.

WATTS.

The Works of God recounted to Posterity.

- LET children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God performed of old ;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known, —
His work of power and grace ;
And we 'll convey his wonders down,
Through every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn,
May teach them to their heirs.

- † Thus shall they learn, in God alone
 Their hope securely stands ;
 That they may ne'er forget his works,
 But practise his commands.

713

7's M.

HARTFORD COLLEGE.

Thanksgiving.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song ;
 Praises to our God belong ;
 Saints and angels ! join to sing
 Praises to the heavenly King.

- 2 Blessings from his liberal hand
 Flow around this happy land ,
 Guarded by his watchful eye
 Peace and freedom we enjoy.
- 3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
 May we cheerfully obey,
 Never feel oppression's rod,
 Ever own and worship God.
- 4 Hark ! the voice of nature sings
 Praises to the King of kings ;
 Let us join the choral song,
 And the grateful notes prolong.

714

L. M. 6 l.

KIPPIS.

Thanksgiving for National Prosperity.

HOW rich thy gifts, almighty King !
 From thee our public blessings spring :
 The extended trade, the fruitful skies,
 The treasures liberty bestows,
 The eternal joys the gospels shows, —
 All from thy boundless goodness rise.

- 2 With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
 To God we raise united songs ;
 Here still may God in mercy reign ;
 Crown our just counsels with success,
 With peace and joy our borders bless,
 And all our sacred rights maintain.

715

8 & 7's M.

ANONYMOUS.

National Thanksgiving and Prayer.

LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
 Hear us from thy bright abode,
 While our hearts with deep devotion,
 Own their great and gracious God :
 Now with joy we come before thee ;
 Seek thy face, thy mercies sing :
 Lord of life, and light, and glory,
 Guard thy church, thou heavenly King.

- 2 Health, and every needful blessing,
 Are thy bounteous gifts alone ;
 Comforts undeserved possessing,
 Here we bend before thy throne :
 Thee, with humble adoration,
 Lord, we praise for mercies past ;
 Still to this most favored nation
 May those mercies ever last.

SEASONS AND ANNUAL OCCASIONS.

716

L. M.

HEGINBOTHAM.

The God of the Seasons.

GREAT God ! let all our tuneful powers
 Awake and sing thy mighty name ;
 Thy hand rolls on our circling hours,
 The hand from which our being came.

- 2 Seasons and moons revolving round
In beauteous order, speak thy praise,
And years with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.
- 3 Each changing season on our souls
Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds ;
And every period, as it rolls,
Showers countless blessings on our heads.
- 4 Our lives, our health, our friends, we owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love ;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hopes of nobler joys above.

717

C. M.

WATTS.

The Seasons of the Year.

- T**IS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power !
The sea grows calm at thy command ;
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
 - 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine ;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.
 - 4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

718

7's M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

God's Goodness in the Seasons.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days ;
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ :

2 For the flocks spread o'er the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse ;

3 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
 All that liberal autumn pours
 From her rich o'erflowing stores ; —

4 These to thee, our God, we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow ;
 And for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

719

7's M.

ANNA L. WARING.

The entered Year.

SUNLIGHT of the heavenly day,
 Mighty to revive and cheer,
 Bless our yet untrodden way,
 Lead us through the entered year.

2 Open thou beneath our tread
 Springs the distance could not show ;
 From the holy fountain-head
 Let them rise where'er we go.

3 Teach us, as we pass along
In the shining of thy face,
Many a sweet thanksgiving-song,
Even in the dreary place.

4 Bold in thy protecting care,
Through the desert or the sea,
Sure to prove thee faithful there,
On ! to reign in life with thee.

720

7's M.

NEWTON.

New Year's Day.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below :
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find,
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind ; —
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream :
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view ;

Bless thy word to old and young ;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love :
 When our life's short race is run,
 May we dwell with thee above.

721

11 & 5's M.

C. WESLEY.

The New Year.

COME, let us anew
 Our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear ;
 His adorable will
 Let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life is a dream ;
 Our time as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay :
 Oh ! that each, from his Lord,
 May receive the glad word, —
 “ Well and faithfully done !
 Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne ! ”

722

7's M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Flight of Time.

TIME by moments steals away,
 First the hour, and then the day ;
 Small the daily loss appears,
 Yet it soon amounts to years.

- 2 Thus another year is flown ;
Now it is no more our own,
If it brought or promised good,
Than the years before the flood.
- 3 But may none of us forget
It has left us much in debt ;
Who can tell the vast amount
Placed to every one's account !
- 4 Favors from the Lord received,
Sins that have his spirit grieved,
Marked by an unerring hand,
In his book recorded stand.
- 5 If we see another year,
May thy blessings meet us here ;
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Warm our hearts and bless our eyes !

723

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

A Song for the opening Year.

GREAT God ! we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand ;
The opening year thy mercy shows, —
Let mercy crown it till it close.

- 2 By day, by night, — at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future — all to us unknown —
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.
- 5 When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal, in silence, mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
Shall keep our souls, and guard our dust.

724

C. M.

STEELE

Spring.

WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms deck the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day !

- 2 Hark ! how the feathered warblers sing !
'Tis nature's cheerful voice ;
Soft music hails the lovely spring,
And woods and fields rejoice.
- 3 O God of nature and of grace,
Thy heavenly gifts impart ;
Then shall my meditation trace
Spring, blooming in my heart.
- 4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
Glad nature's cheerful song,
And love and gratitude divine
Attune my joyful tongue.

725

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Redeeming the Time.

GOD of eternity ! from thee
 Did infant Time its being draw ;
 Moments and days, and months, and years,
 Revolve by thine unvaried law.

- 2 Silent and swift they glide away ;
 Steady and strong the current flows,
 Lost in Eternity's wide sea,
 The boundless gulf whence it arose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
 Before the rapid stream are borne
 On to their everlasting home,
 Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Great Source of wisdom ! teach our hearts
 To know the price of every hour,
 That Time may bear us on to joys
 Beyond its measure and its power.

726

L. M.

TENNYSON.

The Dying Year.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light ;
 The year is dying to the night ;
 Ring out wild bells, and let him die.

- 2 Ring out the old, ring in the new ;
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow ;
 The year is going ; let him go ;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

- 3 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more ;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor ;
 Ring in redress to all mankind.
- 4 Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife ;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.
- 5 Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite ;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.
- 6 Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

727

C. M.

MRS. MILES.

Summer.

THE earth, all light and loveliness,
 In summer's golden hours,
 Shines, in her bridal vesture clad,
 And crowned with festal flowers, —
 So radiantly beautiful,
 So like to heaven above,
 We scarce can deem more fair that world
 Of perfect bliss and love.

- 2 Is this a shadow faint and dim
 Of that which is to come ?
 What shall the unveiled splendor be,
 Of our celestial home,

Where waves the glorious tree of life,
Where streams of bliss gush free,
And all is glowing in the light
Of immortality?

728

C. M. .

WHITTIER.

Spring,

THE snow-plumed angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear ;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

2 “ Bear up, O mother nature ! ” cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free ;
Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee.

3 So in these winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O’erswept from memory’s frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.

4 The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay,
The greenest mosses cling.

5 Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall ;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope for all.

729

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Year crowned with Goodness.

ETERNAL Source of every joy !
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple, we appear,
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
 Embalms the air and paints the land ;
 The summer rays, with vigor, shine
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
 Through all our coasts, redundant stores ;
 And winters softened by thy care,
 No more a face of horror wear.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise ;
 Still be the cheerful homage paid,
 With morning light and evening shade.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

730

6 & 4's M.

S. F. SMITH.

National Hymn.

MY country, 't is of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing ;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee —
 Land of the noble, free —
 Thy name I love ;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills :
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

3 Our fathers' God, to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing :
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.

731

6 & 4's M.

ANONYMOUS.

The same.

GOD bless our native land !
 Firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night :
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of winds and wave,
 Do thou our country save,
 By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God above the skies !
 On him we wait ;
 Thou who hast heard each sigh,
 Watching each weeping eye,
 Be thou forever nigh ; —
 God save the State !

732

P. M.

MOORE

Miriam's Song.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
 Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free.
 Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
 His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and
 brave ;
 How vain was their boasting ! the Lord hath but
 spoken,
 And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the
 wave.
 Sound the loud timbrel, etc.

2 Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord ;
 His word was our arrow, his breath was our
 sword.
 Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
 Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride ?
 For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of
 glory,
 And all her brave thousands are dashed in the
 tide.
 Sound the loud timbrel, etc.

733

L. M.

O. W. HOLMES.

Army Hymn.

O LORD of Hosts ! Almighty King !
 Behold the sacrifice we bring :
 To every arm thy strength impart,
 Thy spirit shed through every heart !

2 Wake in our breasts the living fires,
 The holy faith that warmed our sires ;
 Thy hand hath made our nation free ;
 To die for her is serving thee.

- 3 Be thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe ;
And when the battle thunders loud
Still guide us in its moving cloud.
- 4 God of all nations ! Sovereign Lord !
In thy dread name we draw the sword ;
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.
- 5 No more its flaming emblems wave
To bar from hope the trembling slave ;
No more its radiant glories shine
To blast with woe a child of thine.
- 6 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard thou its folds till peace shall reign ;
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem, Praise to Thee !

734

6 & 4's M.

DUNCAN.

Freedom.

TRUMP of glad jubilee,
Echo o'er land and sea,
Freedom for all :
Let the glad tidings fly,
And every tribe reply,
Glory to God on high,
At slavery's fall.

- 2 Free, too, the captive mind
By darkness long confined
In slavery's night :
Truth's glorious reign extend,
Virtue with freedom blend,
And full salvation send
With freedom's light.

735

3 & 7's M.

WHITTIER.

Emancipation.

RING, O bells !

Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time !

2 Let us kneel :

God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us ! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound ?

3 For the Lord

On the whirlwind is abroad ;
In the earthquake he has spoken :
He has smitten with his thunder
All the iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken !

4 Loud and long

Lift the old exulting song.
Sing with Miriam by the sea :
He has cast the mighty down ;
Horse and rider sink and drown ;
He has triumphed gloriously !

5 Ring and swing !

Bells of joy ! on morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad ;
With a sound of broken chains,
Tell the nation that he reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God !

736

P. M. THEODORE TILTON.

*God save the Nation !**A War Hymn.*

THOU who ordainest for the land's salvation,
Famine, and fire, and sword, and lamen-
tation,

Now unto thee we lift our supplication —
God save the Nation !

2 By the great sign, foretold, of thy appearing,
Coming in clouds, while mortal men stand fearing,
Show us amid this smoke of battle, clearing,
Thy chariot nearing !

3 By the brave blood that floweth like a river,
Hurl thou a thunderbolt from out thy quiver !
Break thou the strong gates ! Every fetter
shiver !
Smite and deliver !

737

L. M.

H. WARE, JR.

The God of our Fathers.

LIKE Israel's host to exile driven,
Across the flood the pilgrims fled ;
Their hands bore up the ark of heaven,
And heaven their trusting footsteps led,
Till on these savage shores they trod,
And won the wilderness for God.

2 Then, when their weary ark found rest,
Another Zion proudly grew ;
In more than Judah's glory dressed,
With light that Israel never knew,
From sea to sea her empire spread,
Her temple heaven, and Christ her Head.

3 Then let the grateful Church to-day
 Its ancient rite with gladness keep ;
 And still our fathers' God display
 His kindness, though the fathers sleep.
 O, bless as thou hast blest the past,
 While earth, and time, and heaven shall last !

738

6 & 4's M.

PIERPONT.

The Fathers remembered.

GONE are those great and good
 Who here in peril stood
 And raised their hymn :
 Peace to the reverend dead !
 The light, that on their head
 The glorious past has shed,
 Shall ne'er grow dim.

2 Ye temples, that to God
 Rise where our fathers trod,
 Guard well your trust, —
 The faith that dared the sea,
 The truth that made them free,
 Their cherished purity,
 Their garnered dust.

3 Thou high and holy One,
 Whose care for sire and son
 All nature fills ;
 While day shall break and close,
 While night her crescent shows,
 O, let thy light repose
 On these thy hills !

739

L. M.

AIKIN.

In Time of War.

WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strow the ground,
To thee we look, on thee we call,
The Parent and the Lord of all.

2 Thou, who hast stamped on human kind
The image of a heaven-born mind,
And in a Father's wide embrace
Hast cherished all the kindred race, —

3 Great God, whose powerful hand can bind
The raging waves, the furious wind,
O, bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddening world to peace.

4 With reverence may each hostile land
Hear and obey that high command,
Thy Son's blest errand from above, —
“ My creatures, live in mutual love ! ”

740

P. M.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

Dirge for a Soldier.

CLOSE his eyes, his work is done !
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman ?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow !
What cares he ? he cannot know !
Lay him low !

- 2 As a man may, he fought his fight,
 Proved his truth by his endeavor;
 Let him sleep in solemn night,
 Sleep forever and forever.
 Lay him low, etc.
- 3 Fold him in his country's stars,
 Roll the drum and fire the volley!
 What to him are all our wars,
 What but death bemocking folly?
 Lay him low, etc.
- 4 Leave him to God's watching eye,
 Trust him to the hand that made him,
 Mortal love weeps idly by:
 God alone has power to aid him.
 Lay him low, etc.

741

8's M.

COLLINS.

Dirge for the Heroic Dead.

HOW sleep the brave who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

- 2 By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell a weeping hermit there.

742

L. M.

W. R. WALLACE.

National Anthem.

GOD of the free ! upon thy breath
Our flag is for the right unrolled,
As broad and brave as when its stars
First lit the hallowed time of old.

2 For duty still its folds shall fly ;
For honor still its glories burn,
Where truth, religion, valor, guard
The patriot's sword and martyr's urn.

3 God of the free ! our nation bless
In its strong manhood as its birth ;
And make its life a star of hope
For all the struggling of the earth.

4 Then shout beside thine oak, O North !
O South ! wave answer with thy palm ;
And in our Union's heritage
Together sing the nation's psalm !

743

O. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Hymn of Peace.

THE dwellings of the free resound
With songs of victory ;
And countless hearts, the land around,
For peace are blessing thee.

2 By thee we raised the conquering sign
That led the victor band ;
Thine was the power, the peace is thine ;
We see in all, thy hand.

- 3 Still let that conquering banner wave
 O'er souls thou hast made free,
 And fold the hearts which through the grave
 Have heavenward passed to thee.
- 4 In joyful songs thy name we bless,
 Who makest wars to cease ;
 O, grant our land, through righteousness,
 A never broken peace.

PHILANTHROPIC AND REFORMATORY.

744

7's M.

J. TAYLOR.

Acceptable Offering.

FATHER of our feeble race,
 Wise, beneficent, and kind !
 Spread o'er nature's ample face,
 Flows thy goodness unconfined.
 Musing in the silent grove,
 Or the busy walks of men,
 Still we trace thy wondrous love,
 Claiming large returns again.

- 2 Lord, what offering shall we bring,
 At thine altars when we bow ?
 Hearts, the pure unsullied spring
 Whence the kind affections flow ;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye expressed ;
 Sympathy, at whose control
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.

- 3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store; —
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

745

O. M.

CROSSWELL.

“**To Do Good and to Communicate forget not.**”

- L**ORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.
- 2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.
- 4 Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

746

7's M.

ANONYMOUS.

Give to the Poor.

GIVE as God hath given thee,
 With a bounty full and free :
 If he hath with liberal hand,
 Given wealth to thy command,
 For the fulness of thy store,
 Give thy needy brother more.

2 If the lot his love doth give
 Is by earnest toil to live,
 If with nerve and sinew strong
 Thou dost labor hard and long ;
 Then e'en from thy slender store
 Give, and God shall give thee more.

3 Hearts there are with grief oppressed ;
 Forms in tattered raiment dressed ;
 Homes where want and woe abide ;
 Dens where vice and misery hide ;
 With a bounty large and free,
 Give, as God hath given thee.

4 Wealth is thine to aid and bless,
 Strength to succor and redress ;
 Bear thy weaker brother's part,
 Strong of hand and strong of heart ;
 Be thy portion large or small,
 Give, for God doth give thee all.

747

L. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

The Blessedness of considering the Poor. Ps. xli. 1—3.

BLEST who with generous pity glows,
 Who learns to feel another's woes :

Bows to the poor man's wants his ear,
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear!
In every want, in every woe,
Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know.

- 2 Thy love his life shall guard, thy hand
Give to his lot the chosen land;
Nor leave him, in the troubled day,
To unrelenting foes a prey.
In sickness thou shalt raise his head,
And make with tenderest care his bed.

748

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Words and Deeds.

BENEATH the thick but struggling clouds,
We talk of Christian life;
The words of Jesus on our lips,
Our hearts with man at strife.

- 2 Traditions, forms, and selfish aims,
Have dimmed the inner light;
Have closely veiled the spirit-world
And angels from our sight.

- 3 Strong souls and willing hands we need,
Our temple to repair;
Remove the gathering dust of years,
And show the model fair.

- 4 We slumber while the present calls,
But darkness grows with rest;
Wouldst thou see truth? To action wake, —
Do the divine behest.

749

C. M.

HAMPSON.

Compassion.

OUR offering is a willing mind
 To comfort the distressed ;
 In others' good our own to find,
 In others' blessings blessed.

2 Go to the pillow of disease,
 Where night gives no repose,
 And on the cheek where sickness preys,
 Bid health to plant a rose.

3 Go where the friendless stranger lies,
 To perish in his doom,
 Snatch from the grave his closing eyes,
 And bring his blessing home.

4 Thus what our heavenly Father gave
 Shall we as freely give ;
 Thus copy him who lived to save,
 And died that we might live.

750

C. M.

PEABODY.

"Who is my Neighbor?"

WHO is thy neighbor? He whom thou
 Hast power to aid or bless ;
 Whose aching heart or burning brow
 Thy hand may soothe or press.

2 Thy neighbor? he who drinks the cup
 When sorrow drowns the brim ;
 With words of high sustaining hope,
 Go thou and comfort him.

3 Thy neighbor? 't is the weary slave,
Fettered in mind and limb;
He hath no hope this side the grave;
Go thou and ransom him.

4 Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by,
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

751

7's M. 6 l.

ANONYMOUS.

Active Benevolence.

• **I**N the morning sow thy seed,
Nor at eve withhold thy hand;
Who can tell which may succeed,
Or, if both alike should stand,
And a glorious harvest bear,
To reward the sower's care?

2 Sow it 'mid the haunts of vice, —
Scenes of infamy and crime;
Suddenly, may Paradise
Burst, as in the northern clime
Spring, with all its verdant race,
Starts from Winter's cold embrace.

3 Sow it with unsparing hand;
'T is the kingdom's precious seed,
'T is the Master's great command,
And his grace shall crown the deed;
He hath said, the precious grain
Never should be sowed in vain.

752

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

For a Female Friendly Society.

OUR soul shall magnify the Lord,
In him our spirit shall rejoice ;
Assembled here with sweet accord,
Our hearts shall praise him with our voice.

2 Since he regards our low estate,
And hears his handmaids when they pray,
We humbly plead at mercy's gate,
Where none are ever turned away.

3 The poor are his peculiar care,
To them his promises are sure ;
His gifts the poor in spirit share :
O, may we always thus be poor !

4 God of our hope, to thee we bow,
Thou art our refuge in distress :
The husband of the widow, thou,
The father of the fatherless.

5 May we the law of love fulfil ;
To bear each other's burdens here ;
Suffer and do thy righteous will,
And walk in all thy faith and fear.

753

8 & 7's M.

PIERPONT.

Temperance Vows.

PILLOWS wet with tears of anguish,
Couches pressed in sleepless woe,
Where the sons of Belial languish,
Father, may we never know.

2 For the maddening cup shall never
To our thirsting lips be pressed,
But our draught shall be, forever,
The cold water thou hast blessed.

3 This shall give us strength to labor,
This make all our stores increase;
This, with thee and with our neighbor,
Bind us in the bonds of peace.

4 For the lake, the well, the river,
Water-brook and crystal spring,
Do we now, to thee, the Giver,
Thanks, our daily tribute, bring.

754

L. M.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

For a Temperance Anniversary.

WE praise thee, if one rescued soul,
While the past year prolonged its flight,
Turned, shuddering, from the poisonous bowl,
To health, and liberty, and light.

2 We praise thee, if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pined,
Beheld the sire and husband come
Erect and in his perfect mind.

3 No more a weeping wife to mock,
Till all her hopes in anguish end;
No more the trembling child to shock,
And sink the father in the fiend.

4 Still give us grace, almighty King!
Unwavering at our posts to stand,
Till grateful to thy shrine we bring
The tribute of a ransomed land.

755

S. M.

M. W. HALE.

For a Temperance Anniversary.

PRAISE for the glorious light,
Which crowns this joyous day ;
Whose beams dispel the shades of night,
And wake our grateful lay !

2 Praise for the mighty band,
Redeemed from error's chain,
Whose echoing voices, through our land,
Join our triumphant strain !

3 Ours is no conquest gained
Upon the tented field ;
Nor hath the flowing life-blood stained
The victor's helm and shield.

4 But the strong might of love,
And truth's all-pleading voice,
As angels bending from above,
Have made our hearts rejoice.

5 Lord ! upward to thy throne
Th' imploring voice we raise ;
The might, the strength, are thine alone !
Thine be our loftiest praise.

756

7's M.

P. H. SWEETSER.

Temperance Hymn.

HARK ! the voice of choral song
Floats upon the breeze along,
Chanting clear, in solemn lays, —
“ Man redeemed — to God the praise ! ”

- 2 Angels, strike the golden lyre !
Mortals, catch the heavenly fire !
Thousands ransomed from the grave,
Millions yet our pledge shall save !
- 3 Save from sin's destructive breath,
Save from sorrow, shame, and death —
From intemperance and strife,
Save the husband, children, wife !
- 4 Courage ! let no heart despair —
Mighty is the truth we bear !
Forward then, baptized in love,
Led by wisdom from above !

757

L. M.

WHITTIER.

For an Agricultural Festival.

O MAKER of the fruits and flowers !
We thank thee for thy wise design,
Whereby these human hands of ours
In nature's garden work with thine.

- 2 And thanks that from our daily need
The joy of simple faith is born,
That he who smites the summer weed
May trust thee for the autumn corn.
- 3 For he who blesses most is blest,
And God and man shall own his worth
Who toils to leave, as his bequest,
An added beauty to the earth.
- 4 And soon or late, to all that sow,
The time of harvest shall be given ;
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,
If not on earth, at last in heaven.

758

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Widow's Prayer.

THOUGH faint and sick, and worn away
 With poverty and woe,
 My widowed feet are doomed to stray
 'Mid thorny paths below.

2 Be thou, O Lord, my Father still,
 My confidence and guide :
 I know that perfect is thy will,
 Whate'er that will decide.

3 I know the soul that trusts in thee,
 Thou never wilt forsake ;
 And though a bruised reed I be,
 That reed thou wilt not break.

4 Then keep me. Lord, where'er I go,
 Support me on my way,
 Though worn with poverty and woe,
 My widowed footsteps stray.

5 To give my weakness strength, O God,
 Thy staff shall yet avail ;
 And though thou chasten with thy rod,
 That staff shall never fail.

759

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Orphan's Hymn.

WHERE shall the child of sorrow find
 A place of calm repose ?
 Thou Father of the fatherless,
 Pity the orphan's woes !

2 What friend have I in heaven or earth,
What friend to trust but thee?
My father's dead — my mother's dead;
My God, remember me!

3 Thy gracious promise now fulfil,
And bid my trouble cease;
In thee the fatherless shall find
Pure mercy, grace, and peace.

4 I've not a secret care or pain
But he that secret knows;
Thou Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes!

760

L. M.

MRS. MAYO.

Reclaiming Love.

OH, shut not out sweet pity's ray
From souls now clouded o'er by sin;
Touch their deep springs, and let the day
Of Christian love flow freely in.

2 Send them kind missions, though their feet
No more again the world may tread;
Some pulse of better life may beat
In hearts that seem unmoved and dead.

3 'Tis just that they should bear the pain
Of keen remorse and guilty shame;
But scorn may drive to crime again —
'Tis only love that can reclaim.

761

8, 7, & 6's M. MISS FLETCHER.

Compassion for the Sinning.

THINK gently of the erring !
 Lord, let us not forget,
 However darkly stained by sin,
 He is our brother yet.
 Heir of the same inheritance !
 Child of the self-same God !
 He hath but stumbled in the path,
 We have in weakness trod.

- 2 Speak gently to him, brother ;
 Thou yet mayst lead him back,
 With holy words and tones of love,
 From misery's thorny track.
 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
 And sinful yet must be :
 Deal gently with the erring one,
 As God hath dealt with thee.

762

10's M.

ANONYMOUS.

Compassion for the Erring.

BREATHE thoughts of pity o'er a brother's
 fall,
 But dwell not with stern anger on his fault ;
 The grace of God alone holds thee, holds all ;
 Were that withdrawn, thou, too, would'st
 swerve and halt.

- 2 Send back the wand'rer to the Saviour's fold ;
 That were an action worthy of a saint ;
 But not in malice let the crime be told,
 Nor publish to the world the evil taint.

3 The Saviour suffers when his children slide ;
 Then is his holy name by men blasphemed,
 And he afresh is mocked and crucified,
 Even by those his bitter death redeemed.

4 Rebuke the sin, and yet in love rebuke ;
 Feel as one member in another's pain ;
 Win back the soul that his fair path forsook,
 And mighty and rejoicing is thy gain !

763

L. M. MRS. LIVERMORE.

Reclaiming Power of Love.

JESUS, what precept is like thine,
 " Forgive, as ye would be forgiven ! "
 If heeded, O what power divine
 Would then transform our earth to heaven.

2 Not by the harsh or scornful word,
 Should we our brother seek to gain ;
 Not by the prison or the sword,
 The shackle, or the clanking chain.

3 But from our spirits there must flow
 A love that will his wrong outweigh ;
 Our lips must only blessings know,
 And wrath and sin shall die away.

4 'T was heaven that formed the holy plan
 To bring the wanderer back by love ;
 Thus let us win our brother, man,
 And imitate thee, God above !

764

L. M.

MISS FLETCHER.

For the Prisoner.

FATHER! we pray for those who dwell
 Within the prison's gloomy cell!
 For those whose souls are bending low
 Beneath the weight of guilt and woe!

2 Thy love hath kept our thorny way,
 And saved us from sin's iron sway;
 Our brethren in a weaker hour
 Have yielded to temptation's power.

3 Teach us with humble hearts to feel,
 How darkly on our brows the seal
 Of guilt might now perchance be set,
 Had we the same temptation met.

4 Then while the error we would shun,
 We still would aid the erring one
 To turn from sin's unpitying sway,
 To virtue's fair and pleasant way.

765

7's M.

MILMAN.

"And he arose and rebuked the Winds and Sea."

LORD! thou didst arise and say,
 To the troubled waters, "Peace,"
 And the tempest died away;
 Down they sank, the foaming seas,
 And a calm and heaving sleep
 Spread o'er all the glassy deep,
 All the azure lake serene
 Like another heaven was seen!

2 Lord ! thy gracious word repeat
 To the billows of the proud !
 Quell the tyrant's martial heat,
 Quell the fierce and changing crowd !
 Then the earth shall find repose,
 From oppressions and from woes ;
 And another heaven appear
 On our world of darkness here !

766

6 & 10's M. { MILTON, GARDNER.
 AND DWIGHT.

The Prince of Peace.

NO war nor battle's sound
 Was heard the world around, —
 No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran ;
 But peaceful was the night
 In which the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began.

2 Unwilling kings obeyed,
 And sheathed the battle blade,
 And called their bloody legions from the field ;
 In silent awe they wait,
 And close the warrior's gate,
 Nor know to whom their homage thus they yield.

3 The peaceful Conquerer goes,
 And triumphs o'er his foes,
 His weapons drawn from armories above ;
 Behold the vanquished sit
 Submissive at his feet,
 And strife and hate are changed to peace and love

767

C. M.

DRENNAN.

Law of Love.

ALL nature feels attractive power,
 A strong embracing force ;
 The drops that sparkle in the shower,
 The planets in their course.

2 Thus, in the universe of mind,
 Is felt the law of love ;
 The charity both strong and kind,
 For all that live and move.

3 In this fine sympathetic chain
 All creatures bear a part ;
 Their every pleasure, every pain,
 Linked to the feeling heart.

4 More perfect bond, the Christian plan
 Attaches soul to soul ;
 Our neighbor is the suffering man,
 Though at the farthest pole.

5 To earth below, from heaven above,
 The faith in Christ professed,
 More clearly shows that God is love,
 And whom he loves is blessed.

768

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

We are all Brethren.

HUSHED be the battle's fearful roar,
 The warrior's rushing call !
 Why should the earth be drenched with gore ?
 Are we not brothers all ?

2 Want, from the starving poor depart !
 Chains, from the captives fall !
 Great God, subdue the oppressor's heart !
 Are we not brothers all ?

3 Sect, clan, and nation, O, strike down
 Each mean partition-wall !
 Let love the voice of discord drown !
 Are we not brothers all ?

4 Let grace, and truth, and peace, alone
 Hold human hearts in thrall,
 That heaven at length its work may own,
 And men be brothers all.

769

P. M.

H. WARE, JR.

The Progress of Freedom.

OPPRESSION shall not always reign ;
 There comes a brighter day,
 When Freedom, burst from every chain,
 Shall have triumphant way.
 Then right shall over might prevail,
 And truth, like hero armed in mail,
 The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
 And hold eternal sway.

2 What voice shall bid the progress stay
 Of Truth's victorious car ?
 What arm arrest the growing day,
 Or quench the solar star ?
 What reckless soul, though stout and strong,
 Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,
 Oppression's guilty night prolong,
 And Freedom's morning bar ?

- 3 The hour of triumph comes apace,
 The fated promised hour,
 When earth upon a ransomed race
 Her bounteous gifts shall shower.
 Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell !
 Bid high thy sacred banner swell !
 Let trump on trump the triumph tell
 Of Heaven's redeeming power.

770

7's M.

MRS. FOLLEN.

Prayer for the Slave.

LORD ! deliver ; thou canst save :
 Save from evil, mighty God !
 Hear, O hear, the kneeling slave !
 Break, O break, the oppressor's rod !

- 2 May the captive's pleading fill
 All the earth, and all the sky ;
 Every other voice be still,
 While he pleads with God on high.
- 3 From the tyranny within,
 Save thy children, Lord ! we pray ;
 Chains of iron, chains of sin,
 Cast, forever, cast away.
- 4 Love to man, and love to God,
 Are the weapons of our war ;
 These can break the oppressor's rod,
 Burst the bonds that we abhor.

771

C. M.

R. NICOLL.

Honor all Men.

I MAY not scorn the meanest thing
That on the earth doth crawl :
The slave who would not burst his chain,
The tyrant in his hall.

2 The vile oppressor, who hath made
The widowed mother mourn,
Though worthless, soulless, he may stand,
I cannot, dare not scorn.

3 The darkest night that shrouds the sky,
Of beauty hath a share :
The blackest heart hath sighs to tell
That God still lingers there.

772

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

"Break every Yoke."

"BREAK every yoke," the gospel cries,
"And let the oppressed go free ;"
Let every burdened captive rise,
And taste sweet liberty.

2 Lord ! when shall man thy voice obey,
And rend each iron chain ?
O ! when shall love its golden sway
O'er all the earth maintain ?

3 Send thy good spirit from above,
And melt the oppressor's heart ;
Send swift deliverance to the slave,
And bid his woes depart.

- 4 With joy and gladness crown his day,
And fill his heart with love ;
Teach him the straight and only way
That leads to rest above.

773

8 & 6's M.

BRYANT

"Thou hast put all Things under his Feet."

O NORTH, with all thy vales of green,
O South, with all thy palms,
From peopled towns, and fields between,
Uplift the voice of psalms ;
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

- 2 Lo ! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-belovéd Son ;
He brings a train of brighter years —
His kingdom is begun ;
He comes, a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.
- 3 O Father, haste the promised hour
When at his feet shall lie
All rule, authority, and power,
Beneath the ample sky ;
When he shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul.
- 4 When all shall heed the words he said,
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life he led,
Shall strive to pattern theirs ;
And he who conquered death shall win
The mighty conquest over sin.

774

7's M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Liberty of the Sons of God.

GOD made all his creatures free ;
 Life itself is liberty ;
 God ordained no other bands
 Than united hearts and hands.

2 Sin the primal charter broke, —
 Sin, itself earth's heaviest yoke ;
 Tyranny with sin began,
 Man o'er brute, and man o'er man.

3 But a better day shall be,
 Life again be liberty,
 And the wide world's only bands
 Love-knit hearts and love-linked hands.

4 So shall every slavery cease,
 All God's children dwell in peace,
 And the new-born earth record
 Love, and Love alone, is Lord.

775

C. M.

H. MARTINEAU.

All Men are Equal.

ALL men are equal in their birth,
 Heirs of the earth and skies ;
 All men are equal when that earth
 Fades from their dying eyes.

2 God meets the throngs who pay their vows
 In courts that hands have made,
 And hears the worshipper who bows
 Beneath the plantain shade.

3 'T is man alone who difference sees,
 And speaks of high and low,
 And worships those, and tramples these,
 While the same path they go.

4 O, let man hasten to restore
 To all their rights of love ;
 In power and wealth exult no more ;
 In wisdom lowly move.

5 Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride,
 Ye low, your shame and fear :
 Live, as ye worship, side by side ;
 Your brotherhood revere.

776

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

The Hope of Man.

THE past is dark with sin and shame,
 The future dim with doubt and fear ;
 But, Father, yet we praise thy name,
 Whose guardian love is always near.

2 For man has striven, ages long,
 With faltering steps to come to thee,
 And in each purpose high and strong
 The influence of thy grace could see.

3 He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
 But thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
 As age by age brought hopes more fair,
 And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.

- 4 But never rose within his breast
 A trust so calm and deep as now ; —
 Shall not the weary find a rest ?
 Father, Preserver, answer thou !
- 5 'Tis dark around, 'tis dark above,
 But through the shadow streams the sun ;
 We cannot doubt thy certain love ;
 And man's true aim shall yet be won !

777

S. M.

MISS MARTINEAU.

"Come, Lord Jesus."

LORD JESUS, come ! for here
 Our path through wilds is laid ;
 We watch, as for the day-spring near,
 Amid the breaking shade.

- 2 Lord Jesus, come ! for hosts
 Meet on the battle plain ;
 Our holiest hopes seem vainest boasts,
 And tears are shed like rain.

- 3 Lord Jesus, come ! the slave
 Still bears his heavy chains ;
 Their daily bread the hungry crave,
 While teem the fruitful plains.

- 4 Hark ! herald voices near
 Lead on thy happier day ;
 Come, Lord, and our hosannas hear !
 We wait to strew thy way.

778

L. M.

J. F. CLARKE

The Protestant Reformation.

FOR all thy gifts we praise thee, Lord,
 With lifted song and bended knee ;
 But now our thanks are chiefly poured
 For those who taught us to be free.

- 2 For when the soul lay bound below
 A heavy yoke of forms and creeds,
 And none thy word of truth could know,
 O'ergrown with tares and choked with
 weeds ;
- 3 The monarch's sword, the prelate's pride,
 The church's curse, the empire's ban,
 By one poor monk were all defied,
 Who never feared the face of man.
- 4 Half-battles were the words he said,
 Each born of prayer, baptized in tears ;
 And routed by them, backward fled
 The errors of a thousand years.
- 5 With lifted song and bended knee,
 For all thy gifts we praise thee, Lord ;
 But chief for those who made us free,
 The champions of thy holy word.

779

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

We maketh all Things new.

ALmighty Spirit, now behold
 A world by sin destroyed !
 Creative Spirit, as of old,
 Move on the formless void !

2 Give thou the word, — the healing sound
 Shall quell the deadly strife,
 And earth again, like Eden crowned,
 Bring forth the tree of life.

3 If sang the morning stars for joy
 When nature rose to view,
 What strains shall angel harps employ,
 When thou shalt all renew?

780

L. M.

WHITTIER.

OLD and New.

O, SOMETIMES gleams upon our sight,
 Through present wrong, the Eternal Right !
 And step by step, since time began,
 We see the steady gain of man ; —

2 That all of good the past has had
 Remains to make our own time glad,
 Our common daily life divine,
 And every land a Palestine.

3 We lack but open eye and ear
 To find the Orient's marvels here,
 The still small voice in autumn's hush,
 Yon maple wood the burning bush.

4 For still the new transcends the old,
 In signs and tokens manifold ;
 Slaves rise up men ; the olive waves
 With roots deep set in battle graves.

5 Through the harsh noises of our day
 A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;
 Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
 A light is breaking, calm and clear.

6 Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
 For olden time and holier shore ;
 God's love and blessing, then and there,
 Are now, and here, and everywhere.

781

11 & 10's M.

HARRIS.

Past, Present, and Future.

O EARTH ! thy Past is crowned and con-
 secrated

With its reformers, speaking yet, though
 dead ;

Who unto strife and toil and tears were fated,
 Who unto fiery martyrdoms were led

2 O Earth ! the Present too is crowned with
 splendor

By its reformers battling in the strife ;

Friends of humanity, stern, strong, and tender,

Making the world more hopeful with their life.

3 O Earth ! thy Future shall be great and glorious

With its reformers, toiling in the van ;

Till truth and love shall reign o'er all victorious,

And earth be given to freedom and to man.

Home and Children.

782

L. M.

SCOTT.

Domestic Worship.

WHERE'ER the Lord shall build my house,
An altar to his name I'll raise;
There, morn and evening, shall ascend
The sacrifice of prayer and praise.

2 With dutious mind, the social band
Shall search the records of thy law;
There learn thy will, and humbly bow
With filial reverence and awe.

3 Here may God fix his sacred seat,
And spread the banner of his love;
Till ripened for a happier state,
We meet the family above.

783

L. M. DODDRIDGE & MERRICK.

Family Worship.

TO Him who condescends to dwell
With men in their obscurest cell,
Be our domestic altars raised,
And daily let his name be praised.

2 Then shall the charms of wedded love
Still more delightful blessings prove ;
And parents' hearts shall overflow
With joy that parents only know.

3 When nature droops, our aged eyes
Shall see our children's children rise ;
Till pleased and thankful we remove,
And join the family above.

Prayer for Children.

GOD of mercy, hear our prayer
For the children thou hast given ;
Let them all thy blessings share —
Grace on earth and bliss in heaven.

2 In the morning of their days,
May their hearts be drawn to thee :
Let them learn to lisp thy praise,
In their earliest infancy.

3 When we see their passions rise,
Sinful habits unsubdued,
Then to thee we lift our eyes,
That their hearts may be renewed.

4 For this mercy, Lord, we cry ;
Bend thy ever-gracious ear ;
While on thee our souls rely,
Hear our prayer, — in mercy hear.

785

7's M.

ANONYMOUS.

Silent Worship.

• **WOULD'ST** thou in thy lonely hour,
Praises to the Eternal pour?

I will teach thy soul to be
Temple, hymn, and harmony.

2 Sweeter songs than poets sing,
Thou shalt for thine offering bring;
Softly murmured hymns, that dwell
In devotion's deepest cell.

3 Know that music's holiest strain
Loves to linger, loves to reign,
In that calm of quiet thought,
Which the passions trouble not.

4 Would'st thou in thy lonely hour,
Praises to the Eternal pour?
Thus thy soul may learn to be,
Temple, hymn, and harmony.

786

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Sickness and Recovery.

LORD, in thy service I would spend
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise?

2 Thy own almighty power and love
Did this weak frame sustain;
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 Back from the borders of the grave,
 At thy command I come ;
 Nor would I urge a speedier flight
 To my celestial home

4 Where thou appointest mine abode,
 There would I choose to be ;
 For in thy presence death is life,
 And earth is heaven with thee.

787

L. M.

S. S. CUTTING.

Family Hymn. — Evening.

FATHER, we bless the gentle care
 That watches o'er us day by day,
 That guards us from the tempter's snare,
 And guides us in the heavenward way :
 We bless thee for the tender love,
 That mingles all our hearts in one, —
 The music of the soul ; — above
 'T is purer spirits' unison.

2 Father, 't is evening's solemn hour,
 And cast we now our cares on thee ;
 Darkly the storm may round us lower, —
 Peace is within, — Christ makes us free ;
 And when life's toil and joy are o'er,
 And evening gathers on its sky,
 Our circle broke, — we sing no more, —
 O, may we meet and sing on high.

788

S. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Domestic Affection.

HOW pleasing, Lord ! to see,
How pure is the delight,
When mutual love, and love to thee,
A family unite !

2 From these celestial springs
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

3 No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet ;
While mingled praise and mingled prayers
Make their communion sweet.

4 'T is the same pleasure fills
The breast in worlds above ;
There joy like morning dew distills,
And all the air is love.

789

L. M. SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

Detained from the Sanctuary.

SWEET Sabbath bells ! I love your voice,
You call me to the house of prayer ;
Oft have you made my heart rejoice,
When I have gone to worship there.

2 But now a prisoner of the Lord,
His hand forbids, I cannot go ;
Yet may I here his love record,
And here the sweets of worship know.

- 3 Each place alike is holy ground,
Where prayer from humble souls is poured,
Where praise awakes its silver sound,
Or God is silently adored.
- 4 His sanctuary is the heart, —
There, with the contrite, will he rest ;
Lord, come, a Sabbath frame impart,
And make thy temple in my breast.

790

C. M.

FABER.

Childhood looking to Jesus.

- D**EAR Jesus ! ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy throne in heaven, to guard
A little child like me.
- 2 I cannot feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother did,
When I was but a child.
- 3 But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me ;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.
- 4 And when, dear Saviour ! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart,
Which tells me thou art there.
- 5 Yes ! when I pray, thou prayest too, —
The prayer is all for me :
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

791

C. M.

ANONYMOUS.

A Child's Prayer.

LORD, teach a little child to pray,
And, O, accept my prayer;
Thou canst hear all the words I say,
For thou art everywhere.

2 A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

3 Teach me to do whate'er is right,
And, when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To serve thee while I live.

792

C. M.

WILLIAM CUTLER.

Thoughtful Example.

WHAT if the little rain should say,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh these thirsty fields,
I'll tarry in the sky?

2 What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

3 Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

- 4 Go thou, and strive to do thy share, —
 One talent — less than thine —
 Improved with steady zeal and care,
 Would gain rewards divine.

793

8 & 7's M.

ANONYMOUS.

Children's Hymn.

LORD, a little band and lowly,
 We are come to sing to thee;
 Thou art great, and high, and holy, —
 O, how solemn should we be!

- 2 Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
 And of heaven where he is gone;
 And let nothing ever please us
 He would grieve to look upon.

- 3 Let our sins be all forgiven:
 Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
 Lead us on our way to heaven,
 There to sing a nobler song.

794

L. M.

PIERPONT.

Evening Hymn.

ANOTHER day its course hath run,
 And still, O God, thy child is blest,
 For thou hast been by day my sun,
 And thou wilt be by night my rest.

- 2 Sweet sleep descends my eyes to close,
 And now when all the world is still
 I give my body to repose, —
 My spirit to my Father's will.

795

L. M.

~~We~~ are but Young.

WE are but young, — yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.

2 We are but young, — we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we would confide;
O, lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless our helpless youth.

3 We are but young, — yet God has shed
Unnumbered blessings on our head;
Then let our youth in riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.

796

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

A Child's Hymn for Christmas

THOU holy Jesus, kind and dear,
Who for us children camest here,
That blest and purified by thee,
God's little children we might be.

2 God sent thee down, a light divine,
Through all this darkened world to shine,
A heavenly child, a heavenly ray,
To guide us all the heavenly way.

3 O holy Jesus, kind and dear,
Because thy birthday now is near,
For every child, in every clime,
It is a happy, joyful time.

4 Then bless me too, and from thy throne,
Look down, Lord, on thy little one ;
Make thou my heart all pure and white,
In heavenly fountains clear and bright.

5 Lord, make me like the angels mild,
A loving, humble, grateful child ;
That thine I evermore may be,
Thou holy Jesus, grant to me !

797

O. M.

WATTS.

Advantage of Early Piety.

WHEN children give their hearts to God
'T is pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

2 ~~It saves~~ us from a thousand fears,
To mind religion young ;
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And renders virtue strong.

3 To thee, Almighty God ! to thee
May we our hearts resign ;
'T will please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

798

7 & 6's M.

S. F. SMITH.

Remember thy Creator.

“ **R**EMEMBER thy Creator ”
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night ;

- 2 While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

799

S. M.

WATTS.

Early Instruction.

THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learned so young,
To read his holy word.

- 2 Dear Lord ! this book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.
- 3 Oh ! may thy Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive,
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.
- 4 Then shall I praise the Lord,
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learned in vain.

800

L. M.

PIERPONT.

Morning Hymn for a Child.

O GOD, I thank thee that the night
In peace and rest hath passed away,
And that I see, in this fair light,
My Father's smile, that makes it day.

- 2 Be thou my guide, and let me live
 As under thine all-seeing eye ;
 Supply my wants, my sins forgive,
 And make me happy when I die.

801

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

~~Christ calling Children to Himself.~~

THE Saviour gently calls
 Our children to his breast ;
 He folds them in his gracious arms ;
 Himself declares them blest.

- 2 “ Let them approach,” he cries,
 “ Nor scorn their humble name ;
 The heirs of heaven are such as these, —
 For such as these I came.”
- 3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
 Devoting them to thee :
 Imploring, that, as we are thine,
 Thine may our offspring be.

802

C. M.

HEBER.

~~Early Religion.~~

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows !
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !

- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod ;
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God !

- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage !
- 5 O thou, who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own !

803

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

Sunday School Teacher's Hymn.

- W**HILE yet the youthful spirit bears
The image of its God within,
And uneffaced that beauty wears,
So soon to be destroyed by sin ;
- 2 Then is the time for faith and love
To take in charge their precious care,
Teach the young eye to look above,
Teach the young knee to bend in prayer.
- 3 The world will come with care and crime,
And tempt too many a heart astray ;
Still, the seed sown in early time
Will not be wholly cast away.

4 The infant prayer, the infant hymn,
 • Within the darkened soul will rise,
 When age's weary eye is dim,
 And the grave's shadow round us lies.

5 Lord grant our hearts be so inclined,
 Thy work to seek, thy will to do ;
 And while we teach the youthful mind,
 Our own be taught thy lessons too.

804

7's M.

BOYLSTON

Reading School for Church.

TO thy temple I repair ;
 Lord, I love to worship there ;
 Abba ! Father ! give me grace
 In thy courts to seek thy face.

2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
 Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
 While the prayer of saints ascend,
 God of love, to mine attend.

3 While thy ministers proclaim
 Peace and pardon in thy name,
 While I hearken to thy law,
 Fill my heart with humble awe.

4 From thy house when I return,
 May my heart within me burn ;
 And at evening let me say,
 " I have walked with God to-day."

805

P. M.

ANON.

Something in Heaven to do.

THERE 'LL be something in heaven for children to do :

None are idle in that blessed land,
There'll be loves for the heart, there'll be
thoughts for the mind,
And employment for each little hand.

CHORUS — There'll be something to do ;
There'll be something to do ;
There'll be something for children to do ;
On the bright shining shore,
Where there's joy evermore,
There'll be something for children to do.

2 There'll be lessons to learn of the wisdom of
God,

As they wander the green meadows o'er :
And they'll have for their teachers in that blest
abode,

All the good that have gone there before.
CHORUS — There'll be something to do, etc.

3 There'll be errands of love from the mansions
above,

To the dear ones that linger below ;
And it may be our Father the children will send
To be angels of mercy in woe.

CHORUS — There'll be something to do, etc.

Closing Hymns and Doxologies.

806

7's M.

NEWTON.

Parting Hymn.

FOR a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Father, hear our humble prayer !
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong ;
Sweeten every cross and pain ;
Give us, if we live, e'er long,
Here to meet in peace again.

807

H. M.

BREVIARY.

A Blessing sought on Worship.

HERE, gracious God, do thou
In mercy now draw nigh ;
Accept each faithful prayer,
And mark each suppliant sigh ;
Thy copious shower, | This holy day,
all who pray, | Thy blessings pour.

2 Here may we find from heaven,
 The grace which we implore;
 And may that grace once given,
 Be with us evermore, —
 Until that day | To endless rest
 When all the blest | Are called away.

808

H. M.

E. TURNER.

Thanks at the Close of Service.

KIND Lord, before thy face,
 Again with joy we bow;
 For all the gifts and grace
 Thou dost on us bestow;
 Our tongues would all thy love proclaim,
 And chant the honors of thy name.

2 Here, in thine earthly house,
 Our joyful souls have met;
 Here paid our solemn vows,
 And felt our union sweet.
 For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
 And chant the honors of thy name.

3 Now may we dwell in peace,
 Till here again we come;
 And may our love increase,
 Till thou shalt bring us home.
 Then shall our tongues thy love proclaim,
 And chant the honors of thy name.

809

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Christian Farewell.

THY presence, ever-living God!
 Wide through all nature spreads abroad
 Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
 In every place thy children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and powers sustain ;
When separate, we rejoice to share
Thy counsels and thy gracious care.

3 To thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore thy heavenly grace ;
Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us within thy house to raise
Again united songs of praise ;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

810

L. M. MRS. COUNTRYMAN.

Close of the Sabbath.

ANOTHER Sabbath, Lord, has gone,
Another day of peace and rest :
Swiftly its precious hours have flown —
Hours which thy sacred presence blest.

2 The portals of a week of care,
Stand open for our weary feet ;
Oh ! give us strength to enter there,
Grant us thy grace its toils to meet.

3 May the pure joys this day hath brought,
Shed gladness o'er the coming hours, —
The cheering truths thy word hath taught,
Give strength to all our faltering powers.

4 May faith's bright angel be our guide
Across the stream of toil and care,
Whose troubled waters so divide
These Sabbath times of praise and prayer.

811

C. M.

Moses BALLOU.

Closing Hymn.

WE now invoke thy blessing, Lord,
On this day's worship here :
Help us to lean upon thy word,
And find our comfort there.

2 Hallow the hours that unto thee,
In faith and love we've given ;
And daily help our souls to see,
More of the bliss of heaven.

812

C. M.

HEBER.

The Seed of the Word.

O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest,
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast ;

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air ;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care.

3 Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply :
The hope in earthly furrows sown,
Shall ripen in the sky.

813

L. M.

H. BALLOU.

Dismissal.

FROM worship, now, thy church dismiss,—
But not without thy blessing, Lord ;
O, grant a taste of heavenly bliss,
And seal instruction from thy word.

542 CLOSING HYMNS AND DOXOLOGIES.

- 2 Oft may these pleasant scenes return,
When we shall meet to worship thee ;
Oft may our hearts within us burn,
To hear thy word, thy goodness see.

814

8 & 7's M.

NEWTON.

Closing Prayer.

MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the holy spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above !

- 2 Let us thus abide in union
With each other, and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

815

8 & 7's M.

ANON.

Go in Peace.

GO in peace ! — serene dismissal,
To the loving heart made known ;
When it pours, in deep contrition,
Prayer before the eternal throne.

- 2 Go in peace ! thy sins forgiven,
Christ hath healed thee, set thee free ;
Every spirit-fetter riven,
Go in peace, and liberty !
- 3 Saviour ! breathe this benediction
O'er our spirits while we pray ;
Let us part in sweet conviction
Thou hast blessed our souls to-day.

816

H. M.

RIPPON'S COLL.

Doxology.

GLORY to God on high ;
 Forever bless his name ;
 Let earth, and seas, and sky,
 His wondrous love proclaim.
 To him be praise and glory given
 By all on earth and all in heaven.

817

L. M.

SHRUBSOLE

Awake, put on Thy Strength.

ARM of the Lord, awake ! awake !
 Put on thy strength, the nations shake ;
 Now let the world adoring see
 Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
 Through every clime, of every name ;
 Let adverse powers before thee fall,
 And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

818

C. M.

ANON.

Rest in the Father.

O WONDROUS depth of grace divine,
 My soul would fain adore :
 Dear Father, let me call thee mine,
 And I will ask no more.

2 By thee in all things richly blest,
 Low at thy feet I fall ;
 Thou art my Hope, my Life, my Rest,
 My Father and my all !

819

C. M.

ANON.

Sun of Righteousness.

ETERNAL Sun of Righteousness,
Display thy beams divine,
And cause the glory of thy face
On all our hearts to shine.

2 Light in thy light, O may we see,
Thy grace and mercy prove ;
Revived, and cheered, and blessed by thee,
The God of pardoning love.

820

S. M.

WATTS.

Praise to the Name of the Lord.

THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands :
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;
Thy truth forever stands.

2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure, —
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

821

H. M.

ANON.

Closing Hymn.

TO thee our wants are known ;
From thee are all our powers ;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours.
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.

2 O grant that each of us
 Now met before thee here,
 May meet together thus,
 When thou and thine appear
 And follow thee to heaven, our home:
 Even so, Amen — Lord Jesus, come.

822

C. M.

ANON.

Bless God in the Sanctuary. Ps. cxxxv.

BLESS God, ye servants that attend
 Upon his solemn state, —
 That in his temple's hallowed courts
 With humble reverence wait.

2 Within his house lift up your hands,
 And bless his holy name;
 From Zion bless thy Israel, Lord,
 Who earth and heaven didst frame.

823

7's M.

GASKELL.

Glory to the Father.

FATHER! glory be to thee,
 Source of all the good we see!
 Glory for the blessed light,
 Rising on the ancient night!

2 Glory for the hopes that come
 Streaming through the dreary tomb!
 Glory for the counsel given,
 Guiding us in peace to heaven!

824

7's M.

SALISBURY COLL.

Supplication.

GLORIOUS in thy saints appear ;
Plant thy heavenly kingdom here ;
Light and life to all impart ;
Shine on each believing heart ; —

- 2 And, in every grace complete,
Make us, Lord, for glory meet ;
Till we stand before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

825

7's M.

ANON.

Divine Blessing Implored.

THANKS for mercies, Lord, receive ;
Pardon of our sins renew :
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.

- 2 Bless thy word to old and young ;
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love ;
And, when life's short race is run,
Take us to thy house above.

826

C. M.

ANON.

Honor to the Saviour.

TO Him that loved the souls of men,
And shed for us his blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God :

- 2 To Him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love !
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above !

827

8 & 7's M.

ANON.

Supplication.

GRACIOUS Source of every blessing,
Guard our breast from anxious fears ;
Let us, each thy care possessing,
Peaceful reach the vale of years ;
All our hopes on thee reclining,
Peace, companion of our way,
May our sun, in smiles declining,
Rise in everlasting day.

828

8, 7, & 4's M. TOPLADY'S COLL.

Dismissal.

LORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace ;
Oh ! refresh us —
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

829

8 & 7's M.

BICKERSTETH.

Closing Hymn.

ISRAEL'S Shepherd, guide us, feed us,
Through our pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead us,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.

- 2 Lord, thy guardian presence ever,
 Meekly kneeling, we implore ;
 We have found thee, and would never,
 Never wander from thee more.

830

L. M.

HEBER.

Close of Service.

LORD, now we part, in thy blest name,
 In which we here together came :
 Grant us our few remaining days
 To work thy will and spread thy praise.

- 2 Teach us in life and death to bless
 The Lord our strength and righteousness ;
 And grant us all to meet above,
 Then shall we better sing thy love.

831

8 & 7's M.

S. F. ADAMS.

Peace be with you.

PART in peace ! is day before us ?
 Praise his name for life and light ;
 Are the shadows lengthening o'er us ?
 Bless his care who guards the night.

- 2 Part in peace ! with deep thanksgiving,
 Rendering, as we homeward tread,
 Gracious service to the living.
 Tranquil memory to the dead.
- 3 Part in peace ! such are the praises,
 God, our Maker, loveth best ;
 Such the worship that upraises
 Human hearts to heavenly rest.

832

8 & 7's M.

ANON.

Prayer for Peace.

PEACE of God, which knows no measure,
 Heavenly sunlight of the soul,
 Peace beyond all earthly treasure,
 Come and all our hearts control !
 Come, almighty to deliver !
 Naught shall make us then afraid ;
 We will trust in thee forever,
 Thou on whom our hope is stayed !

833

C. M.

WATTS.

Universal Praise.

O ALL ye nations ! praise the Lord,
 Each with a different tongue ;
 In every language learn his word,
 And let his name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns through every land, —
 Proclaim his grace abroad ;
 Forever firm his truth shall stand, —
 Praise ye the faithful God !

834

7's M.

ANON.

The Father's Care Implored.

FATHER, hear our humble prayer !
 Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
 Let thy mercy and thy care
 All our souls in safety keep.

2 In thy strength may we be strong ;
 Sanctify each cross and pain ;
 Give us, if thou wilt, ere long
 Here to meet in peace again.

835

7's M.

ANON.

All Things from God.

HOMAGE pay to God above, —
 God, whose nature all is love ;
 In his praise your breath employ, —
 Gracious source of every joy.

- 2 All our hopes of life and heaven
 Through thy grace alone are given ;
 Bliss eternal, pure, divine, —
 Every gift, O God, is thine.

836

7 & 6's M.

WESLEY.

God our Guardian.

GOD shall bless thy going out,
 Shall bless thy coming in ;
 Kindly compass thee about,
 Till thou art saved from sin :
 Lean upon thy Father's breast ;
 'Tis he thy spirit keeps :
 Rest in him, securely rest ;
 Thy guardian never sleeps.

837

8 & 7's M.

C. ROBBINS.

Close of the Sabbath.

LO ! the day of rest declineth,
 Gather fast the shades of night ;
 Yet the sun that ever shineth
 Fills our souls with heavenly light.

- 2 While, thine ear of love addressing,
 Thus our parting hymn we sing,
 Father, with thine evening blessing
 Rest we safe beneath thy wing.

838

C. M.

ANON.

Doxology.

THOU art the first, and thou the last,
Time centres all in thee,
The Almighty God who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

2 To thee let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love ;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

839

6 & 7's.

MARTINEAU'S COL.

Closing Hymn.

O THOU great Spirit, who along
The waters first didst move
And straight from warring chaos sprung
Light, harmony, and love ;
Upon our waiting spirits brood,
Bid all their discord cease,
And breathe upon the troubled soul
Thy last, best gift of peace.

840

7's M.

ANON.

Praise.

PRAISE the Lord, — his glory bless ;
Praise him in his holiness ;
Praise him as the theme inspires ;
Praise him as his fame requires.

2 Let the trumpet's lofty sound
Spread its loudest notes around ;
Let the harp unite in praise
With the sacred minstrel's lays.

552 CLOSING HYMNS AND DOXOLOGIES.

3 Let the organ join to bless
God, the Lord, our righteousness ;
Tune your voice to spread the fame
Of the great Jehovah's name.

841

C. M.

ANONYMOUS

Doxology.

NOW blessing, honor, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To Him that sits upon the throne
And to the Lamb be given.

842

L. M.

WATTS.

Doxology.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

843

L. M.

KENN.

Doxology.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow !
Praise him, all creatures here below !
Praise him, above, ye heavenly throng !
Praise God, our Father, in your song !

Miscellaneous.

844

L. M.

J. G. ADAMS.

For a Christian Festival.

THOU God of years and seasons all,
Of light, and peace, and love, and power ;
Once more on thy great name we call,
In this our holy festal hour.

2 We praise thee for thy presence here,
For prayer, and speech, and cheerful song :
For guardian care, that year by year
Attends us all life's ways along :

3 For what we hope, and what we see
Of human progress in our time ;
But gleams of freedom though they be,
Yet dawning of its day sublime !

4 And since again apart we move
In life's great work, to us be given
The faith that toils in Christian love,
And blesses man with truth's own heaven.

845

L. M.

BRYANT.

The Mother's Hymn.

LORD, who ordainest for mankind,
Benignant toils and tender cares,
We thank thee for the ties that bind
The mother to the child she bears.

- 2 We thank thee for the hopes that rise
 Within her heart, as, day by day,
 The dawning soul from those young eyes
 Looks with a clearer, steadier ray.
- 3 And grateful for the blessing given,
 With that dear infant on her knee,
 She strains the eye to look to heaven,
 The voice to lisp a prayer to thee.
- 4 Such thanks the blessed Mary gave,
 When from her lap the holy child,
 Sent from above to seek and save
 The lost of earth, looked up and smiled.
- 5 All Gracious ! grant to those who bear
 A mother's charge the strength and light,
 To guide the feet that own their care
 In ways of love and truth and right.

846

11's M. (PECULIAR.) FRANCES OSGOOD.

"Enter into his Gates with Thanksgiving, and into his
 Courts with Praise."

APPROACH not the altar
 With gloom in thy soul ;
 Nor let thy feet falter,
 From terror's control !
 God loves not the sadness
 Of fear and mistrust ;
 Oh, serve him with gladness —
 The gentle, the just !

- 2 His bounty is tender,
 His being is love,
 His smile fills with splendor,
 The blue arch above.

Confiding, believing,
 Oh ! enter always,
 “ His courts with thanksgiving —
 His portals with praise ! ”

3 Nor come to the temple
 With pride in thy mien ;
 But lowly and simple,
 In courage serene.
 Bring meekly, before him,
 The faith of a child :
 Bow down and adore him,
 With heart undefiled.

847

L. M. 6 l.

ANONYMOUS.

Saturday Evening.

SWEET to the soul the parting ray,
 That ushers placid evening in,
 When with the still, expiring day,
 The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin ;
 How grateful to the anxious breast,
 The sacred hours of holy rest !

2 Hushed is the tumult of this day,
 And worldly cares and business cease ;
 While soft the vesper breezes play,
 To hymn the glad return of peace.
 O season blest ! O moment given
 To turn the vagrant thoughts to heaven !

3 Oft as this hallowed hour shall come,
 O, raise my thoughts from earthly things,
 And bear them to my heavenly home,
 On living faith's immortal wings —
 Till the last gleam of life decay,
 In one eternal Sabbath day.

848

7's M.

GREY.

Sabbath School Hymn.

SUPPLIANT, lo ! thy children bend,
 Father, for thy blessing now ;
 Thou canst teach us, guide, defend, —
 We are weak, almighty thou.

2 With the peace thy word imparts,
 Be the taught and teacher blest ;
 In their lives and on their hearts,
 Father, be thy laws imprest.

3 Pour into each longing mind
 Light and knowledge from above :
 Charity for all mankind —
 Trusting faith, enduring love.

849

7's M.

BOWRING.

"The Rich and Poor meet together."

COME the rich and come the poor,
 To the Christian temple door ;
 Let their mingled prayers ascend
 To the universal Friend.

2 Here the rich and poor may claim
 Common ancestry and name ;
 Claim a common heritage,
 In the gospel's promised page.

3 Of the same materials wrought ;
 By the same instructor taught ;
 Walking in life's common way ;
 Tending to the same decay.

- 4 Rich and poor at last shall meet
At the heavenly mercy-seat ;
Where the name of rich and poor
Never shall be uttered more.

850

L. M.

BOWRING.

Temptation.

OH, what a struggle wakes within,
When in the spirit's solitude,
The tempting, treacherous thoughts of sin,
In all their luring smiles intrude !

- 2 'Tis then, my Father ! then I feel
My nature's weakness, and, oppressed,
Like a poor trembling child I steal
To thee, for safety, and for rest.

- 3 Beneath thy shadow let me live !
Be thou my friend, — my Father be !
I bend in trust, — I pray ! forgive
The erring child that flies to thee !

851

C. M.

S. W. LIVERMORE.

The Western Churches.

OUR pilgrim brethren dwelling far, —
O God of truth and love,
Light thou their path with thine own star,
Bright beaming from above.

- 2 Wide as their mighty rivers flow,
Let thine own truth extend ;
Where prairies spread and forests grow,
O Lord, thy gospel send.

- 3 Then will a mighty nation own
 A union firm and strong ; —
 The sceptre of th' eternal throne
 Shall rule its councils long.

852

8's & 7's M.

PIERPONT.

Anniversary Hymn.

GOD of mercy, do thou never
 From our offering turn away,
 But command a blessing ever
 On the memory of this day.

- 2 Light and peace do thou ordain it ;
 O'er it be no shadow flung,
 Let no deadly darkness stain it,
 And no clouds be o'er it hung.
- 3 May the song this people raises,
 And its vows to thee addressed,
 Mingle with the prayers and praises,
 That thou hearest from the blest.
- 4 When the lips are cold that sing thee,
 And the hearts that love thee dust,
 Father, then our souls shall bring thee
 Holier love and firmer trust.

853

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Opening of an Organ.

THE morning stars in concert sang,
 When God created heaven and earth ;
 And earth and heaven with music rang,
 When angels hailed Messiah's birth.

- 2 Nor ever, since his sabbath-rest,
When the great Maker from the skies,
His finished works beheld and bless'd,
Have songs of glory ceased to rise.
- 3 Where two or three in union meet,
Or thousands throng the house of prayer,
Heart-melodies, thanksgivings sweet,
And faithful vows, are offered there.
- 4 Now, with all instruments in one,
All spirits tuned to one accord,
Our prayer be this, "Thy will be done;"
And this our anthem, "Praise the Lord!"

854

C. M.

L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Marriage Hymn.

- N**OT for the summer's hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we join;
- 2 But for those stern and wintry days
Of sorrow, pain, and fear,
When Heaven's wise discipline doth make
Our earthly journey drear; —
 - 3 Not for this span of life alone,
Which like a blast doth fly,
And as the transient flowers of grass
Just blossom, droop, and die; —
 - 4 But for a being without end
This vow of love we take;
Grant us, O God, one home at last,
For thy great mercy's sake.

855

8 & 7's M.

ANON.

Call of the Age.

WE are living, we are dwelling
 In a grand and awful time;
 In an age on ages telling,
 To be living is sublime.

2 Will ye play, then, will ye dally
 With your music and your wine?
 Up! it is the Almighty's rally!
 God's own arm hath need of thine!

856

6 & 10's M.

BRYANT.

God in the City.

NOT in the solitude
 Alone may man commune with heaven, or see
 Only in savage wood
 And sunny vale the present Deity;
 Or only hear his voice
 Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

2 Even here do I behold
 Thy steps, Almighty, here, amidst the crowd,
 Through the great city rolled,
 With everlasting murmur deep and loud, —
 Choking the ways that wind
 'Mongst the proud piles, the work of human kind.

3 And when the hours of rest
 Come, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
 Hushing its billowy breast;
 The quiet of that moment too is thine;
 It breathes of Him who keeps
 The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

857

6's M.

LUTHER.

The Death of Martyrs.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,
 Or on the waters cast,
 Their ashes shall be watched,
 And gathered at the last :
 And from that scattered dust,
 Around us and abroad,
 Shall spring a plenteous seed
 Of witnesses for God.

- 2 The Father hath received
 Their latest living breath ;
 Yet vain is Satan's boast
 Of victory in their death :
 Still, still, though dead, they speak,
 And trumpet-tongued proclaim
 To many a wakening land
 The one availing name.

858

10 & 6's M.

BREVARY.

Of many Martyrs.

SING we the peerless deeds of martyred saints,
 Their glorious merits and their portion blest ;
 Of all the conquerors the world has seen,
 The greatest and the best.

- 2 They trod beneath them every threat of man,
 And came victorious all torments through ;
 The iron hooks that piecemeal tore their flesh,
 Could not their souls subdue.

- 3 What tongue those joys, O Jesus, can disclose,
Which for thy martyred saints thou dost pre-
pare !
Happy who in thy pains, thrice happy those
Who in thy glory share !

859

7's M.

SCHENCK

All Saints Day.

- W**HO are those before God's throne,
What the crownéd host I see?
As the sky with stars thick strown
Is their shining company :
Hallelujahs, hark ! they sing ;
Solemn praise to God they bring.
- 2 Who are those arrayed in light,
Clothed in righteousness divine,
Wearing robes most pure and white,
That unstained shall ever shine,
That can nevermore decay ? —
Whence came all this bright array ?
- 3 They are those who much have borne,
Trial, sorrow, pain, and care ;
Who have wrestled night and morn
With the mighty God in prayer ;
Now their strife hath found its close ;
God hath turned away their woes.
- 4 They are those who hourly here
Served as priests before their Lord,
Offering up with gladsome cheer
Soul and body at his word ;
Now within the holy place,
They behold him face to face.

860

8's M.

BEDA.

Hymn of Martyrs.

A HYMN of martyrs let us sing,
 The Innocents remembering,
 Of whom in tears was earth bereaved,
 But heaven with songs of joy received ;

- 2 Whose angels through eternity
 The heavenly Father's face shall see,
 And to his grace their praises bring, —
 A hymn of martyrs let us sing.

861

C. M.

ANCIENT HYMN.

The Noble Army of Martyrs.

THE triumphs of the martyred saints
 The joyous lay demand ;
 The heart delights in song to dwell
 On that victorious band, —
 Those whom the senseless world abhorred,
 Who cast the world aside,
 Deeming it worthless, for the sake
 Of Christ, their Lord and guide.

- 2 For him they braved the tyrant's rage,
 The scourge's cruel smart ;
 The wild beast's fang their bodies tore,
 But vanquished not the heart ;
 Like lambs before the sword they fell,
 Nor cry nor plaint expressed ;
 For patience kept the conscious mind,
 And armed the fearless breast.

- 3 What tongue can tell the crown prepared
 The martyr's brow to grace?
 His shining robe, his joys unknown,
 Before thy glorious face?
 Vouchsafe us, Lord, if such thy will,
 Clear skies and seasons calm;
 If not the martyr's cross to bear,
 And win the martyr's palm.

862

8's & 4's M.

WHITTIER.

Prayer.

O STRONG, upwelling prayers of faith,
 From inmost founts of life ye start, —
 The spirit's pulse, the vital breath
 Of soul and heart!

- 2 Ye brook no forced and measured tasks,
 Nor weary rote, nor formal chains;
 The simple heart, that freely asks
 In love, obtains.
- 3 For man the living temple is,
 The mercy-seat and cherubim,
 And all the holy mysteries
 He bears with him.
- 4 And most avails the prayer of love,
 Which, wordless, shapes itself in deeds,
 And wearies heaven for naught above
 Our common needs; —
- 5 Which brings to God's all perfect will
 That trust of his undoubting child,
 Whereby all seeming good and ill
 Are reconciled; —

6 And seeking not for special signs
Of favor, is content to fall
Within the providence which shines
And rains on all.

863

11 & 10's M.

ANONYMOUS.

Spiritual Blessings.

ALMIGHTY Father! thou hast many a
blessing
In store for every erring child of thine;
For this I pray, — Let me, thy grace possessing,
Seek to be guided by thy will divine.

2 Not for earth's treasures, for her joys the dearest,
Would I my supplications raise to thee;
Not for the hopes that to my heart are nearest,
But only that I give that heart to thee.

3 I pray that thou wouldst guide and guard me
ever;
Cleanse, by thy power, from every stain of sin;
I will thy blessing ask on each endeavor,
And thus thy promised peace my soul shall
win.

864

10's & 11's M.

EPISCOPAL COLL.

The City of God.

SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is king!
Zion, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the highest, how lowly his birth!
The highest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

- 2 Tell how he cometh ; from nation to nation,
 The heart cheering news, let the earth echo
 round ;
 How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
 How his people with joy everlasting are
 crowned.
 Shout the glad tidings, etc.
- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
 And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise ;
 Ye angels the full hallelujah be singing ;
 One chorus resound through the earth and
 the skies.
 Shout the glad tidings, etc.

865

L. M.

W. M. FERNALD.

The Soul's Imperishable Work.

- E**TERNAL God, thy work alone,
 In souls regenerate and sublime,
 Securely stands, to change unknown,
 And scorns the ravages of time.
- 2 Work we on marble? Slow, but sure,
 Its crumbling statues turn to dust ;
 Pale phantoms that awhile endure,
 To tell how fleet is mortal trust.
- 3 Work we in brass? How soon shall time
 Its proudest monuments efface,
 And every tender, hallowed line,
 And form and feature, quit their place !
- 4 Or do we stately temples rear?
 Behold ! their strongest pillars yield,
 And walls and arches disappear,
 Foredoomed to fall, for ruin sealed.

5 But when we work upon the mind,
 Its tablets grave, its sculpture hew,
 And, sacred virtue there enshrined,
 We bring the graces all to view, —

6 'Tis then such images we rear
 As time and change may e'er defy :
 Life, beauty, joy, — all there appear,
 And brighten to eternity !

866

L. M.

W. M. FERNALD.

Spiritual Life compared to a Sea. Ps. cxli. 23-30.

O, EVER swaying, conscious soul !
 What tidal mysteries are these
 That through my inmost being roll,
 As borne upon the heaving seas ?

2 From wave to wave, from land to land,
 Of this vast inner world I'm tost ;
 And now on heavenly heights I stand,
 And now in dreadful deeps am lost.

3 O thou, who calm'st the outward strife
 Of stormy seas ! move now thy will,
 And, in the realm of spirit life,
 Say to its ragings, "Peace, be still !"

4 Peace ! — and a sacred calm shall flow
 O'er all my passions, Lord, from thee ;
 While gentle gales shall sweetly blow,
 And waft me to eternity.

867

L. M.

Roscoe.

The Solace of Faith.

WHEN human hopes and joys depart,
I give thee, Lord, a contrite heart;
And on my weary spirit steal
The thoughts that pass all earthly weal.

- 2 I cast above my tearful eyes,
And muse upon the starry skies;
And think that He who governs there
Still keeps me in his guardian care,
- 3 I gaze upon the opening flower,
Just moistened with the evening shower;
And bless the love which made it bloom,
To chase away my transient gloom.
- 4 I think whene'er this mortal frame
Returns again to whence it came,
My soul shall wing its happy flight
To regions of eternal light.

A Selection of Psalms.

FROM THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

ADAPTED TO APPROPRIATE MUSIC IN "THE MELODIA SACRA."

PSALM XIX. PART I. C. M.

The Heavens declare the Glory of God.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.

3 Their powerful language to no realm
Or region is confined;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

PSALM XXIII. C. M.

Gloria Patri.

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The Shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

3 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

PSALM XXIX. L. M.

Praise the Lord in His Temple.

YE that in might and power excel,
Your grateful sacrifice prepare;
God's glorious actions loudly tell,
His wondrous power to all declare.

2 To his great name fresh altars raise;
Devoutly due respect afford;
Him in his holy temple praise,
Where he 's with solemn state adored.

3 God rules the angry floods on high;
His boundless sway shall never cease;
His saints with strength he will supply,
And bless his own with constant peace.

PSALM XXXIII. C. M.

Praise the Lord for His Goodness.

LET all the just to God, with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet;
And new-made songs of great applause
The harmony complete.

3 For faithful is the word of God;
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves; and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.

PSALM XXXIV. C. M.

Gloria Patri.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

- 2 O, magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his name :
 When in distress to him I call'd,
 He to my rescue came.
- 3 O, make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide
 How blest they are, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.
- 4 Fear him, ye saints : and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear :
 Make you his service your delight,
 Your wants shall be his care.

PSALM XLI. C. M.

Charity.

HAPPY the man whose tender care
 Relieves the poor distress'd !
 When troubles compass him around,
 The Lord shall give him rest.

- 2 The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd
 In safety shall prolong ;
 And disappoint the will of those
 Who seek to do him wrong.
- 3 If he, in languishing estate,
 Oppress'd with sickness lie ;
 The Lord will easy make his bed,
 And inward strength supply.

PSALM XLV. C. M.

God our King.

WHILE I the King's loud praise rehearse,
 Indited by my heart,
 My tongue is like the pen of him
 That writes with ready art.

- 2 How matchless is thy form, O King !
 Thy mouth with grace o'erflows ;
 Because fresh blessings God on thee
 Eternally bestows.

- 3 Gird on thy sword, most mighty Prince;
 And clad in rich array,
 With glorious ornaments of power,
 Majestic pomp display.
- 4 Ride on in state, and still protect
 The meek, the just, and true;
 Whilst thy right hand, with swift revenge,
 Does all thy foes pursue.
- 5 But thy firm throne, O God, is fix'd
 Forever to endure;
 Thy sceptre's sway shall always last,
 By righteous laws secure.
- 6 Whilst this my song to future times
 Transmits thy glorious name,
 And makes the world with one consent
 Thy lasting praise proclaim.

PSALM XLVI. 8's M.

God our Refuge.

- GOD is our refuge in distress,
 A present help when dangers press,
 In him undaunted we'll confide;
 Though earth were from her centre tost,
 And mountains in the ocean lost,
 Torn piecemeal by the roaring tide.
- 2 A gentler stream with gladness still
 The city of our Lord shall fill,
 The royal seat of God most high:
 God dwells in Zion, whose fair towers
 Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,
 While his almighty aid is nigh.

PSALM XLVIII. C. M.

The Lord is Great.

- THE Lord, the only God, is great,
 And greatly to be praised
 In Zion, on whose happy mount
 His sacred throne is raised.

- 2 In Zion we have seen perform'd
 A work that was foretold,
 In pledge that God, for times to come,
 His city will uphold.
- 3 Let Zion's mount with joy resound
 Her daughters all be taught
 In songs his judgment to extol
 Who this deliv'rance wrought.
- 4 This God is ours, and will be ours
 Whilst we in him confide;
 Who, as he has preserved us now,
 Till death will be our guide.

PSALM LVII. L. M.

For Easter.

- THY mercy, Lord, to me extend,
 On thy protection I depend,
 And to thy wings for shelter haste
 Until this raging storm be past.
- 2 To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly,
 Thou sovereign Judge and God most high,
 Who wonders hast for me begun,
 And will not leave thy work undone.
- 3 O God, my heart is fix'd, 't is bent,
 Its thankful tribute to present;
 And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
 To thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 4 Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
 No longer let your strings be mute:
 And I, my tuneful part to take,
 Will with the early dawn awake.
- 5 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
 And as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth display'd,
 Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

PSALM LXVI. PART I. C. M.

Earnest Praise.

LET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
 To God their voices raise :
 Sing psalms in honor of his name,
 And spread his glorious praise.

2 Through all the earth, the nations round
 Shall thee, their God, confess ;
 And with glad hymns, their awful dread
 Of thy great name express.

3 O, come ! behold the works of God,
 And then with me you 'll own
 That he to all the sons of men
 Has wondrous judgment shown.

4 O all ye nations, bless our God,
 And loudly speak his praise ;
 Who keeps our souls alive, and still
 Confirms our steadfast ways.

PSALM LXVII. S. M.

His Glory shall be made known in all the Earth.

TO bless thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline ;
 And cause the brightness of thy face
 On all thy saints to shine :

2 That so thy wondrous way
 May through the world be known ;
 While distant lands their tribute pay
 And thy salvation own.

3 O, let them shout and sing,
 With joy and pious mirth ;
 For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the earth.

4 Then shall the teeming ground,
 A large increase disclose,
 And we with plenty shall be crowned,
 Which God, our God, bestows.

- 5 Then God upon our land
 Shall constant blessings shower;
 And all the world in awe shall stand
 Of his resistless power.

PSALM LXXIV. C. M.

- Blessed are they who worship in his Temple.**
 O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
 How lovely is the place
 Where thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
 The brightness of thy face!
- 2 My longing soul faints with desire
 To view thy blest abode;
 My panting heart and flesh cry out
 For thee, the living God.
- 3 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
 How highly bless'd are they,
 Who in thy temple always dwell,
 And there thy praise display!
- 4 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
 Their sure protection made,
 Who long to tread the sacred ways
 That to thy dwelling lead!

PSALM XCI. PART 11. 2. 8s M.

God our Guardian.

- HE that has God his guardian made
 Shall under the Almighty's shade
 Secure and undisturb'd abide;
 Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
 He is my fortress and my stay,
 My God in whom I will confide.
- 2 His tender love and watchful care
 Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
 And from the noisome pestilence;
 He over thee his wings shall spread,
 And cover thy unguarded head;
 His truth shall be thy strong defence.

PSALM XCII. C. M.

Morning and Evening Praise.

HOW good and pleasant must it be
 To thank the Lord most high;
 And with repeated hymns of praise
 His name to magnify!

- 2 With every morning's early dawn
 His goodness to relate;
 And of his constant truth, each night,
 The glad effects repeat!
- 3 To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
 With tuneful psalteries join'd;
 And to the harp, with solemn sounds,
 For sacred use design'd.

PSALM XCIII. L. M.

With Glory Clad.

WITH glory clad, with strength array'd
 The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
 The world's foundation strongly laid,
 And the vast fabric still sustains.

- 2 How surely stablish'd is thy throne?
 Which shall no change or period see;
 For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
 Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
 And toss the troubled waves on high;
 But God above can still their noise,
 And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
 And they that in thy house would dwell,
 That happy station to secure,
 Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM XCV. L. M.

Our Rock and our Salvation.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
 Loud thanks to our almighty King;
 For we our voices high should raise,
 When our salvation's rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past ;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs ;

3 O, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there :
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

PSALM XCVI. 8's M.

A Song of Praise.

SING to the Lord a new-made song ;
Let earth in one assembled throng,
Her common patron's praise resound :
Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
From day to day, his praise proclaim,
Who us has with salvation crown'd,
To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

2 Proclaim aloud Jehovah reigns,
Whose power the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore :
Let therefore heaven new joys confess,
And heavenly mirth let earth express,
Its loud applause the ocean roar
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.

PSALM CVI. L. M.

His Mercy endureth Forever.

O, RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?

8 O, may I worthy prove to see
 Thy saints in full prosperity,
 That I the joyful choir may join,
 And count thy people's triumph mine.

4 Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
 His name eternally confess'd;
 Let all his saints, with full accord,
 Sing loud Amens, — praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CVII. C. M.

Rejoicing in God.

WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
 To heaven their voices raise;
 Let all, inspired with godly mirth,
 Sing solemn hymns of praise.

2 God's tender mercy knows no bound
 His truth shall ne'er decay;
 Then let the willing nations round
 Their grateful tribute pay.

3 Then open wide the temple gates
 To which the just repair,
 That I may enter in, and praise
 My great Deliv'rer there.

4 Within those gates of God's abode
 To which the righteous press,
 Since thou hast heard and set me safe,
 Thy holy name I'll bless.

5 That which the builders once refused
 Is now the corner-stone:
 This is the wondrous work of God,
 The work of God alone.

6 This day is God's, let all the land
 Exalt their cheerful voice:
 Lord, we beseech thee, save us now
 And make us still rejoice.

PSALM CXXII. C. M.

Joyful Praise in the Lord's Temple.

O, 'T WAS a joyful sound, to hear
 Our tribes devoutly say,
 Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
 And keep your festal day !

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
 With our assembled powers,
 In strong and beauteous order ranged
 Like her united towers.

3 'T is thither, by divine command,
 The tribes of God repair,
 Before his ark to celebrate
 His name with praise and prayer.

4 But most of all I'll seek thy good,
 And ever wish thee well,
 For Zion and the temple's sake,
 Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXXIII. C. M.

Brotherly Love.

HOW vast must their advantage be,
 How great their pleasure prove,
 Who live like brethren, and consent
 In offices of love !

2 True love is like the precious oil,
 Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
 Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
 Its costly fragrance shed.

3 'T is like refreshing dew, which does
 On Hermon's top distil ;
 Or like the early drops, that fall
 On Zion's favor'd hill.

4 For Zion is the chosen seat
 Where the Almighty King
 The promised blessing has ordain'd,
 And life's eternal spring.

PSALM CXXXVI. H. M.

The Love of God.

TO God, the mighty Lord,
 Your joyful thanks repeat;
 To him due praise afford,
 As good as he is great.
 For God does prove
 Our constant friend;
 His boundless love
 Shall never end.

2 By his almighty hand
 Amazing works are wrought;
 The heavens by his command
 Were to perfection brought.
 For God, etc.

3 By him the heavens display
 Their numerous hosts of light.
 The sun to rule by day,
 The moon and stars by night.
 For God, etc.

4 He does the food supply
 On which all creatures live:
 To God, who reigns on high,
 Eternal praises give.
 For God will prove
 Our constant friend;
 His boundless love
 Shall never end.

PSALM CXLVII. C. M.

A Psalm of Praise.

O, PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,
 And celebrate his fame;
 For pleasant, good, and comely 't is
 To praise his holy name.

2 To God, the Lord, a hymn of praise
 With grateful voices sing;
 To songs of triumph tune the harp,
 And strike each warbling string.

3 He covers heaven with clouds, and thence
Refreshing rain bestows,
And on the mountains through his care,
The grass in plenty grows.

4 Let Zion and Jerusalem
To God their praise address ;
Whose strength secures their lasting gates
Who does their children bless.

PSALM CXLVIII. H. M.

Universal Praise.

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame ;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame :
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To sing his praise.

2 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay :
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came ;
And all shall last
From changes free ;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

4 United zeal be shown
 His wondrous fame to raise,
 Whose glorious name alone
 Deserves our endless praise.
 Earth's utmost ends
 His power obey;
 His glorious sway
 The sky transcends.

PSALM CL. L. M.

Praise Him for His Goodness.

O, PRAISE the Lord in that blest place
 From whence his goodness largely flows;
 Praise him in heaven, where he his face,
 Unveil'd in perfect glory, shows.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
 Which he in our behalf has done;
 His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
 Make rocks and hills his praise rebound,
 Praise him with harp's melodious noise
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4 Let them who joyful hymns compose,
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